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LANDSCAPE BY OKYO

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A MISSIONARY'S LIFE IN THE LAND OF THE GODS

ISAAC DOOMAN

*For twenty-five years a Missionary of the
American Episcopal Church in Japan*



BOSTON: RICHARD G. BADGER

THE GORHAM PRESS

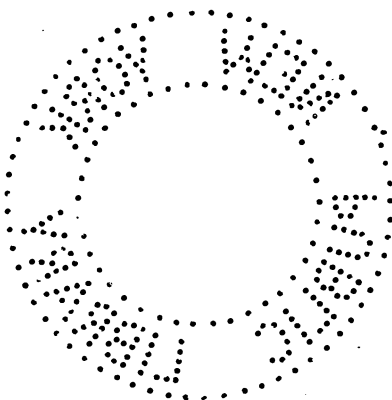
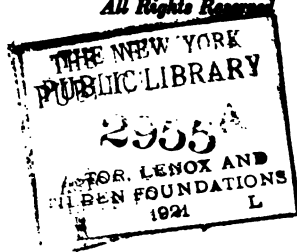
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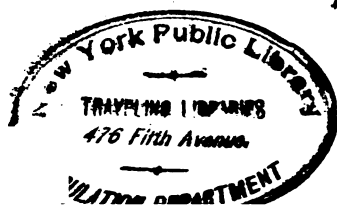
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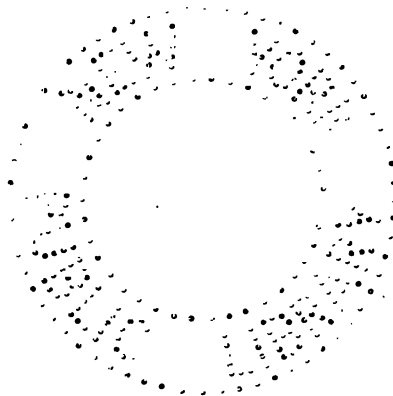


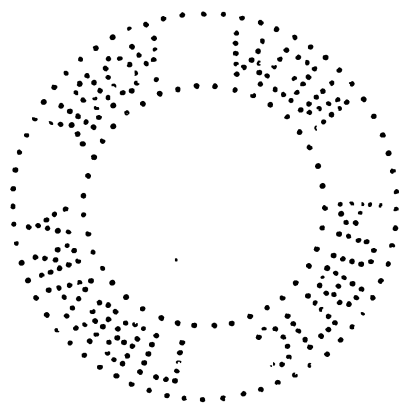
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*To the Sainly Spirits of
Dean Hoffman and Mrs. Hoffman
of New York,
this volume is dedicated*





PREFACE

WHEN J. J. Rousseau wrote at the beginning of his very interesting, though very salacious "Confessions" that he would take them with him before the throne of the Almighty on the day of the Last Judgment and say to the Supreme Judge:—"This is what you have made me!" his defense is considered by many unanswerable. God, of course, never made Rousseau; nor did He make Thomas A' Kempis. He only made two tiny human beings endowed with a free will, and plenty of opportunities and powers to make themselves infinitely better or infinitely worse men than they really were.

This book also is one of those to be taken before the divine throne and say: "Thou entrusted to me only one talent, and here are several!" As I write this sentence, my whole body shivers and shudders like that of Job while standing before his gruesome vision. An autobiographical volume is, as a general rule, made up either of the interviews and reminiscences of the great of this world; or it is composed mainly of matters awakening the pruriency of our fleshly desires. But there is none of these things in these pages. A missionary confined into a remote and secluded corner of a foreign country is very much like Bishop Butler, the author of the celebrated "Analogy of Religion," when the accomplished Queen Caroline asked of the Archbishop of York, if he was dead. "No, Madame," replied the good Archbishop, "Mr. Butler is not dead, but he is buried!"

PREFACE

In all my life only once have I met a real prince, and those were the most uncomfortable moments of my life. The incident has always reminded me of the late Mark Twain's story when he took his first manuscript to the publisher. He tells us that as soon as he was ushered into the sanctum sanctorum before the august presence, he began shrivelling and shrivelling until he had nearly vanished; while the publisher kept expanding and expanding until he had filled up heaven and earth!

Since meeting the above mentioned prince, I have decided to meet all this world's heroes in my own library. There I can worship them without running the risk of ruining their souls; or laugh at their follies and foibles without arousing their ire or revenge. As to a missionary's "Love Affairs," I am afraid they would make a tedious tale if given, therefore they are not given. Still, there are many things worth knowing in the following pages.

The primary object in writing this book is to present a sketchy picture of the Japan which the author has been viewing for the last five and twenty years, eternally changing its aspects, and shifting its forms; not unlike the evanescent creations of its own fantastic cloud phenomena—flighty, volatile, but enchanting. Besides, the interested reader will catch faint glimpses and designs of many other states of existence, whirling continually in the kaleidoscope of life. The picture is varied, and in many cases disjointed—nevertheless, we are quite sure that it is a faithful reproduction of a great nation's life. Furthermore, it is also, the reflex record of a soul—a soul sensitive and receptive.

NOTE

As the manuscript of this book was finished sometime before its publication several world events anticipated in its pages in one form or another, have taken place during the interval, thus necessitating a passing reference to them in this place. The first of these is the unexpected conversion of the Chinese Government from a monarchical to a republican institution. Then we have the recent trouble between America and Japan. While the trouble in its outward forms and immediate causes was the direct issue of the California alien land legislation, yet, its underlying foundations and conditions must be sought elsewhere. But above all the author should like to refer to a suggestive article appearing a little while since, in the "Nineteenth Century Review" from the pen of the veteran Oriental scholar Prof. Vambéry of the University of Buda-Pesth, on the gradual *rapprochement* between Islam and Buddhism. The theories advanced in the last chapter of the present work, although viewed from a broader stand-point, still will be found in perfect harmony with the points discussed by the Professor. The situation will necessitate, the present author fully believes, a new Triple-Alliance between European Powers sooner or later—in all probability sooner than later. The very logic of the situation indicates; nay, presupposes, an Alliance between England, Germany and Russia. Such a League would be able to hold the destiny of mankind in the hollow of its hand. Indeed, its

NOTE

absence, or even a slow advancement toward it, does not reflect favorably on the wisdom and foresight of their respective statesmen. We frankly confess that we do not observe any irremovable obstacles in the way of its speedy and successful consummation. Nay, more, its absence, to us, presages and predicts the advent of a heartless Nemesis to enfeeble and ultimately prostrate not only those Powers themselves, but the whole of Christendom for its apathy and the mutual jealousy of its States.

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**A MISSIONARY'S LIFE
IN THE
LAND OF THE GODS**

MISSIONARY'S LIFE IN THE LAND OF THE GODS

CHAPTER I

Japan—Its First Impressions

A single extra morsel of a dainty dish," says England's greatest humorist, "might convert any human being from Optimism to Pessimism." Whether an extra morsel of any dainty dish extant can make such radical changes in the cosmic philosophy of a mortal, we have to leave it to Sidney Smith. But I can assure the reader that ill-health, caused through sea-sickness, is capable of destroying every school of Optimism from Pope to the present day!

It was the tenth steamer which we had changed from New York via England, France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Turkey, Egypt, Singapore and Hong Kong! And such a Steamer! It went down a prey to the raging and foaming waves a couple of years later, the second one out of the ten, which had tormented and tortured me for more than two full months. In those days the German patience and science had not yet transformed the science of navigation from its semi-primitive to its present advanced position. And the German Lloyds had not yet built their palatial ocean castles within whose walls all possibility of the dreaded malady is effectively eliminated.

On the sixth day from Hong Kong land was seen from a great distance, but the furiously boisterous February weather, raw and rough, made all enjoyment of life in the sea-tossed craft an utter impossibility. Even the majestic Fuji, the peerless Fuji, the Fuji which has inspired more artists and poets than any other single spot on our planet, the Fuji, which in every minute assumes a new form and a new shape, thus building eternally new castles in the air, had no attractions for me—I had to wait later on to enjoy its beauty. On the morning of the seventh the harbor of Yokohama was reached and a rough landing effected. As soon as land was touched I recollected the curt answer of a famous poet of the old Persia to an inquirer who had asked him: "What was the most wonderful thing he had seen during his prolonged voyage?"—"My Landing!" Indeed it is a great miracle!

After three months of the forced cradle life, walking once more on *terra firma* produced, involuntarily, many new emotions and feelings very difficult to express or to describe. It affected not only my emotions and feelings, but it cured also all the after-effects of the dreaded malady. The news communicated to me on the same day, of the necessity of taking another steamer in order to reach the final destination, did not disturb me in the least, as the voyage was going to be of only six-and-twenty hours. There is no doubt that the limit of time assuages the acerbity of pain, while the despair of infinity intensifies the agony. How often have I thought of the final destiny of Dante's immortal "Commedia" if he had not inscribed over the portals of his infernum that blood-curdling sentence: "All hope abandon ye who enter here!"

Would the "Commedia" have occupied its present position during all these centuries without that fateful sentence? Who can answer such a question?"

Perhaps no other country in the world possesses such a beautiful sea-coast indented with innumerable bays and gulfs, and dotted with an infinite variety of islands and islets, of rocks and boulders, all clad in eternal verdure, and unfolding themselves in a magnificent panoramic order like that of Japan. All this was missed at first. However, once standing on firm ground, new thoughts and ideas took possession of my whole being. I began to dream of the future—that future, of which we dream so much when young! But the missionary's dream is more than a dream—it is a vision. It unfolds to the view the gradual spiritual awakening and transformation of a whole nation, thus keeping it from becoming a nightmare! I began to perceive slowly, but steadily, the world which I had been commissioned to associate with, to study, to elevate and finally to engraft upon that great tree which is destined to shelter the whole of humanity. Therefore, the profession of a missionary is apt to engender in the individual an air of haughtiness leading to supercilious presumptuousness if it is not, from the very commencement, submerged into the vast sea of the love of the Redeemer. Carnal dispositions and inclinations will, undoubtedly, strive for freedom and self-assertion. The superiority of Christianity and of all its concomitant concepts and ideas over heathenism and heathen civilization, impress themselves so deeply and ineradicably upon the mind of the missionary, that it is almost impossible to efface or forget them. Of course, in process of time, and

with the deepening of one's spiritual experiences, and the ramification of all forms of associations, such superficial thoughts and inclinations will gradually disappear. Nevertheless, the missionary's situation in receiving his first impressions of a non-Christian nation and civilization whose conversion he has made a life profession, is fraught with danger.

With the merchant, the traveler, the artist and the scientist the case is quite different. They come to see the good points only, and they see good points in an absolutely bewildering superabundance. They see them in their beautiful sky bedecked with an infinite variety of the cloud phenomena. They see them in their gorgeous sunsets and mystifying moon transformations. They see them in their eternal hills and primeval forests. They see them in their raging seas and foaming rivers. They see them in their glorious art with its infinite variety of aspects and expressions. They see them in their polished habits and refined manners. They see them in their shining faces and quaint costumes. They see them in their magnificent temples and well-regulated houses. In short they see them everywhere. They get enchanted, they become enraptured and enslaved to the ever-varying charms of Japan and of Japanese, and never cease chanting peans to the glory of the Island Kingdom and its divine inhabitants! The missionary goes to seek after the lost, the sinful, and the alienated from his Heavenly Father, and he finds them everywhere. The profession produces, quite often, a psychological reflex.

I am strongly inclined to believe that those engaged in professional diplomacy, and who have to deal directly

with the human nature as it is, during a number of consecutive years, and to whom the ephemeral charms of the external appearances have no attractions, are liable to receive rather unpleasant impressions of Japan and the Japanese.

"I cannot understand this people nor their country," once told the writer, an American Minister, who had been in Japan for sometime, and who was an ornament to his country and to his exalted office during his incumbency. "In the first place," he went on to say, "I cannot understand their climate. Their winters are much milder than ours, still I have never felt warm since the autumn although several huge stoves are kept roaring day and night. I cannot understand the construction and genius of their language—exactly reverse of ours—in fact of every other language of the world. I do not understand their habits—their bare legs and open breasts. I do not understand their manners—so polished and suave in one moment, and so rude and savage in the next. In short I do not understand this people at all; and I am afraid I shall never be able to understand them!"

What a difference of opinions about the same comprehensible objects between a diplomat and Mr. Lafcadio Hearn!

Had the speaker been a missionary instead of a diplomat I would have asked him: "Have you ever studied their soul and the means of applying the redemption of the Saviour of Mankind thereunto?"

Instead I asked:—

"Have you ever tried to view their national characteristics from a point of vantage, that is, from a point where

you can observe their better side with more prominence?"

"For example," said he rather impatiently.

"Take, for example, their art, I said, though they possess many other points from which they might be studied with advantage, both to the observer and to the people. Their deeply ingrained idea of patriotism, their struggle to produce a calm attitude amid afflictions and sorrow, the evolution of their religious and ethical sentiments, and a large multitude of other things in which the Japanese race has manifested remarkable aptitude; originality, tenacity and leadership. Undoubtedly all these are more or less complex concepts and require considerable time and research, which a person in your station is, in all likelihood, unable to spare. But with their art the case is radically different. Its study will afford you both pleasure and relaxation; and in no field of human activity has Japan so transcended herself as in the vast ocean of her aesthetic productivity. Each nation manifests the highest point of its intellectual life in a certain line of the embodied thought, and Japan surely has reached the summit of her genius through the fine arts. And that is the greatest point from which she should be judged with justice and equity."

"Well," he added rather wearily, "the truth is that I haven't taken any interest in the so-called Japanese art. But really I cannot see any *Art* in a few objects accumulated in the legation!"

"Well, a few objects accumulated in a haphazard way without any connection and consecutiveness is not the best way to study the highest art-productions of any nation. In art as in literature we have to go always for

the masterpieces. Call the most reliable dealer which you can find, and order a few objects of the highest conception and finish. Then, and not till then, you can judge justly and rationally!" I was, by this time, quite warmed up. So also was he.

"But won't the dealers cheat me? They are notoriously dishonest."

"Well," I replied, "the Japanese say 'there is no deception in Art.' You call a florist and pay him maybe a hundred of dollars to decorate your house with flowers. You and your friends enjoy their fragrance and their arrangement for a few hours. Early next morning you call in a cart-man and pay him five dollars to throw them away. Does ever the thought of having been deceived by the florist enter into your head? Do you not consider the momentary enjoyment of their beauty an ample compensation for your money? Art also has to be viewed from the same exalted aestheticism. You acquire an object here and an article there. And through association you draw intense pleasure from them. When tired you send them to an auctioneer who disposes of them for you, and in which transaction you gain or lose a few dollars. In order to enjoy the beauty of Art to its fullest extent you have to divorce it completely from all the taints of commercialism. The Japanese dealer is very keen and sensitive on this point."

"Well," said he, "this is 'rogue's logic,' what else?"

"But when logic and law and roguery are inseparably mixed together in this world of God what can you do?" I replied promptly. "However," continued I, "a Japanese dealer goes into the country and purchases from an

ignorant peasant a gorgeously colored engraving of a famous bridge by the great Hokusai for fifty cents, and brings it to you and wants ten dollars for it. What would you call such a business transaction?"

"I would call it downright fraud," replied he with emphasis and impatience.

"Alright!" said I. "But you go to a Fifth Avenue dealer in New York, and observe hanging on the wall a reproduction of the same bridge in sombre black, and marked in big characters—'Whistler, first impression.' Then on the corner in hardly visible characters these ominous figures, '\$1,500'. What would you call that?"

"I'll find a special name for that the next time I see you," was his reply.

The next time he saw me he had changed some of his views as to the impossibility of comprehending the Japanese people and their character.

"Surely," he said, "they are an artistic nation, and the spirit of Art has succeeded in producing many points of interest not only in their history, but also in the hidden realm of their inner life."

The first crowd of the Japanese which I met was in the Yokohama railroad station; and two things impressed me at once very favorably—their extreme cleanliness and their over-flowing mirth. From Constantinople to Shanghai the traveler is struck by two principal aspects of the character of the Oriental races:—their indifference to cleanliness, and their sulliness. You cannot help being impressed deeply by one, or both, of these two aspects of the Oriental life whether traveling in Turkey, or Egypt, or India, or in China. This makes the contrast between

the Japanese and other Eastern nations the more impressive and worth study. In many things connected with a higher form of existence, even at the present day, and despite their wonderful progress in the pathway of Western civilization, the Japanese are still behind some of the advanced historic nations of Asia. In intellectual talents and acquirements they are inferior to their quondam preceptors—Chinese. In the matters of domestic refinement culture and enjoyment of a well-regulated and tranquil life, they are inferior to the Persians. In matters of food and its preparation, and all kindred subjects they will be unfavorably compared with the Hindoos and the Turks. But in cleanness and happiness they surpass not only all Asiatic nations, but a good many Western nations also.

As to their cleanliness we have to seek it in their inordinate passion for the bath tub; and also in the simplicity of their garments and every other article connected with their daily life—indoors or outdoors. The uniformity of their climate conspires with the inner dispositions and predilections of the soul to make everything as simple and as light as possible. Cotton and silk—the two principal enemies of dust—have been the only fabrics which they have had since the very beginning of their prolonged history. And they know to perfection the art of cleaning, folding and wearing them. It is a real pleasure to watch a Japanese folding his kimono and his Hawori. As to their love of the bath it has been described so often that we feel no necessity of dealing with the subject here.

There is no doubt that clean habits conduce to the production of a happy temperament; and to their cleanliness, evidently is attributable their eternal laughter. What a

contrast between them and the Chinese! Indeed between them and any other Oriental race! Both sexes in Japan look not only the picture of cleanliness but also of happiness. Care, ennui, worry, illness do not seem to have touched their frail physical frames. Everybody seemed to be laughing. It was so contagious! If a man handed the Jinriksha man his stipulated fare, both went immediately into what I thought immoderate convulsions of laughter and merriment. If a person touched casually another one or stepped upon his toes, the same comedy was repeated. This was at the station. The same evening I attended a Bible class in Tokyo, and the same comedy was reproduced again. As soon as a member had finished reading his, or her, verse the whole class would almost collapse into spasms of laughter. At first I thought them, I confess, woefully lacking that gravity and seriousness, which have made Asia the mother of all advanced forms of religions. I considered them flighty, frivolous, and undignified. But this impression, in process of time, was effaced, and I reached the conclusion that their extraordinary mirth was the child of a happy combination of certain circumstances, some physical and others mental, which no alien could ever fathom or delineate.

In connection with the just described two national and extremely pleasant features of the Japanese, I was struck also with another and just as pleasant feature—their openness and communicativeness. In all the countries where Islam is dominant the woman is impenetrably veiled, and the man with a huge dagger stuck in his belt looks more like one of the fiends in Dante's *Infernum*. All conversation or intercommunication with them will

be, *per se*, of the merest formality. The same also is true, to a certain extent, of the Chinaman. The very physiognomy of the Chinese declares their reluctance to associate or hold conversation with the people of other nationalities. "Eternal Aloofness" in unmistakable characters is stamped upon their foreheads! What an ocean of difference between the two peoples! Hardly had I seated myself and awaiting the arrival of the train, when the man sitting next to me addressed me in a most informal way in his own tongue; and seeing my lack of familiarity with it, then spoke a few words of English. There was a visible feeling on every face, emanating undoubtedly out of the depth of their super-sensitive soul, and betraying a keen desire of entering into conversation with the strangers. On this point even the West might be benefited by following the example of Japan. The truth is that the yoke of conventionalism has crushed the beauty and freedom of what might be called "stray conversation," which after all is the most delightful form of all conversations, and of existence. We sit in a car absorbed in a newspaper, or in a book, casting occasionally a staring glance at the unknown faces surrounding us. With what a charm and genius the Japanese enliven such dull and monotonous moments! In the train for Tokyo a middle-aged and well-dressed gentleman sat by my side. He spoke English tolerably well. After a few informal questions as to my nationality, age, and profession he asked me the following extremely puzzling question:—

"What is the most queer (omoshiroi) thing which has struck you since landing in our country?"

"I have just landed," I replied, "therefore know very

little about your country. But suppose I ask of you exactly the same question in relation to the foreigners living in Japan."

He readily said: "Well I have never been outside of Japan, but what has struck me as most queer in the conduct of the foreigners living in the settlements, is, the inartistic way in which a woman will hang on the arm of a man and walk together in the public streets. It is the most grotesque picture I have ever witnessed in all my life!" "Well, now," he continued, "I have given you my impressions, now let me hear yours."

"Well," I said, "as I have told you already I have just landed in your country, consequently know almost nothing about you, but what has struck me as queer is your immoderate laughter."

"But don't you foreigners ever laugh?" he asked me in a rather solemn way.

"O, yes we do a great deal, but not as much as you do," was my reply to his amusing query.

"But aren't they inquisitive?" very likely the reader will ask me.

Yes, very, but they are never boring! They seem to know intuitively the border line separating boredom from freedom in conversation. Therefore, why should I allow such an indefinable, nay often banal word, mar and spoil such unique associations so long as the intercommunication of ideas is mutually beneficial and interesting?

Through close contact and prolonged experience, it is not difficult to find out a large majority of the questions and subjects with which most of them are interested. Hence very often before being asked, I tell freely my

interlocutor my age, the age of the different members of my family, my nationality, my occupation—a poor missionary which nobody would believe of course,—if I liked Japan and expected to die amongst them. An affirmative answer to the last two questions would tickle them to death. This part of the conversation finished then it would be my turn to catechize them. Such an impromptu association of ideas and of thoughts would not only afford me great pleasure in knowing their inner life and their mental furniture, but it would give me also the greatest facilities to master their complex and difficult language, which I could not acquire through any other means.

The first unpleasant impression of the Japanese life, after a series of very pleasant incidents of the first day of my sojourn in the Kami-no-Mikuni, (the Land of the Gods), was the attitude of officialdom towards the people. The extremely haughty and domineering conduct, and the atmosphere of insularity surrounding like a halo the very important personality of the station policeman, made me to mistake him for a high dignitary. What a difference between the gentlemanly attitude of the policeman guarding the streets of London and of New York and that of the police of Tokyo and Yokohama! I have always been sceptical as to his so-called "proverbial efficiency." He spends a large portion of his time in his shanty smoking, or reading newspapers, or sleeping—a perfect picture of laziness. But often the absence of crime, comparatively speaking, has been cited as a convincing proof of the high standard of the effectiveness of Japan's police system. While we do not intend to mean that the system is totally weak and useless, still, the comparative paucity of crime

in Japan can be assigned to the hereditary law-abiding instinct of the people from the immemorial ages.

Next to the overbearing attitude of the police, and acting as a congruent accessory in order to make the picture of governmental despotism complete, was the extremely uncivil behavior of the railroad officials toward the third-class passengers. There is no point in which Japan looks more Asiatic—that also not of a very high type—as in the treatment and the manner of handling of the enormous third-class passengers in her railroad stations and trains. How often have I said to myself:—"Japan may say or do what she pleases, but so long as she will neglect to treat properly, nay decently, a large majority of her own population, so long she will not be classified with the advanced nations of the world!" In a country where labor is cheap and charges very heavy, there is no justification for the existence of any filth or squalor. If Japan will not respect her own people without distinction, she has no reason to blame the foreigner for following her own example!"

In extenuation of the extreme rigidity of the conduct of the government toward the governed it has been said that:—"The very efficiency of the governmental machinery in a nation suddenly emerging out of a state of prolonged feudalism demands, nay presupposes this. The laws of a nation, born in freedom, like America, cannot be applied in their entirety to a nation still in its infancy." Such a process of reasoning we consider utterly inapplicable to the situation. Japan at present, is not in its infancy. An intelligent Japanese would spurn such a characterization of the present progress of the people. Even if it was, we should not overlook the truism that,

no nation has hitherto succeeded in mixing freedom and despotism together in order to create a new form of government to satisfy all. Japan is not an exception to the rule.

An hour's ride from Yokohama to Tokyo diverted the mind to another aspect of Japan—to her natural scenery and beauty. The northwest winds had gradually driven away the depressing mists, and torn to shreds the menacing dark clouds of the Indian ocean. In the place of the black veil of the morning the whole face of the Heavens was decorated now with clouds of all shapes and structures, and every one of them soaked and steeped in the crimson caldron of the receding planet. It was one of the grandest of sights which the naked eye is privileged to witness. Turning to a member of the family I said: "The rainbow has been termed 'God's Autograph', what, then, would you call that?"

"I suppose it is God's decorated stage where He enacts His eternal dramas," was the prompt answer.

The proximity of Japan to the polar regions on the one side, and her free view of the torridial Pacific on the other, conspire to make her celestial phenomena variegated and unique. From the South her atmosphere draws the expansive quality of the heat, and from the North the intensity of the auroral coloring. And these two extreme celestial qualities play all sorts of tricks and antiques in that vast amphitheater. The complex architectural forms of the clouds, their eternal shifting and moving from place to place, their innumerable divisions and reunions, their fantastic, but at the same time, delicate coloring, and finally the majestic figure of the retiring monarch bidding a last farewell to the whole visible universe, was something

transcending all descriptions either through the pen or through the mouth. Silence on all the grand occasions when God in manifold and unmistakable ways manifests Himself, is the best way to enjoy the grandeur of His infinite majesty.

The scenery below also appeared to be quite alive to the existence of the grand celestial spectacle, and was striving to harmonize its aspects with those of the mystical vision above. The undulating hills, the forest-clad mountains, and the artistically aggrouped villages and hamlets all were deluged and suffused with the red rays of the couchant Hero. There was a regularity and uniformity in every visible object and phenomenon. Everything seemed befitting the position assigned to it in the infinite economy of nature through the wisdom and beneficence of the Alwise Creator!

Such impressions are apt to be hasty, ephemeral and misleading. A state of mental enthusiasm and rapture is not the best moment to appraise the eternal value of things. Nevertheless, no work of great art—divine or human—can be fully appreciated and enjoyed without totally abandoning ourselves into its flames!

The category of the pleasant emotions of which I had been the fortunate recipient since my landing, was supplemented by the impressive panorama of the towns, hamlets, villages, cottages and fields unfolding itself to the view as the train was speeding toward the metropolis. In everything there was uniformity, regularity and tidiness. The hillsides visible to the naked eye were covered with the artistically fixed and well-tilled terraces. The richness of the soil seemed responding joyfully to the

industry of man. Every inch of soil appeared to me utilized and forced to serve some particular purpose. Sometimes out of a few feet of odd-shaped ground, which no human being in any other country would have paid any attention to, a miniature farm covered with luxuriant vegetables, was created. The limited extent of the arable land has turned the Japanese—farmer and all—into the greatest economist of the world. He dreads waste, and wastefulness has never approached him—till very recently.

With his economy and efficiency in cultivating his soil we have to join his frugality and temperance in his "meats and drinks." It is true that occasionally he lapses from the high universal standard, and during such occasions of total abandonment to the animal appetites, he can never be surpassed, or even approached by any other people. But such lapses are rather exceptional than common, and are confined mostly to the higher classes. Ordinarily a Japanese is sober and saving. Both in matters of food and raiment the needs of the animal nature have been reduced by him to the lowest minimum without causing the smallest injury to his health—physically or mentally. Both in matters of economy and temperance he can be made a profitable model to the rest of mankind.

The above being merely superficial impressions and observations acquired within a few hours after my landing; it is time now to delineate a few of their deeper and more solid characteristics.

The first and the foremost of these is his courage, verging on temerity. We do not mean that animal courage possessed by the races in a rather undeveloped stage, which emanates mainly out of the cheap price attached

to our terrestrial existence. But we mean that exalted moral courage without which no nation can free itself from the bondage and slavery of the past traditions, which tie us forever to the crushing wheel of a stagnant conservatism. To this moral courage exclusively Japan owes her marvellous progress from the dark ages of a medieval feudalism, into the glorious light of the twentieth century. And to the lamentable lack of this divine attribute, and to nothing else, China owes her perilous position!

The glorious fruits of this final emancipation from an unprogressive past are scattered over every inch of Japan's soil. They are abundantly visible to every careful and unprejudiced eye in the manners and habits of the people. We can see them in their domestic life, in their attire, in the reconfiguration of their land, and in the organization of their army and navy, in their educational and medical systems, in their transition from an agricultural into a commercial and industrial life; in short, in every form and phase of their national existence.

Individuals have not been backward in this great transformation. A farmer went from one of the suburbs of the city of Nara to Kobe. While walking in the market place his eye fell upon a heap of pears of extraordinary magnitude, and marked ten sen a piece. He bought one, peeled it and ate it. It was delicious. He inquired about the native province of the fruit. This given he took the first train and went there. He made minute investigations as to the age of the trees, their producing capacity and other points germane to the matter. He made his calculation which led him step by step to the firm resolution of converting his rice fields—the fields which had

nourished his progenitors for many generations, and whose every foot was associated with indelible sacred memories—into a pear orchard. That man made his fortune through an enterprise conceived and carried to consummation by a masterly moral courage. And everybody else followed his example!

“Are the people of this province going to stop eating rice, and live entirely on pears?” asked I once of an intimate friend.

“Why, no!” he replied promptly. “We don’t look on the matter from your point of view at all. So long as pear-trees are more lucrative than rice-fields, so long we shall turn our fields to pear-orchards. But as soon as this process is reversed, we shall try some other means to utilize our soil. Past traditions and associations should not trammel or hinder our progress into the future.”

This is not a fictitious story fabricated in order to exaggerate certain inner forces active in Japan for the last fifty years. But it is a historic incident indicating the secret—or one of the many secrets—to which we are compelled to attribute the phenomenal success of the nation in every domain of their complex activity.

Even in matters of religion, which mankind is extremely reluctant to adopt any changes, or even improvements, suggested by a rival creed, Japanese Buddhism is alert to seize any and every point from Christianity in order to improve and embetter itself.

“Buddhism,” told the writer an educated priest, “means ‘Enlightenment and progress through spiritual light.’ Therefore we can engraft upon it with ease anything that will be helpful to us spiritually and morally.

We are investigating now the historical connection between the two great religions. Our researches may lead us to the ultimate conclusion that Christ is a re-incarnation of Buddha, and a direct manifestation of the Supreme Deity. In that case Buddhism will be compelled to become monotheistic, while hitherto she has not defined her position in relation to the powers transcending the visible existence."

"But wouldn't such a radical interpretation and transformation be in direct contradiction of all the historical principles, traditions and dogmas of your religion?" asked I in surprise.

"Not at all! Not at all!" replied he with great emphasis. "Buddhism has been called atheistic, agnostic, pantheistic and polytheistic. It is neither! The truth is that it possesses an immense mass of metaphysical literature, out of which any creed or system or theory might be able to find some plausible support and aid."

"When do you expect to end these investigations and researches and reach the desired conclusion?" asked I rather bewildered.

"Well!" replied he, "we aren't in a great hurry. Why should we? For the last five-thousand years humanity has plunged herself into these infinite studies. Therefore we can wait with patience and equanimity for another five-thousand years, before reaching the ultimate conclusion. You Western people hurry too much in everything, hence get nervous and dissatisfied. The science of comparative religion is still an infant. Indeed all the sciences are in a stage of infancy. Why then this undignified haste? When Charles Darwin discovered his

law of evolution, which had been known to Buddhism more than twenty centuries before, an immense number of books and pamphlets appeared all over Europe and America entitled: "The Coming Atheism!" To us such a haste appears utterly unseemly and repulsive."

Of their animal courage the world knows too well to what a foolish extremity sometimes—oftentimes—it is carried. A whole regiment committing suicide rather than surrendering to the enemy, the whole crew singing the national anthem while the ship is sinking, thousands of young men rushing into the very mouth of death and destruction as if they were going to a picnic, and hundreds of kindred heroic acts show an inner soul brimful of noble instincts!

In emancipating themselves from their past traditions and inaugurating the new Reformation they have committed, undoubtedly, a few errors and mistakes of judgment. But on the other side the achievements and results of their quasi-superhuman enterprise have been so bewilderingly grand that the critic is divested at once of all criticism—whether of unalloyed praise or of censure. Indeed the final outcome of the recent accomplishments of the Japanese nation transcend the conception and judgment of the ordinary individual mortal.

The first occasion which led me step by step to suspect something treacherous in Japan was its climate. Landing in mid-winter and finding a mild climate and the weather of mid-autumn, beautiful skies, a buoyant mercury, and a verdant scenery, I abandoned myself entirely to its mystical charms. But, alas, mundane beauty has never succeeded purifying itself of every dross of deceptiveness.

Climate is not an exception to this universal rule. But at that time I was ignorant of this experimental philosophy of things.

One clear and bright morning, about the middle of March, I felt as if my whole left face was aflame. I considered it an omen and warning of an approaching facial inflammation. But after a few days the invisible phenomenon shifted itself suddenly to the right face, then to another locality, then to another, and so on to the present day!

While the climate of Japan is healthy, and salubrious to a considerable extent, still it needs watching with care. The stranger who treats it with impunity, or surrenders himself completely to its sinuous fascinations will suffer sometime. For a foreigner intending to live in Japan permanently the best season to arrive is the beginning of April. Then he will have seven months of alternately mild, hot and mild again, weather to acclimatize and prepare himself for the impending winter chills and colds. During the first two years it is not advisable for a foreigner to live in a Japanese house. Once used to its ever-shifting caprices and humors it can be fully enjoyed if we treat her just as the Japanese themselves treat her and treat every alien thing—never to trust anything completely.

“Are the Japanese a treacherous and deceitful nation?” Almost every foreign writer who has attempted to delineate their character has asked this difficult question. The opinions expressed would fill up a huge volume. By constitution and training they have not seemed to me a deceitful race; on the contrary they have almost always appeared quite open and trustful. In fact their recognized

bravery and the spirit of chivalry, and their communicativeness would militate strongly against any mean and underhand act. But they have studied history, and have analyzed the causes—the primal causes—of the modern advancement and aggrandizement of Europe in the world—particularly in Asia. They know that as an independent Asiatic nation they are practically alone and isolated, and this isolation with its subsequent potential possibilities, as to the future existence of their Empire, makes them extremely wary—nervously wary. If Japan was assured beyond even a shadow of doubt, that the international game of diplomacy was conducted on the strict principles of justice, of equity, of impartiality, and of integrity, the nobler impulses of the national soul would assert and reassert themselves. But alas there is no one who can give her something that does not exist! She knows well that even her alliance and friendship with England is based on the shifting sands of mutual benefits and nothing solid underlies its foundations. The Crimea and the subsequent aggroupments of the Great Powers is a picture-lesson to Japan which she has to consult and study eternally.

The same thing might be said of the dealings of the individual Japanese with the foreigner within his gates. Convince a Japanese for once that you consider him your equal, and intend to treat him as a brother, you will find him fair, and even trustworthy. But of this we shall speak later on.

Another feature and aspect of the Japanese character and life that will impress pleasantly a foreigner coming in contact with them, is their unlimited hospitality, and the unostentatious manner in which it is offered. You

call on a Japanese friend for the first, or may be for the hundredth time. You are ushered into a bare room with as little formality as possible, in a formality-steeped country. The very frailty of the house, the poverty, amounting to nakedness, of the room, and the quietness of the surroundings free you at once from all those heart depressing emotions caused by:—

“Marble Halls and bronze Pillars.”

Simplicity breeds equality and unity, while complexity leads to bewilderment and estrangement, and to oppression and opposition.

Hospitality is a primitive virtue of the fallen man. However, I think, while in the Orient has remained in its primitive simplicity, in the Occident has been encumbered gradually with so much ceremonialism, sentiment and quisine that is being crushed to death. Participation in a friend's well-prepared meal has assumed the import and value of a great gift—to be hankered after by some, and avoided by others. In such a thickened atmosphere true hospitality cannot thrive.

How differently they do manage such things in Japan! From the moment you met your host in his *zashiki* (drawing-room) he assures you, through many infallible signs and tokens, that you are perfectly welcome to his house, to his time and to his table—all this without any apparition of formality or affectation. Your presence carries with it the potential authority to keep all his other engagements,—no matter of their importance—in abeyance. It is considered extremely rude in Japan to excuse yourself to a guest because of an engagement. It betrays your feelings and the inner thoughts that you don't value *his*

presence as much as the presence of another one. As to business engagements he would be ashamed to mention them in your presence even indirectly.

The meal hour arrived, or even a little before it, it will be considered the height of disrespectfulness to excuse yourself and depart. You are under obligation, according to the universal etiquette, to partake of his meal. A girl enters the parlor carrying a beautiful lacquer tray containing half-a-dozen of China dishes of all sorts of shapes—delicate, unique and odd. Their contents are termed *O Kazu*—"the honorable accessories," that is, accessories to the principal dish—the boiled rice. Everything is clean and simple, and there is no visible sign of exertion in its preparation. The host makes an apology for the poverty and wretchedness of the meal. You will take up the chop sticks, raise them to your head as a mark of thanks, and simply say—*Itadakimasu* (humbly accept) and resume the interrupted conversation without further formality.

The hour of departure arrived you will say the conventional "sayonara" (good-bye) and make the ceremonial bowing in the most artistic manner possible—which it is absolutely impossible for a child of Europe to perform without making himself look extremely awkward—and you retire without the slightest thought of mentioning the occasion again. Simple life has, undoubtedly, its own beautiful features and attractive charms which cannot be cultivated, or reproduced in their entirety in the oppressing atmosphere of the present-day ultra civilized and pampered man. Emerson would have attributed this, I suppose, to the impartial law of compensation.

I have reserved to the last a point with which, if following strictly the dictates of logic, I should have opened this chapter:—the subject of “Foreign Concessions” as they were formerly called, or of the foreign communities residing in Japan.

The traveler who lands for the first time in any of the “Open Ports” of Japan will find suddenly all his anticipations belied, and his striving nascent emotions drowned in unexpected sights and visions. He expects to see Asiatic streets, native houses, and Mongolian faces. Instead everywhere he sees European architecture, Caucasian faces and English language. In the “Foreign Concession” he will observe a picture in miniature, of his own home life and advanced civilization.

From the moment he passes through the “Concession” into the native city a comparison of the two civilizations, ancient and modern, Christian and Buddhist, European and Japanese forces itself upon his receptive mind—unless that mind happens to be utterly callous and indifferent to all the higher problems touching the welfare of our existence here and hereafter.

In such a comparison the advantages, in a preponderating manner, are, undoubtedly, on the side of the native civilization. All that solidity and stability which time confers upon man’s experience and handiwork belong to it. We venerate venerableness whenever we meet it—both in the rational and mute creation. While the Concessions civilization is infantile, transient, and fugitive, and in its highest development cannot reach in height, and attain to the equilibrium of a well-poised and stable home civilization, whatever its magnitude or size.

Notwithstanding this disparity of advantages on the side of the Buddhist civilization in its comparison with the infant Christian civilization still the latter, in every way can hold, in our opinion, its position without fear or misgiving as to the ultimate results of such a suddenly improvised contest.

No competent and impartial judge can fail perceiving the self-evident fact that whatever the low status, moral and spiritual, which occasionally a Christian community in a distant non-Christian land, and disrupted totally from its main base might find itself, yet, it embosoms numerous concepts and ideals of life here and hereafter, which other nations cannot boast possessing. Compare the wide streets, the well-ventilated houses, the equitably regulated family life, the bright and clean children, the intelligent and happy faces of the men and women of the different nationalities pursuing peacefully their diverse avocations, with the life and pursuits of the native population, and you will be forced to acknowledge that superiority is on the side of Christianity almost on every point of contact and of contrast. And this superiority, it should be remarked here is not only material, but also intellectual and spiritual; and no one recognizes and acknowledges this with more readiness than the well-informed Japanese themselves.

“Comparisons,” some one has said, “are odious.” Indeed they are, and particularly unfair are they when the contrast is that of a civilization stretching back to thousands of years and deriving nurture and inspiration from myriads of streams and tributaries extending to the plains of Assyria, the table-lands of Persia, the sands of Egypt

and the snow-capped hills of Greece; with a civilization shrouded from infancy in the white robes of a misty ocean, and receiving, occasionally only, the faint echoes of a distant and indistinct life. We would not have exposed ourselves to the charge of being unfair to Japan, if it was not for a class of Western writers, who have persistently made the comparison, and exalted the ancient civilization of Japan far beyond its intrinsic and real worth. Beautiful and quaint as some of their habits, manners and customs undoubtedly are, nevertheless, there is no department of our complex life and its diversified aspects and forms in which they are perfect, and need not follow the progressive Christian nations of the West. This is especially true, of their family life, in whose conception they are much inferior even to some well-advanced Asiatic nations. I dare say, nay I am quite positive, that, no foreigner, whatever his talents and accomplishments, has been able to see the points in which Japanese need borrowing from the Western nations with the sharpness, and also delicacy, of the intelligent Japanese themselves. Their keenness, patience and devotion to the details and minutiae all conspire to make them far better judges in the science of eclecticism than the ever hasty and pressing Occidental. And educated Japanese hate to see a foreigner donning Japanese clothes, and expressing his relish of the Japanese food in an ill-concealed and ill-constructed flattering language.

"We Japanese know," said once to the writer an educated gentleman, "that your civilization is infinitely higher than ours, and that we need to borrow from you, and not you from us. Of course, by this I do not mean to ape

and mimic you in everything. But to engraft those unsurpassible ideals of life which your intellect and spiritual attainments have enabled you to develop in process of time, upon our national tree. I am positive that we are quite competent to make the best of selections. Our genius and all tendencies are disposed in the direction of imitation, and reproduction. But fortunately these natal tendencies are supplemented by a reliable taste for everything beautiful and joyful. For this very reason we dislike, nay despise, a foreigner expressing preference for our food, for our clothes, and for the general manners of our daily life. Because we know that such men are either degenerates, or that they flatter us for some ultimate selfish purpose. In either case they are not our best friends, nor can they become our most reliable spiritual guides. We respect only those foreigners who adhere to their own lofty ideals of life, which we are striving to make also those of Japan!"

CHAPTER II

An Outline of the Japanese Character

THE common material out of which the character of a great nation is composed differs, in the essentials, very little from that of any other great nation. Those *à priori* and intuitive truths, whether mental or moral, which form the basic foundation are identical—all having been hewn out of the same universal quarry. But as the process of erecting the national character advances, diversified ideas and objects in relation to climate, food, domestic life, religion and hundreds of other things affect greatly the superstructure, and when complete sometimes, nay oftentimes, loses its resemblance and relationship to the rest. However, whatever the extent of this dissimilarity, yet, if we look with a calm and critical eye into the constituent ingredients of the utilized material we shall be surprised to find not only, a very close similarity, but also a real affinity. The apparent diversity, leading to haughtiness, is quite often the result of the absence of a minute study. It has been asserted, that, it is impossible to reach the inner heart of an Oriental. Whence this impossibility arises, it is not difficult to surmise. Heart responds to heart and to nothing else. Out of snobbishness no one can reap affection, nor malice out of kindness. For this general truism oftentimes the books, descriptive of the character

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of a nation, mirror rather the character of the author himself than that of his vast subject. No idea or concept passing through the mental sieve of an individual human being can come out without being tinted and tinged with its inherent peculiarities and prejudices. Books on Japan have not escaped this fatalistic finality.

Take the case of the two foreigners who have written so charmingly about Japan and Japanese—Loti and Hearn. Hearn has been called the American Loti, and Loti, the French Hearn. Nevertheless each one has painted Japan from a different point-of-view—and neither of them have painted her accurately. Of the two the American is an idealist, the Frenchman a sensualist. Loti paints Japan as a sensualist French artist-sailor would paint it. His portrait of the Japanese Geisha undoubtedly is true to the life, but it is, at the best, fragmentary—that also of the worst of the fragments—for the fifty millions of Japanese all are not Geishas! Hearn is a much higher and purer artist. Still his intense idealism—like Loti's is sensual and voluptuously fleshy, and not attenuated and mystical as all the exalted ideal theories are and should be. To the present writer Mr. Hearn has always appeared as a talented artist sitting in a spacious hall whose four walls are covered with pure and reflexive mirrors, and its floor crowded with sculptures and statues of marble, bronze and wood, but none of them possessing that aesthetic rotundity, and posture, and spiritual beauty which we are accustomed to observe in similar works of art in the West. Furthermore, the reflex and counter-reflex actions of these objects in the mirrored walls create an infinite vista wherein every distinctive feature of the portrayed ideas loses

its primal characteristic, and becomes vague and elusive. Hence, his works though intended to be analytical studies, in reality are nothing but attractive romances of a distant and unapproachable past. Thus both of them are artists, but none of them philosophers.

Japanese have been called most secretive and insular nation of the world. There is, undoubtedly, some truth in this dictum. However, the key of kindness, of sympathy and of brotherly feeling can open the most resisting of the gates leading to the soul of a self-secluded nation. Japanese are not an exception to this universal rule. We cannot analyze in a satisfactory manner the contents of a human heart without first loving its owner. Of course we can dissect it with ease even if the assent is not granted, but, then, we find nothing there but a cold mass of inert matter—that organ leaping and palpitating with energy and with joy, with life and with love, having vanished forever!

The amazing celerity and rapidity with which Japan has raised herself from a feudal and semi-civilized position to that of a great World-Power have attracted, quite naturally, the attention and admiration of the whole of mankind. "To what mystic causes can be attributed," it is inquired on every side, "this lightning-like speed of this particular Oriental nation?" "How is it possible," it is asked, "to generate such an enormous volume of super-Asiatic energy in the Orient—that proverbial land of slumber and of speculation?"

The answers given to the above questions have been multifarious and varied. We have numerous treatises on the "soul of a Nation," the "Spirit of a People," and

so forth, all endeavoring to analyze every form and shape of their life and labor in order to reach the very soul of this great mystery. Even the suggestion has been advanced that they belong to an alien race and stock. Therefore, are not Asiatics. A short retrospective glance over their past history will, in my opinions, shed sufficient light over the secret of their phenomenal success, and also upon the diverse elements composing the mosaic of their character.

In the first place, it should be remembered, that the Japanese belong to one of the greatest of families of mankind—the so-called Altaic or Mongolian family. While not possessing that venerable age attained by the Semitic or even Aryan races, yet, the achievements of some of its branches and ramifications have to be classified in the category of the great events composing world history; and now that the Semitic race is gradually disappearing of sheer senility, this is the only remaining race—if we except the nigritic—which can display any power of resistance to the advancing Aryan. From a nomadic state the race has been able, through constant incursions and invasions, to expand itself on the one side to the Eastern Europe, and on the other through the north of Asia till reaching the Pacific ocean and beyond. It has displayed great dexterity and fleetness in battle, and adaptability and stability in peaceful civilization. While not a speculative or philosophical race, still it has manifested a surpassing genius in selecting good and choice ideas of the other nations, more original and appropriating them for itself. The highest forms of literature, of poetry, of culture, and of Art belonging to the old Persian Aryan are found today in the aristocratic Turkish families more than in the land

of their birth! As soon as one of its branches has abandoned finally its nomadic and roving existence, and settled down to a more sedentary and stable life it has displayed wonderful cohesiveness, continuity, solidity and unity—racial unity. The Huns in Europe, the Turks both in Europe and Asia, the Tartars in the North of Asia have adopted other habits, languages, religions and manners, yet, they have retained intact their racial identity.

To delineate after analyzing the diverse elements composing the character of the Japanese race, and to find the points of affinity and relationship between them and the other branches, is not a difficult task; nay, it is a very pleasant undertaking—as every study of the racial psychology is—but too vast to be attempted here. Therefore, as far as the racial basis is concerned, we should not stray far afield in our researches in order to find for Japan a new ancestry, and every Japanese should be proud of the origin of his race and not ashamed of it. Of course, the theory of their divine origin, romantic as it is, it has to be abandoned. Japanese are very far from being gods—or their descendants either.

The second historic point which should not be ignored in this connection is the purity of their national blood. During their early occupation of this beautiful archipelago they intermixed, undoubtedly, with the aboriginal races inhabiting the Islands, of which the present day Ainü of the north of Hokkaido, formerly Ezo, is a small remnant. Even *supposing* that such a process of amalgamation threatening at one time the racial purity of the invaders did take place more than twenty centuries ago, still the national back-ground, and the matrix moulding the



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diverse ingredients into a unique whole has always remained Japanese. The alien mixture whatever its size, being unable to affect seriously the whole stock. The hypothesis advanced by some of the semi-Ainü origin of the present-day Japanese even if carried to its extreme logical deductions, still it will not, in our opinions, affect seriously the statement that during their long history they have not suffered, nor has their national integrity, from a promiscuous intermingling with alien races. We know well the debilitating effect upon the Romans of Italy and North Africa; upon the Greeks both in Europe and in Asia, and upon the Spaniards in their own country, from such a process of commingling with the inferior and often subject races.

The third point which has affected profoundly not only his character and constitution, but his whole destiny, is the insularity of his country. It has not only kept the integrity and the purity of his stock, but it has made him also almost immune against all external assaults and interruptions, which always act unfavorably upon the inner feelings of a nation. Invasions and wars not only retard the progress of a nation, but also seriously affect its character in many ways. The fact that during her six-and-twenty centuries of peaceful existence Japan has never had a single foreign invasion, and that no foe has ever desecrated the sacredness of her hearth and of her soil, must be considered an important factor in the steady evolution of a symmetrical national and individual character. It has inspired every Japanese, from the lowest to the highest, with the spirit of freedom and of liberty. No historic nation can with truth boast like them:—"We were never

in bondage to any man!" It has taught every individual the difficult lesson of sacrificing all for remaining his own master. He is eternally conscious of this prerogative and of its numerous concomitant results. He values it highly, and for it he will sacrifice gladly his life, his property, and his children. Such a state of life he appreciates—as he has never seen any other one. Always he has been the sole master of himself, and he is determined, at all hazards, to preserve intact this sacred heirloom. Indeed he has exalted it to the altitude of a religious cult, before which all the other creeds have to bow the knee! In no other Asiatic country this passion for the national freedom and liberty has attained such intensity, and such concentrated energy as in Japan.

There are some other important factors in connection with the above ones, and which we shall consider in future. It suffices here to say once more, by way of summary, that, this unique position of Japan as to the origin of its race, the purity of the blood of its inhabitants, and its geographical immunity from all external invasions, have combined in producing a type of character which has to be studied and judged by the specific rules and laws of its own being, and by nothing else.

Certain Japanese educators of the present day have claimed that the idea of *Duty* has been the corner-stone of the grand fabric of their national character. It has been maintained by these writers, that, the West "emphasizes the idea of freedom and of liberty; while Japan puts stress upon the idea of duty which eventually matures in self-sacrifice and patriotism." If by "Duty" it is meant that "categorical imperative" which Kant esteemed as

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the sole impulse in man to force him to a higher plane of moral and spiritual activity, then, I must say that the Japanese,—individually—have not struck me as being particularly endowed with this divine gift more than any other nation. Ordinarily he has appeared to me more Epicurian than Stoic in the performance of his duty. He is notoriously lax in the matter of the sacredness of his contracts—especially the most sacred of all contracts—marriage contract. While by no means absolutely deficient in the conception of duty as a great motive power and the sole arbitress in regulating the conduct in every important matter, still, it cannot be denied that they fall far below most of the European nations in grasping the nature and import of duty. That they are gradually awakening to the full realization of its importance, in all its manifold aspects, for the regulation of our daily life, it cannot be gainsaid; but it will take them, I am afraid, many centuries before they can boast of a monopoly, and unequalled proficiency in its understanding and the application of its primary principles.

In the upbuilding of the national character of the Japanese race three conspicuous factors have struck me profoundly, and to their exposition and illustration I shall devote the remaining pages of this chapter. These three factors are:—Discipline, Patriotism, and the spirit of Competition, or Emulation. If we study minutely these three cardinal forces operating even today, and moulding the complex life of this remarkable people, the other component elements shall be found not differing fundamentally from the minor ingredients constituting the character of any other extant great nation. But in these particular

factors we see an intensity and velocity observed nowhere else in the whole history of our planet.

I. DISCIPLINE. In the evolution of character in Japan discipline is connected with it, and has moulded it from the very infancy of its history to the present day. Therefore, it would be nearly impossible to comprehend a Japanese, nor understand his character in its diverse aspects, without fully studying its origin, its application and its results.

In the remote antiquity when the Colonists crossed the Channel from the mainland of Asia into the land of promise, they kept their distinctive habits and tribal institutions till the final abolition of feudalism about fifty years ago. Before that great Reformation for six-and-twenty centuries the whole tribe, whatever its numerical magnitude, gravitated round the centered person of its incarnate God—that is, the Kami (literally god). Whatever the forced allegiance of this local God to the national God (The Tenshi, literally the Son of Heaven, that is the Emperor), the private citizen was not cognizant of those relations and political ties. He was satisfied that his local master was the real god, and lineal descendant of the heavenly gods. To him he believed he owed his life, his prosperity and his freedom. His Palace was called “Miya” (temple), and his attendants the “Miya-Bito” (temple-men that is priests). They united in their person the two-fold office of royalty and of priesthood. This tribal god was considered immortal, and his physical demise was attributed to a personal desire, on his part, to depart from his terrestrial possessions in order to attend, in the celestial regions, the great Assembly of the gods to

deliberate on the matters concerning his own terrestrial realms, just as the feudal lord did it later on, every two years, by going up to the national capital. His departure for the heavenly regions was, of course, voluntary, therefore, it was expressed in a language applied to no other mortal being. It was said on all similar occasions:—"Mi Mi Wo Kakurè tamaiki"—(honorably concealed his august person). At the entombment of his body all his attendants were entered alive with him; "in order to accompany him on his journey and serve him forever in the celestial regions."

No history of any nation, savage or semi-civilized, has ever exhibited a cognate phenomenon, unless it be the widow-burning in India—prevalent until suppressed by the English power. This extremely savage practice in Japan produced political and personal loyalty, in India conjugal fidelity. Whether the self-immolation was forced or voluntary in both cases, is idle and useless to ask or investigate today; but in either case it succeeded in producing the desired results. The courtier and the wife knowing well the direct effect of the death of the lord and of the husband upon their own lives, quite naturally, were extremely solicitous of their prolongation.

This bloody custom was abolished, according the accepted native records, by the Emperor Sujin about the beginning of our Era. The good Emperor decreed to bury thereafter terra-cotta statuettes instead of the living human beings. We are inclined to believe, that, its abolition was much later, under the benignant and humane influence of the triumphant Buddhist religion.

Though this sanguinary custom was abolished in the

early history of the nation, still its spirit survived for centuries after through a sort of voluntary self-immolation called "Jun-shi." The absolute freedom in the commitment of *Jun-shi* enhanced greatly its sacrificial value in the estimation of a loyal public. Thus it crystallized eventually into a sort of religious cult shaping finally the whole character and soul of the nation. It is in such a rigid mould that the "Yamato Damashii" (the spirit of Japan) and the *Bushido* (the Warrior Cult), were originally cast.

Hitherto we have surveyed only the first period of the history of Japan—the period of its fermentation, and the subsequent consolidation of the different elements into a cohesive mass. The period occupying the beginning of the colonization of the Islands by the continental civilized races down to the establishment of the Yamato Imperialism and the advent of Buddhism with its life-giving and vivifying doctrines and dogmas. But hereafter we are obliged to look on the steady enfeeblement of the Imperial dynasty and its final retirement, and the advent of feudalism and the shogunal hegemony.

The transition from a primitive and decadent Imperialism to a well-ordained and equitably-administered bureaucratic feudalism was prolonged, still it partook of the character of an ordinary and logical evolution rather than of violent revolutions. Undoubtedly the customary struggles between the rival individuals and clans did occur, nevertheless, every step taken was toward a healthy forward progression. Each succeeding regime, whatever its outside form or construction, was a great improvement over its predecessor. The Ashikaga Shogunate (A. D.

1330-1570) was infinitely stronger and better than the senile Imperialism which it supplanted; and the Tokugawa Government much better than all its predecessors, and did more than all the rest put together in the promotion of peace and prosperity, and also of advancing the ever-growing consciousness of the national unity.

The present-day Japanese historian is apt to view all such great national events and transformations in the development of his nation, from the stand-point of the Yamato Imperialism. Any incident in the onward progression of the nation which did not contribute directly and indirectly to the exaltation of the Imperial throne, he condemns as inimical and injurious to the well-being of the people. The primal motive of such historians in advocating such a philosophy of history is not difficult to surmise. But a mind emancipated from all prejudices will view the whole historical panorama from the natural standard of its effect upon the country's progression or retrogression. Viewed from such a point of vantage the unbiased historian will take the Tokugawa Shogunate (A. D. 1603-1868) as the best representative period of the civilization and culture of the Old Japan.

As far as the land distribution with the powers and prerogatives attached to it was concerned, the newly installed Tokugawa government hardly effected any alterations. It is true that it created a few more tribal gods (Daimios) in order to counterbalance the influence of the old feudal Kami: and also it deposed the most dangerous amongst the latter and confiscated their fiefs and other property; still the common belief in their divine origin remained intact as it was an inviolable article of the both

political and religious creeds. Therefore it did not take long time ere the populace venerated and worshipped the new gods as they had done the old ones.

This continuity of the old institutions in their entirety afforded facilities to the new rulers to discover continually new methods for the betterment of the condition of the Empire, to perfect also the old ones.

In the new dispensation nothing strikes us with more force and admiration than the self-assertion of the national genius in perfecting to the minutest detail the governmental machinery. The soul of Japan is eternally enslaved to the reproduction and perfection of details; and nowhere can we witness the ultimate results acquired of this labor than in the mechanism of the Tokugawa Government. Here nothing was left to a blind chance, or individual caprice or whim. Everything was regulated with prevision, foreknowledge, precision, and symmetrical unity, and superintended with a stoic rigidity that the world very seldom has seen aught surpassing it.

The first thing to be considered in this—humanly speaking—perfect community, is the division of the whole society into classes, that is, castes, and assigning to each caste its duties and functions not subject to any alteration forever! The members of the Tokugawa dynasty all were zealous Buddhists, in opposition to the Shinto tendencies of the Imperial Court; nevertheless, in matters of caste they set at naught the very *raison d'être* of the religion whose primary motive was the abolition of caste, and with it all social distinctions and divisions and fences separating man from his fellow-brother. Buddhism succumbed to this political pressure, and in succumbing it proved its

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human origin, and its impotence in struggling with the greater problems of humanity.

Every historian is bound to trace back each thread of the cord constituting a great nation's life-history to its primal sources. Such a necessity has no impelling force over us here. What we need to study is the influence exercised by the highest caste over the conduct of the people of Japan in forming their character through example.

In the early days, the functions of a court attendant were semi-secular and semi-religious. But after the establishment of the Tokugawas his functions became purely military. Thus the *Miya-Bito* (Temple attendant) became Samurai (literally courtier, from the verb *samurau* to attend, to accompany). In order to protect the person and property of his Lord from all personal assaults and intrigues, he was compelled to study military science, and war tactics. Thus he stood not only the protector of his principality, but also the inspirer of its youth to follow his example.

The evolution of the Samurai in Japan like the tea ceremony, was converted to a distinct art, to be studied by itself. On the one hand he was placed above all the other castes, and conferred upon him the power of life and death over them! The slightest insult or injury to his person or to his office he punished with death. "*Bushi ni taisuru Burei*" (Insult to the person of the Samurai) was the sufficient explanation for the killing of any member of the other castes, and there the case ended! Thus he became almost an independent Lord, and he was morbidly sensitive of his dignity and rank.

On the other hand all his temporal necessities were amply provided for by an appreciating paternal Master. His education was attended to and conducted with the customary precision and rigidity, tempered with wisdom. In military science he was taught archery, horsemanship and swordmanship. In the domain of literature he was expected to master the Chinese Classics, out of which he was required to form a standard of conduct appropriate for a Gentleman—"Kunshi"—literally a "princely man." The two pivotal virtues of the Chinese ethics—loyalty to the chief and filial piety—moulded his soul and spirit—in fact his whole being. Having plenty of leisure he devoted most of his time to the cultivation of the fine arts, of music and of poetry.

In religion he was a Buddhist, and nurtured his soul continually with those exalted doctrines and sublime precepts for which the religion of the noble Sidharta is justly famous. No opportunity was allowed to escape without inculcating into his very receptive and submissive mind some new advantageous laws or rules of conduct. Indeed every moment of his life was so regulated as to have opportunity for infusing into his being new lessons and new ideals.

Only one thing was demanded of this ideal princely-man (Kunshi)—"never to commit any mistake!" The commission of the slightest error or mistake was the sufficient cause of his degradation—and degradation forever. He not only forfeited his prerogatives and all hereditary property, but forfeited also his life. As the gifts bestowed upon him were lavish, likewise the punishment was severe.

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The Samurai was subject to no one but to his divine Chief, and it was the capricious will of this very Chief, which granted a village for an impromptu *bon-mot* of his loyal retainer, or commanded his *seppuku* (suicide) for misplacing his sandals!

We have arrived now to the point of giving a short description of the punishment inflicted for the faults—whether serious or trivial it did not matter—committed.

The punishment invariably was self-inflicted death, as the slightest disgrace blighted forever the life of the brave being, and its prolongation he despised. The *Hara-Kiri*, or *Seppuku* (self-disembowelment) in course of time was converted into an artistic ceremony—thus blunting more than half of its revolting acerbity.

In committing *Seppuku* he atoned amply for all his past errors or mistakes. Beyond that no one dared to go in order to soil his honor or his reputation. His successor, natural or adopted, took his place and his rank, and everything else was soon forgotten. In a country where family is everything, and individual next to nothing, the loss of a member of the family, whatever his importance or position, does not affect its status.

We have to go back once more. The ceremony of *Seppuku* was quaint and the action romantic. It took place in the presence of a large company of friends and acquaintances. Immediately after the fatal thrust was made with a gilted blade upon which was always engraved the portrait of Buddha, the victim was placed beyond agony and pain by a single stroke of the sword of an appointed friend—*kaishaku*. After his death he was considered a hero, his tomb was converted into a shrine, his

memory revered, his courage belauded, and his spirit worshipped by his friends and acquaintances. Only one thought spread itself, like the romantic veil of the thick morning mists of Japan, over all the world in which he lived—the thought of his loyalty to his Chief. No one dared to raise that sacred veil in order to look into the inner workings of his soul. It was in this super-heated furnace that Japan forged the metal out of which she made the soul of her old Samurai!

The truth is, that, in the old Samurai, Japan succeeded in producing a type of man like which the world has never seen, and in all probability, it shall never be able to see again—too exalted and noble to be criticized, too complex to be reproduced, and too savage to be imitated. Nevertheless, he moulded and remoulded again and again the whole character of his nation, and no one can study that character even today, and comprehend fully its hidden and mystic sources without studying the institution which produced the Samurai first. His haughty bearing, his proud and often insulting behaviour, his strict adherence to his duties, his punctilious etiquette, his refined manners, his literary and artistic tastes, his command of the highest forms of his language, his suave conversation, his ready-self-sacrifice, his contempt of life and a thousand-and-one other similar ingredients constituted the mosaic of his character. It is true that he has disappeared now, and disappeared forever; but in disappearing he did not vanish into mist and smoke, but he was dissolved into the forty millions of individuals constituting the Japanese nation of the present day.

The recent Reformation which abolished feudalism and

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restored Imperialism has wrought, undoubtedly, many radical changes and alterations whose prototypes we do not find in the past history of Japan. Amongst these the most radical of all was the withdrawal and the final extinction of the tribal god (Daimio), and his retainers (Samurai). The circumstances compelling such a radical action was the Empire's coming in contact with the outside world. So long as Japan held no intercourse with the world-powers so long she was free to play the world drama on the limited stage of her own dominions. She was free from all molestation and foreign interference in dividing and subdividing her limited area into as many principalities and kingdoms as she wished, and assigning to each its own distinctive features whether natural or artificial. But from the moment the Empire was thrown wide open to the whole world, what Japan needed foremost was the consciousness of a national unity wherein, as in a vast sea, every remembrance of the old divisions, differences and feuds could be submerged and effaced forever. This heroic feat was accomplished successfully through the wisdom of its people led by its old gods—the Daimios.

Since the unification of the different elements once more under the Imperial standard, Japan has shown, and she will show forever, a united front. No domestic strife or internal embroilments shall ever break it. Upon that unity depends not only her future aggrandizement, but also her prolonged existence. Mankind is gradually getting tired of small divisions and miniature kingdoms. Japan has already amused herself in that sort of amusement, long enough. What she needs hereafter is a harmonious continuation and perfection in an approvable

manner, of what she has inaugurated since the Reformation. The outcome of such a policy will be, beyond all doubt, a legitimate and intensive expansion of her national unity.

The present day Imperialism though in many respects a constitutional monarchy, still, it has preserved many of the features and principles of the old feudalism. It has never ceased being military. Just as the Tokugawa feudalism enlarged and perfected its military machinery, likewise the modern constitutional Imperialism has expanded its military power and made it inexpressibly stronger than all its predecessors. The same "Yamato-Damashii" which inspired the old warrior in a limited sense, today it inspires thousands of his compatriots in an infinitely broader sense. The spirit of the "Busshi" (warrior) is not dead, but it has expanded from a small and limited caste until it has pervaded every soul of the five-and-forty millions of his race. Have not all the recent engagements of her hero-soldiers on the vast plains of Manchuria proven conclusively that the spirit of heroism is still alive in Japan?

The same is equally true of every other department of her national life. The present day Imperialism has not only not destroyed the governmental machinery which the genius of the Tokugawas created and perfected, but it has immensely improved it; and the Meiji bureaucracy is a legitimate descendant of the vast bureaucracy originated by the wisdom and foresight of the great Iyeyasu, but through a multiplicity of causes the child has, quite naturally, surpassed the parent. The great leaders who have inaugurated the great Reformation have displayed,

indeed, a super-Asiatic, if not super-human wisdom in retaining everything available of the old regime, and utilizing it with consummate skill in perfecting the new one. What impresses a student of history is the retention, in its entirety, of the spirit of discipline through which, as in the days of yore, she succeeds subjugating the individual to the social organism, thus wielding the fragments into a unique whole. It is true that *Hara-Kiri* is no longer commanded or practised, but an infinity of methods more humane and meanwhile far more efficacious have taken its place. It is true also, that, the iron rigidity of the old moral precepts and social etiquettes have been greatly relaxed, and the procedure mollified, but we see in their place the introduction of sentiment and feeling, which in a civilized and patriotic state are just as effective—if not far more.

The following incident whose absolute truth and veracity can be vouched by the writer, will illustrate the extent of the use of sentiment by the present government of Japan, in order to inculcate upon the people the all-important lesson of nationalism and of patriotism.

A young man intimately known to me, started a weekly journal in his remote, but very prosperous town. In a short time his paper proved a success, and its young editor became a real power in the political and social life of the town and county. When he was twenty-one years old he was drafted into the army and left for the barracks of a distant large city. But he found the barrack-life so irksome that he resolved to run away. He was captured and brought back. But this made him the more resolute to avoid a soldier's life even if it would cost him his own!

He fled for a second time! But alas Japan is too small and the governmental machinery too large for any law-breaker to hide himself effectively for any length of time. He was captured a second time in his own house; and as the police officer tried to tie his hands, the young editor dexterously swallowed a large quantity of a white powder, and within ten minutes he was lying a cold and inert corpse at the feet of his aged mother!

In any other country this tragic drama would have ended here. But not so in Japan! The matter was reported at once to the army headquarters, and a surgeon with two soldiers were despatched speedily to the scene of the tragedy. Finding the report that the young man had committed suicide in order to avoid his military duties,—something unknown in Japan—to be true, the hands and feet of the corpse, before placing it in the coffin, were ordered to be tied up, like those of a living criminal, and taken to the crematory and watched there until the last limb was devoured by the hungry flames. No comment is necessary!

The same regularity and stringency of discipline we observe in her educational department. The most remote and sequestered village school is inseparably connected with the whole body, and receives its life, its inspiration and its future hope from the central source of the educational activity. Oftentimes from the attitude of the pupils of a distant village school toward me, I could tell whether the Tokyo Cabinet was favorably inclined toward Christianity or not. If the pupils stood in the middle of the road and showed a rather defiant attitude, it meant the Cabinet was anti-foreign. If they got out of the way but

assuming an attitude of absolute indifference, it meant the Cabinet was undecided in its policy toward foreigners and foreign intercourse. But if they took off their hats and said:—"O hayo Sensei!" (Good morning, Mr. Teacher) then everything was alright. It was impossible not to observe this latter point after the promulgation of the Emperor's famous "Chokugo" (Edict) whose spirit, alas, died out years ago.

The Central Office overlooks nothing, neglects nothing, and despises nothing. It is patterned according to the eternal divine laws and regulations governing the Sidereal systems—in which no defectiveness exists, nor tardiness or violent haste are experienced.

The late Mr. Hearn has tried, in one of his numerous books on Japan, to show that the new educational system, modeled on the Western pattern, is rather too heavy and oppressive to the frail constitution of the Japanese child; and to prove his hypothesis he has quoted the pathetic story of a university student, who died of over-study immediately after his graduation. In all his sketches of Japanese life and thought Mr. Hearn always strove to reproduce what was sentimental and pathetic, hence verging on the aesthetic and hazy, rather than the rationally realistic and truthful. Any foreigner who has lived in Japan for the last twenty years, and observed and studied carefully the new educational system composed by a parental government from different systems of the world, cannot have failed seeing its beneficial effects upon the constitution, physical and moral, of the youth of the country. Only a flighty sentimentalist can miss this great aspect of the recent national progress. That when the machinery

becomes heavy and oppressive in a body-politic, many a feeble and weak member will, of necessity, drop down, is the general law of the evolution which Mr. Hearn has belauded so much. But the remnant—fortunately in the case of Japan a large percentage—will attain to a perfection not attainable through any other ordinary mediums. The charming author emphasizes by italicizing the following sentence: “Nearly all the higher educational work accomplished in Japan represents, though aided by Government the results of personal sacrifice.” What “personal sacrifice” we really do not understand. But the fact is that in no other country under the sun the higher education is made so attractive for the ambitious and capable student as it is in Japan. From the moment a student exhibits faculties above the ordinary he is pushed on step by step, until he graduates from the university and is absorbed in the all-absorbing machinery of the Central government. The truth is that Japan is creating a new nation through the rigid discipline of her omnipresent educational system. The present day young men and women graduating from her innumerable institutions appear to be descendants of a different race from those of twenty years ago. Why Mr. Hearn, employed as he was by the educational department, could not see this remarkable transformation of the Japanese youth, it is difficult to understand, unless it is ascribed to the psychological causes mentioned above—sacrificing the real for the sake of the emotional.

We witness the same phenomenon also in the other departments of the State. The same adaptability, the same harmony, the same precision, the same rigid discipline,

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and the same perfection everywhere. It is true that the Daimio has disappeared for good but the prefectural governor has taken his place, and no one can doubt his qualifications and administrative ability. From the Home Minister in the Cabinet down to the insignificant village policeman there exists a positive knowledge of the office and of its manifold duties. Nay more, there is a harmonious connection and cohesiveness between all—leaving nothing to chance or to fate. "Fatalism," it has been asserted, "is still ruling with an iron rod, the whole of Asia." There is considerable truth in this dictum. But if the Occident does not open its eyes the Japanese government might finally succeed in driving it out of Asia into America and Europe!

The perpetual activity of the government machinery is something phenomenal. There is, eternally, something going on without cessation or respite. This cabinet minister is summoning the governors to Tokyo and giving them secret instructions; and that minister the teachers and delivering them long homilies on the sacredness of their duties. The same feverish activity is going on perpetually in the provincial capitals amongst the lowest official classes. In the army it transcends all verbal description.

Such a quasi-superhuman activity needs, of course, something uncommon, and original and inspiring in the Central Government, in order, to keep this united social machine of five-and-forty millions of human beings from decay and dilapidation. This desirable continuity is preserved through the constant creation of new aims and ideals to push the populace forward without becoming

weary and losing the sight of the final goal. The person of the Emperor, for example, and of his venerable dynasty, have been an exhaustless source of affection and enthusiasm which the government knows how to utilize. The idea of patriotism, of the spirits of the departed ancestors, of the gradual expansion into foreign and continental countries, all these and thousands of similar factors—real and imaginative—have been pressed into service to keep the universal enthusiasm from ebbing out. Immediately after the war with China and the annexation of Formosa, lecturers were sent all over the country to show, not only geographical, but also racial connection of the Philippine Islands and their inhabitants with those of Japan—thus creating agitation and interest for their eventual annexation.

So far this enormous machinery has exhibited no signs of weakness. Indeed, hitherto its superheated activity has produced very satisfactory results. Superintended by a government intensely solicitous for the welfare of its citizens, it has forced every individual to yield the maximum of energy with the minimum of labor; thus expending on the one hand with prodigality—observe her two wars of expansion within ten years—while conserving and economizing on the other. Her paternalism may, occasionally, appear harsh to an outsider, yet, in every critical moment she has come up and fulfilled the demands made upon her with consideration—even with affection.

From the above sketch it will be clearly seen, that, for the last fifty years the Meiji Government has been casting and recasting the whole nation into its own peculiar, but strong, matrix. It has utilized, and it will, assuredly,

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utilize hereafter every available concept and force, past or present, native or exotic, hereditary or acquired. She has passed the experimental stage, and the results have justified the policy. Nowhere in the history of mankind have training and discipline wrought such marvels of solidification on the one side, and of expansion on the other.

Germany has, undoubtedly, contributed, both directly and indirectly, many ideas and suggestions to the new Japan; but even Germany in the matter of discipline and of unity cannot reach the height attained by Japan. The god of discipline and the mammon of liberty are two different beings and no nation has ever succeeded reconciling them. Liberty or no liberty, parliament or no parliament, constitution or no constitution, Japan believes and worships the god of discipline, and she will continue training her rapidly increasing population to the highest point of efficiency for the coming international complications whenever and wherever they take place. Any relaxation or relinquishment will be more than foolish—it will be criminal! It will produce instantaneously a disintegrating reaction which will end in confusion and disorder, in enfeeblement and final decay. The nation at large knows this well, therefore, is submissive to a few annoyances which from time to time the central government causes it. “Kunji! Kunji! Kunji! Mata Kunji!” exclaims the very urbane Osaka Asahi Shimbun distractedly, “Naikaku In no Kunji rei ni yorite ame no gotoku kudari!” (Instructions! Instructions! Instructions! and Instructions again! The Instructions of the members of the Cabinet have been, as

usual, pouring down like rain!) Indeed they do pour down like rain, and as the spring rain they are productive of the needed fruits!

To trace back every new idea put into this magnificent superstructure which the Meiji government has succeeded rearing up, to its pristine origin, it would be a task beyond the limits of this chapter. But we are inclined to believe that every source of information, ancient or modern, have been fully investigated and diligently searched and studied. Not only the well known technical books on the science of government and administration of a great nation have been thoroughly studied, but also, we are quite sure that books of a utopian character and tendency also have not been neglected. Otherwise it is impossible to understand how the theories propounded by Plato, advocated by Sir Thomas More, and discussed by Hobbes could have been brought to a quasi-realization in the new and the ideal commonwealth which she has been building for the last fifty years.

In this commonwealth every individual talent is not only appreciated, but it is also employed and utilized. Toward it everything gravitates as through an impelling force. Indeed this is carried to such an extent that it is well-nigh impossible to get any talent of the highest order for any enterprise not connected, in some way, with the Government. But on her part the State appreciates this, and endeavors strenuously to protect all, and to employ all. She is the solid background supporting everything in the nation's varied and ever-increasing activities—public or private—without any difference.

That in such a state, wherein every unit is knit to the

whole, then coerced and goaded by every imaginable means to rise to the highest point of efficiency obtainable, the individual, as well as the national character, will be greatly affected through the feverishly operating circumstances, it cannot be gain-said. To this perfect discipline conceived in wisdom, administered with relentless, though paternal, severity, I would certainly attribute most of the causes leading to the phenomenal triumphs of Japan whether abroad in the fields of battle, or at home in her fierce struggle for existence and for ascendancy.

II. PATRIOTISM. The second characteristic force which excites a Japanese—no matter in whatever dormant state he may be found—to activity and exertion is that psychical quality called patriotism or rather patriolatry.

“Patriotism,” says D’Alembert, “amongst the lowest classes is nothing but a sentiment of the personal welfare, and the fear of its despoilation.” But as the “higher classes,” or only a later issue of the “lower classes” we are compelled to ascribe the origin of patriotism, on its positive side, to this “sentiment of personal welfare,” and on its negative side to the “fear of its despoilation.” This, I think, is the most solid rock upon which mankind instinctively have been building their magnificent superstructure of patriotism and of civilization.

Plato, who has reasoned the subject from a much higher and vaster standard of both abstract and concrete thought than D’Alembert’s, has finally reached, indeed, the same conclusions. According to the great dialectician because State regulates a man’s education, marriage, the means of living, and protects him from all external as well as internal molestations, he is bound, therefore, to sacrifice for its

preservation part, at least, of his time and of his toil, and in case of necessity, his life. Indeed, toward this simple truth gravitates the whole argument of the Republic of Plato when stripped of its dialectical ornamentation. It is, indeed, impossible to conceive any other basis upon which the idea of solidarity and of continuity of patriotism can be securely built, unless it be that physico-biological basis which D'Alembert advances, but only to reject. Where poverty is chronic and irremediable, and the laws for protecting life and property non-existent, no one is able to develop a high order of patriotism. The very word is unknown in Persia or in Turkey. It is true that in process of time sentiment and other clarified and ennobled feelings of the civilized man intermix with the primary physical necessities in order to complete the superstructure of freedom, of civilization, and of patriotism. But in studying it we should never, for a moment even, overlook the eternal basic foundation.

In Japan a multitude of causes, of circumstances, and of living factors, have united together to produce and to perpetuate a form of patriotism whose intensity is quite bewildering to an outside observer. The geographical insularity of the beautiful archipelago, the isolation of its people, and the comparative purity of their racial blood, of which we have spoken already, are some of the remote sentimental, as well as psychical, causes in producing this rather extraordinary phenomenon. These have rendered the Empire quite immune to all foreign invasions and oppressions. They have prevented the diversity of languages and the subsequent confusion resulting therefrom, thus keeping the continuity of the race intact to the present day.

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What a difference the history of Japan on these points presents from that of her next door neighbor China! Or from that of India, of Persia, of Turkey, in short, from that of any other country under the sun! All these points have to be appraised and weighed before reaching any form of conclusion.

Next to these we consider the extreme beauty of Japan's land and marine scapes as a conducive force in the cultivation of the noble spirit of patriotism. A country's hills and valleys, mountains and seas, fields and rivers, forests and peaks form, in course of time, deep associations with a sensitive soul, and endear themselves to it. Man gets acquainted with them, he communes with them, he plays and sports with them, he harangues them until finally they constitute a part and parcel of his mental furniture. Aught that will cause disruption between them he resents and resists. Mankind have always worshipped idealism, whose highest form we realize only in the realism of an enrapturing landscape—of which Japan possesses an overflowing share.

This natural scenic beauty of Japan forces admiration even from the sensitive soul of a stranger; therefore, it is difficult to imagine the depth of affection and love which she must have produced in the soul of a person with whom she has formed intimate affinity and friendship for more than two milleniums! It would require a separate volume to write with satisfaction about the natural beauties of Japan's scenery. It will suffice here to say, that, man has vied with nature to make everything and every object visible to the eye supremely grand and transcendent. Hardly a village exists without its famous spots (Meisho)

of the clustered trees, well-kept shrines, and gigantic temples endeared to the people by a thousand of traditions and romantic stories of a remote, but hallowed, antiquity. When man, in course of time, has formed acquaintance and associations even with the bare rocks, or scorching sands, or freezing glaciers of a locality, he will gladly sacrifice his property, his comfort, even his life in case of necessity to maintain its independence. How much more then if the locality happens to be the most beautiful and beautified spot upon our planet!

In the third place patriotism is promoted in Japan because of its fortunate geographical position in relation to climate and other means for the sustenance of life. An extremely temperate climate, a rich soil cultivated all the year round and a sea never frozen and teeming with life, are some of the blessings conferred upon this favorite nation by a merciful Providence. Practically the whole of Japan is totally free from those freezing colds, and thick snows which render agriculture impossible and life miserable for nearly half of the year in some other countries. The same is true concerning her fisheries. Her seas are never frozen, and the best of fresh fish serves a wholesome food for the people all the year round.

In Japan a man can eke his living—and a very comfortable living indeed—with very little labor—a few hours of angling! Destitution has harassed the Empire sometimes, but famines—those terrible cataclysms which have swept and depopulated many a country in Asia—are practically unknown to her. “The two Breasts of our common Mother”—as Hobbes quaintly and picturesquely terms the land and sea of a country—plentifully supply her

inhabitants, thus making famine practically an impossibility. A few hours of tilling or angling will produce enough results to sustain a human being for a couple of days—and both in the science of farming and fishing the Japanese has reached the highest point of perfection. Their daring courage in defying the fury of water and wind, and their consummate skill and dexterity in directing their boats and manipulating their nets have made them not only the best fishermen of the world, but also the highest types of seamen and navigators. They have practically destroyed the naval supremacy of the Western nations in the seas of the far Orient, and in its vacant place have established an undisputed supremacy that for generations to come no one shall be able to wrench or wrest it away from them!

The same energy and push and self-dependence which they have manifested in their sea-life they have exhibited also in a far more intensified form in cultivating their land. They have tilled almost every inch of arable ground. Even steep hills and uncongenial spots have been forced to submit to man's industry and perseverance. Field after field, terrace towering above terrace virtually riven into the ribs of their numerous mountains have been subjugated to the iron will of man. Even a foreigner standing over the top of a hill commanding a view of the two-fold panorama of land and sea cannot fail being inspired with genuine admiration for the country and for its inhabitants.

In the fourth place we would put the traditions—sacred and secular—as a source of their patriotism. No country can boast of surpassing Japan in traditions mythical and

historical. Their history goes back to the time when their semi-divine ancestors communed, associated and intermarried with the inhabitants of the celestial regions. It is true that modern science has forbidden belief in such legends and myths, nevertheless, a nation to which heroism has always been the main source of inspiration, and hero worship the sole cult, science cannot successfully do away with the deeply ingrained and simple faith in their reality. On every solemn and serious occasion the Emperor invokes the spirits of his divine ancestors to witness the justice of his cause and to sustain him in the hour of need. The spirits of the same ancestors who crossed the seas, subjugated the savages, fought and conquered the unruly elements, and established forever his dynasty and throne over the Empire of Japan, still hover round his person to protect him from all evil—human or superhuman. This child-like faith in the divine origin of their race, which has tied Japan to Heaven since its first creation by the God Izanagi and his accomplished spouse Izanami is not dead yet. Indeed it is one of the few things which have survived unharmed during the transition from feudalism to a constitutional monarchy. Their two recent wars have led to the erection of numerous shrines and sacred monuments not only to commemorate the brave deeds of their fallen heroes, but also to prepare a terrestrial abode for the inhabitation and repose of their spirits—to be invoked in the day of joy, or in the hour of distress.

To a people plunged into the vortex of competitions, and in the whirlpool of social and material pleasures, such things may appear childish, inane and even foolish. But to a nation hardly awakened out of the sweet dream of

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the idyllic past, and still surrounded by the indelible memories and objects of a prolonged and pleasant life, without which the present could not have assumed such a glorious form, the sacredness of the national traditions is still a paramount force in influencing the character and creating a new map of life. We have said that the Japanese are very courageous in emancipating themselves from the oppressive yoke of the past traditions. But that did not mean the sacred traditions tying a living nation to its dead ancestry. As far as Japan is concerned that matter has been placed beyond the cavil of the skeptic or the vandalism of the iconoclast.

Lastly, we have to consider the comparatively good government and equitable laws which have ruled Japan from immemorial days. It is true that sometimes these have been rather stiff and harsh, still, the people always have been happy, and prosperous. In a country where the ruling caste from high to low is honeycombed with corruption and oppression as in China, or where liberty is denied to a certain class of citizens, as it is to the Christians of Persia and Turkey, patriotism cannot grow and attain to fruition. The purest love of ones' country flourishes only where equality and freedom rule, for certainly oppression will smother all the highest and noblest sentiments and feelings in man's soul.

From the very infancy of its history to the present day Japan has been very fortunate in the choice of its rulers. Its worst tyrants have not forgotten their parental duties and responsibilities to their dutiful subjects. Not only in the administration of justice, but also in the embetterment of the condition of the ruled, and in the improve-

ment of the limited area of soil, its rulers have been considerate to the needs and welfare of their country and of their subjects. It is this sole fact that has made the person of the present Emperor beloved and worshipped by everybody and everywhere.

The subject is both interesting and endless, and its history in Japan quite romantic. But what can we find in this "Land of the Gods" which is not enwrapped in a thick, but soft, mist of romanticism?

We shall touch now the three stages through which the spirit of patriotism has passed everywhere in its upward ascent. These three stages are:—loyalty to the chief, the love which a human being cherishes towards his country, and nationalism. Of these three, the first one, namely, loyalty to the chief (*Chukoku*) must have come first while mankind were in a nomadic and unsettled state. In such a state competition is fierce, and wars more common than when man has adopted a sedentary form of life. Therefore, in such a competitive state the warrior-chief is the indispensable factor of prosperity. It is he who organizes incursions to bring in plunder and enrich the tribe. It is he who finds new pastures for their cattle and sheep. It is he who settles their disputes, and prevents the interminable petty fraternal feuds from disrupting the clan. His spacious tent has the two-fold character of the palace and the temple, and his person that of the King and High-Priest. In such a soil alone loyalty can be cultivated and brought to fruition.

From the transition of the Japanese nation from Asiatic nomadism into a well established feudalism the tribal chief, as we have seen already, continued in the person of the

Daimio, to exist mostly as a humanized god. The attachment between him and his people had waxed much stronger. Indeed loyalty (Chukoku) was so prevalent that the word "patriotism" (Aikoku) hardly existed till very recently!

But the feeling of loyalty is far more evanescent and unsubstantial than that of patriotism and nationalism. Even in Japan it has changed its nature and scope for the last fifty years. Formerly the word *chūgi* (loyalty) meant nothing but a personal devotion to the local Daimio or god, as the semi-mythical story of the Forty-Seven Ronin shows. But now it has completely lost this significance. Loyalty, at present, means devotion to the person of the Emperor only, and no human being can stretch it out so as to include the ex-Daimios also.

Some modern writers, at the head of whom stands Dr. Kato Hiroyuki, formerly president of the Imperial University of Tokyo, have endeavored to re-deify the Emperor, and convert the idea of loyalty from a political necessity to a religious cult. The object underlying this grotesque movement, which emanates mostly from a certain coterie of advanced educators of Tokyo, is not difficult to surmise. But to an intelligent foreigner the futile attempt of concealing of nearly six centuries of history, during which the Emperor was forced to retire and become a private individual, looks extremely awkward and childish. That the people of Japan have every reason to be loyal to the person of the Emperor and to his dynasty, we do not deny. But to try to make both patriotism and nationalism as secondary virtues to loyalty, looks extremely inconsistent with the progressive life of the new Japan.

Even patriotism, that is, the love of one's country, is destined to give place to a broader view and conception of the tribal life, that is, to Nationalism. This process of the gradual broadening of patriotism, in its limited sense, into nationalism, we see taking place in the most expansive, though the most cohesive of all modern nations—the English. An Englishman born and brought up in one of the colonies whether his ancestors immigrated and settled down, his love for the fatherland is based upon the national traditions rather than upon its topography. Its history, its literature, its religion, its language, its manners and customs are the forces that attract him to it, and not its

“Rocks and Rills,
Woods and templed Hills.”

Thus the present cohesive power which is gradually cementing Great Britain and its numerous colonies into a unique whole, has passed beyond the stage of patriotism and has developed itself into the broader sphere of nationalism.

Will ever nationalism develop itself eventually into that still broader conception of life, that dream for whose realization Christianity has been striving and struggling for the last twenty centuries—Humanism? Philosophy during the middle ages, when Scholasticism was all powerful, was called the handmaid of theology; today notwithstanding all the din and turmoil caused by the war between science and religion, or rather between the narrow-minded of both factions, they are working, as in the days of yore, hand in hand for the ultimate realization of that grand

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vision—by no means a dream—when all humanity will become one fold, and led by one shepherd.

III. THE SPIRIT OF COMPETITION OR EMULATION. The third attribute, or force, in the character of the people of Japan which has impressed me as peculiar because its overflowing abundance and vivacity is the spirit of competition, or emulation, or rivalry which awakens a Japanese soul from a dormant state to a state of unsurpassing activity. The foreigner who lands for the first time in any of Japan's ports and pays visits to the numerous shops and bazars stocked with native goods, the most reiterated word which will pierce his ears is *Makimasu*, or its negative *Makimasen*. It is derived from the verb "makeru" (1) to beat down in price, (2) to be defeated in battle, to lose in a contest, (3) to be destroyed either by poison or some other means. The character in the Chinese hieroglyphics is made of a man carrying a bag of money, or treasure, on his back. It is a word that will move a Japanese to action more than any other word in his language.

Japanese by nature are a martial race, even in their commercial dealings they loath to be defeated in any way and by any one, thus they have adopted the stiffest word in their language for making reduction! Of course while used commercially it loses greatly its original bellicose significance; still the reduction of the price of an article has rather a humiliating sting to a Japanese.

But in the broader competition on the battle-field of life *Makeru* has still retained its primitive meaning and force. To be defeated (*Makeru*) by a foreigner, whatever the superiority and disparity of sheer bulk, will bring

mortification to a Japanese. This not only in war, but in all other peaceful pursuits of industrialism.

"I am the only Japanese in a factory of two thousand men from all different nationalities of the world," told me once a Japanese young man of very little education in one of the factories of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

"How are you getting on?" I asked him.

"Very well indeed," he replied promptly. "I have just forwarded one hundred dollars to the Emperor for the war fund, (it was during the war with Russia), and very soon I'm going to send another hundred." Then his whole face shone with a strong smile completely engulfing his little eyes, he said:

"You know in body I'm very small, the smallest of all, but in finish my work is the best of all, therefore 'Boss' likes me greatly."

"What would you do," I asked, "if you were beaten (Makimashita) by the other workers?"

"Well," replied he rather seriously, "you know that is almost impossible, but if it ever happens I suppose I have to commit *Hara-kiri*, because such a matter would be a terrible disgrace to my country!"

The component elements of this spirit of emulation, carried by the race to an almost morbid intensity, must be sought in the conditions of their life as described previously. A nation embowered by the ocean waves, and isolated from the rest of mankind since the day of its birth, trained up in a freedom and liberty which they have never lost, and for the preservation of which they would joyfully sacrifice everything they have; being suddenly ushered into a life of competition and fierce contention with the

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rest of mankind, will, necessarily, pass through many *kinds* of contradictory emotions. Loyalty, patriotism, nationalism, liberty, attachment to the soil, sacred traditions of unbroken consecutiveness—all unite to make a Japanese haughty and unyielding.

On entering her new life where competition of the fiercest nature is staring her in the face on every side this feeling of great mortification at defeat is a good asset for Japan. This universal competition is not only political, but also industrial and commercial. Her population is increasing at a tremendous rate, and her means of subsistence daily becoming shorter and feebler. Her rice fields are being speedily and steadily converted into schools, railroad beds, factory sites, and villas. Her power of imitating foreign goods and merchandise carries her only to a certain distance, and not an inch beyond. Her manufactured productions, which at one time seemed to supplant the foreign-made commodities in all Oriental markets, have proved weak and very unsatisfactory. Imitation when united to deception carries with it its own penalty and punishment. This punishment will reach Japan's industrialism sooner or later, in all probability sooner than later, if she does not open her eyes to the moral question at the background of the whole problem. The Government of Japan, of whose ability no one doubts, should open her eyes widely and study deeply the ethical principles lying at the bottom and foundation of every international competition.

This is not only applicable to the various commercial enterprises started by her, but also to all of her political and diplomatic undertakings. During her prolonged

history in everything desirable and noble which promoted her interests, and exalted the life of her people she was indebted to China. But since her supremacy was established in the Far East, she seems bent on disintegrating that historic Empire, from which she has received so much. It was she who declared war on China which ever since has been the main source of its interminable woes. This does not augur well for the future moral supremacy of Japan, without which it will take her very short time indeed to be enumerated within the category of the past Empires.

That as far as the nation is concerned this active spirit is so regulated by the Government as to direct the sum-total of its energy with its masterful effects upon the external forces with which Japan is gradually, but steadily coming in collision, it cannot be gainsaid, and the policy is fraught, we think, with wisdom. To allow the spirit of competition to dissipate and fritter away the nation's life in a petty, but endless internal rivalry and disharmonious home contest while Europe and America are vying with each other to capture and maintain the markets of Asia, it will be utterly suicidal to her. Mr. Hearn misunderstands the ultimate aim of the Government of Japan on one side, and the inner tendencies of her people on the other when he says: "To many it would seem that a wise government must recognize the impracticability of indefinitely maintaining its present demand for self-sacrifice, must perceive the necessity of encouraging talent, inviting fair competition, and making the prize of life large enough," (*Japan—An Interpretation*, page 452). A Japanese watching the tremendous complex machinery created and

brought well-nigh to perfection by the Meiji Government, and studying its unerring regularity and infallible results cannot help laughing at such an interpretation. Japanese government not recognizing and requiting talent! What the government has done is only diverting the individual talent from a necessarily limited sphere of action, and directing it into a vastly broader field, through which the national harmony can be made to oppose the competing forces. Who would have ever dreamed of Japan reaching her present position in the world of industrialism had not her wise government regulated the internal competition on a harmonious basis, in order to direct the nation's united energy in capturing foreign markets? If the four hundred millions of China were led by such a wise and provident government, she would have been, by this time, the mistress of world's commerce!

In the preceeding pages I have endeavored to explain and expound the three principal aspects, or factors, or attributes, or elements in the character of the people of Japan with which I have been impressed deeply during a quarter of a century's residence in their never to be surpassed beautiful country! The magnificent superstructure of a great nation's character, reared up through thousands of years of labor and toil, like a grand building will contain, of necessity, many a spot open to criticism, or perhaps, even to censure. Nevertheless, there will remain always the principal features with conspicuous individuality to be studied and admired. In the superstructure of the character of the Japanese nation the foremost that have impressed me are:—Discipline, Patriotism, and the Spirit of Competition.

That there are other elements also to be classified as good, bad and indifferent, just as we find in the character of any other great nation, it cannot be doubted. But character is not a dead lump of matter to be chemically analyzed, and put to test. It is a living organism, and when psychologically studied, we shall meet, at the very outset, with such a large number of self-contradictory and antinomian ingredients that any further progress will be arrested. Japanese character is not an exception to this universal rule. Viewed from such a point-of-view they seem to be a people with a double ego; possessing at the same time every contradictory aspect of the human nature:—emotional and obtuse, innocent and deceptive, abstemious and gluttonous, kind-hearted and barbarously cruel, steady and shifty, unbending and pliant, courageous and cowardly, when left to their own initiative, liberal to folly and penurious, order-loving and riotous, complacent and dissatisfied, choleric and phlegmatic and one-thousand-and-one other self-contradictory things at the same time. By the above, as it will be readily seen, we don't intend to mean that the character of the Japanese nation is the best of all, or the worst of all. Just emerging out of a prolonged and strict seclusion they are bound to exhibit many a beautiful habit for which the primitive man is rightly famous—still there exist in their character many things whose genesis has to be ascribed to impulse rather than to judgment. They have made great strides in the forward march of world events. They have rectified many defects, and filled up many an empty and vacant place. All their steps have been characterized with wisdom and with prudence. Therefore every nation

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who has already clarified its character from the debasing dross of envy, of malice, and of selfishness should wish Japan a hearty God-speed!

Before closing this chapter we are obliged to consider a question repeatedly asked, often discussed, but never satisfactorily answered, namely: "Has Japanese character improved or deteriorated since the opening of the country to the world intercourse." The divergence of the answers given to this grave question emanate, in our opinion, out of the divergence of the stand-point of the writers surveying the vast situation. A person with romantic tendencies—and who is the person who hasn't got a little bit of romance in his head?—will take the view that Japan during the last fifty years of association with Western nations has greatly deteriorated from her former charm and vigor. Indeed great fear is entertained, that, eventually the Japanese matron will lose her benignant smile, the wife her fidelity, the husband his chivalry, children their filial piety, and the people at large their urbanity, their suaveness, and all their inborn and acquired virtues. The origin of romanticism like our other finer inner tastes and inclinations is semi-psychical and semi-emotional. It is born and nurtured on two distinct ideas ingrained upon the human soul. The first of these is the firm belief of every man that his dead parents were far more virtuous persons, consequently better beings, than himself. No amount of logic can ever convince me that my father was not an infinitely better person than me, and my mother than my wife. The second idea nourishing romanticism is that heart-breaking retrospective glance which we are apt to cast over the limitless expanse of the past ages after

crossing the line of fifty. We consider it the age of innocence, of unalloyed joy, and of beauty, and try to connect it with the past ages of a vanished humanity.

The greatest writer who has viewed the recent Reformation inaugurated by the Government of Japan from the stand-point of romanticism is the late Mr. Hearn. To him every step taken during the Meiji era has been retrogressive rather than progressive. His inborn hatred of commercialism and its attendant competition nearly blinded him to every other point. Upon this view of the situation is based his new "Interpretation" of the new Japan. He was enamoured with the ideal perfection and chasteness of the past Japan; with its institutions, its organizations, and with its manner of life. He ignored realism for idealism, and pushed aside morality and spirituality for a flighty aestheticism. For this very reason his writings on Japan and Japanese have the charm and strength of a butterfly.

That many of the old vices and virtues of the primitive Japan will disappear during her complete transformation from feudalism into constitutionalism it cannot be doubted. The transition is not finished yet, indeed, it is still in its earliest stages. So far she has grasped only at the material part of the civilization and life of the West, and the changes and modifications wrought have not affected yet the whole lump, indeed, only a small part of its surface. But when it comes to penetrate from the material, and mental into the depth of the moral and spiritual, then and not till then, should we compare the gain and the loss of the two states.

However, even now, incomplete as the reformation is,

yet, the accrued advantages are on the right side of the balances. The most conspicuous of these advantages is the abolition and the final removal of the oppressive caste yoke; and the opening of the multifarious springs of the heart, in order to let the streams of love, of sympathy, of mercy and of compassion toward the fellow-man flow freely and without any hinderance. Thus in every human activity the character of the nation, as well as of the individual, has improved beyond our conception. This awakening is just reaching the moral and spiritual strata, and its influence hereafter will become the more conspicuous.

I have not relied altogether upon my own impressions, but have tried constantly to know the opinions of the different castes themselves upon the new state of things in their comparison with the old ones, and I have found my conclusions invariably justified by them. I asked once the opinion of an impoverished Samurai. His answer was prompt and characteristic of that spirit of chivalry which has made the whole nation famous. Straightening up his feeble frame bent under the weight of four-score years he said:—

“During the old regime I was one of the ‘O Soba Yaku’ (literally, ‘the honorable presence officer,’ that is, the Samurai privileged to attend their lord in person), and my annual allowance would have made me now to live like a prince. You witness my present pitiable condition. Personally I have lost everything, and lost it forever. Nevertheless beyond a personal and selfish view of life, there is that broad national view. Judged by that standard I am compelled to say that great improvements have

taken place in every department of our existence. Take this very city of Wakayama, the seat of one of the three Tokugawa families out of which the Shogun was often elected. During the most flourishing days of feudalism outside the Samurai residences encircling the castle, and the temples, the whole town was composed of wretched huts. Beyond the Samurai circumference life was unsafe. The very restricted official class fared, evidently, very well, but the bulk of the population were crushed down and oppressed beyond description. A human being was put to death for stealing ten *Rios* (about fifty American dollars), and a Samurai could kill with impunity any one who happened to displease him, or stir his irate temper. But all that is changed now. We have both civil and criminal laws modelled according the best laws of Europe and America. Even the lowest of the low can have justice now. Undoubtedly such a state of civilization leading to universal peace and prosperity, activity and contentment, which we are enjoying now, was unknown in the olden days."

I asked once the opinions of an Eta, a member of the lowest caste, generally known as the *Pariahs*. I shall never forget the animated manner in which the old man answered my question:—"Do you think the present age an improvement over the preceeding one or not?" "Of course I do," replied the old man with the greatest emphasis. "During feudalism we were classified with the lowest of animals. Indeed even the animal creation was protected in a better manner than we were. We were slaughtered like sheep. But today we have rights, and no one can deny that great fact. We have suffered for

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ages for no reason at all. We are Japanese just as the other castes are, therefore any discrimination or differentiation between us and the rest of the nation is unjust and cruel!" In a future chapter I shall touch once more upon the subject of the Eta caste in Japan.

With the gradual improvement of all civic and social laws, and the steady elevation of both temporal and spiritual conditions and estate of mankind; the Japanese character also will, assuredly, advance. To depict them as degenerating, either aesthetically or morally, is a statement not borne out by a long series of well-substantiated facts. While making rapid progress in the new pathway they can still enjoy, to the fullest extent, the alluring charms of the romanticism of their past history. And the best way of enjoying romanticism, as well as idealism, is in a pure and soaring imagination.

Concerning the influence of religion on the character of a nation we want to say this:—The subject has to be treated in a different manner and in a different place. Morality, which is the greatest factor in the upbuilding of character, and conduct, is a very different thing from religion. For this very reason we are able to appreciate every good point in the character and life of this charming people, without hinderance or prejudice, although we think them in need of Christianity just like any other nation in the world.

CHAPTER III

A Short Study of the Japanese Language

THE first three years of every missionary are devoted to the study of the language with which he is expected to do his future work. The first difficulty which I encountered and found almost insurmountable, was the fact that, I could not procure a competent teacher. In the large centers of population, cities like Tokyo, or Kyoto or Osaka, the difficulty does not exist in an acute form, but in the small interior towns even now, to a considerable extent, it has not been removed entirely. In my case the difficulty of a good teacher was greatly augmented by the duty of teaching three or four hours a day in the mission school—of which I shall speak in another chapter. For these two cardinal reasons my study of the Japanese language has been very unsystematic and extremely unsatisfactory.

In connection with the Japanese language especially there is a question—a very important question—which will repeatedly present itself to the missionary everywhere, viz.: “How far should he study it before taking up his life-work?” To answer this question is not easy. In the first place we have the inherent difficulty of studying a foreign language. Then of mastering it, which are two entirely different things. The first task might be accomplished within three years; the second one is a life work.

In attempting to accomplish either of these two tasks the mature human being who devotes his life to the service of his Master in a foreign field, must become, perforce, a child for a second time, and remain so for the rest of his life—a butt of ridicule even to his own children! Lord Macaulay's dictum on Fredrick the Great, for "trying all his life to forget his own German, in order to master the French; and of succeeding eventually in accomplishing the former, but never the latter," though exaggerated a little, still it contains considerable truth not only concerning Fredrick, but about every other human being—Macaulay himself not excepted. If, the learning of an allied language has proved to be an impossibility, how much more, then, the study of a language totally alien to the genius and constitution of all the extant Aryan languages? Still the task of mastering the Japanese language is not entirely hopeless, and it might be achieved, if there was not a very important second consideration; that is the consideration of the well-verified fact that, a missionary who devotes his time to a thorough mastery of the language and its literature will unconsciously sacrifice, partially if not totally, his missionary work to it. Take even Japanese language notorious for the simplicity of its grammatical structure and the poverty of its literature, nevertheless, the unremitting toil of a whole life alone will initiate the student into its unfathomable mysteries. How much more then in the case of the highly developed languages of Asia with their tremendous literary output? How in the case of the Chinese, of Sanskrit, of Persian and of others? There is a limit to the receptive power of the human brain. This is a truth which should never be forgotten. Is, then,

a missionary permitted, from a spiritual stand-point, to direct the main stream of his energy toward the acquisition of the language? If not, then, the question arises; how far should he go in acquiring the new language without which he can do almost nothing? Each missionary has to ask these questions of himself, and decide his future career accordingly.

Of course, there is a class of missionaries who are commissioned to teach and not to preach. These missionaries are expected to teach the youth of Japan, and also to create a new Christian literature for the people. But unfortunately in Japan at least, hitherto hardly anything important has been achieved, as we shall see later on in this chapter, by way of literature.

In his early missionary days the writer decided for himself to devote his life to purely evangelistic work—preaching and organizing of churches—which he thought more congenial to his mental as well as spiritual temperament. Both educational and literary work which he has been able to perform, have been merely supplemental to this main purpose of his life. For this very reason his knowledge of the Japanese language has been, and still is, that of an evangelist and not that of a scholar. His advice to those who have determined to become evangelists in Japan, or in any other foreign country, would be this:—"Devote all your first three years to the study of the language *exclusively*. Do as little outside work as possible. During all these three years try to live in the interior—away from the society or the persons who are liable to lead you into the temptation of speaking your own language. Write all your sermons for the first five years, then stop doing

it for the rest of your life, unless when intending to deliver a sermon on a critical doctrinal point. The written sermon for five years will give you enough experience and power over the language to correct all your grammatical errors, and put out a well-constructed sentence, in addition to the gradual mastery of a sufficiently workable vocabulary. But a written sermon and read from manuscript to a non-Christian congregation actually becomes a 'sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal!' Japanese as a nation are the severest of critics, and they have no patience, nor do they tolerate aught that is not natural, harmonious and pleasing. Seldom will they conceal their disapprobation of the faults of the foreign preacher whether linguistic or doctrinal. Of written sermons they say: '*Hara-no Soko Kara demasen.*' (It doesn't come out of the bottom of the abdomen). Who can dispute its truth?"

Before giving a short sketch of the grammar and construction of the Japanese language, a few words on the "difficulties" inherent in its genius and structure. This sketch will illuminate greatly, we are quite sure, the pathway of its future study and mastery.

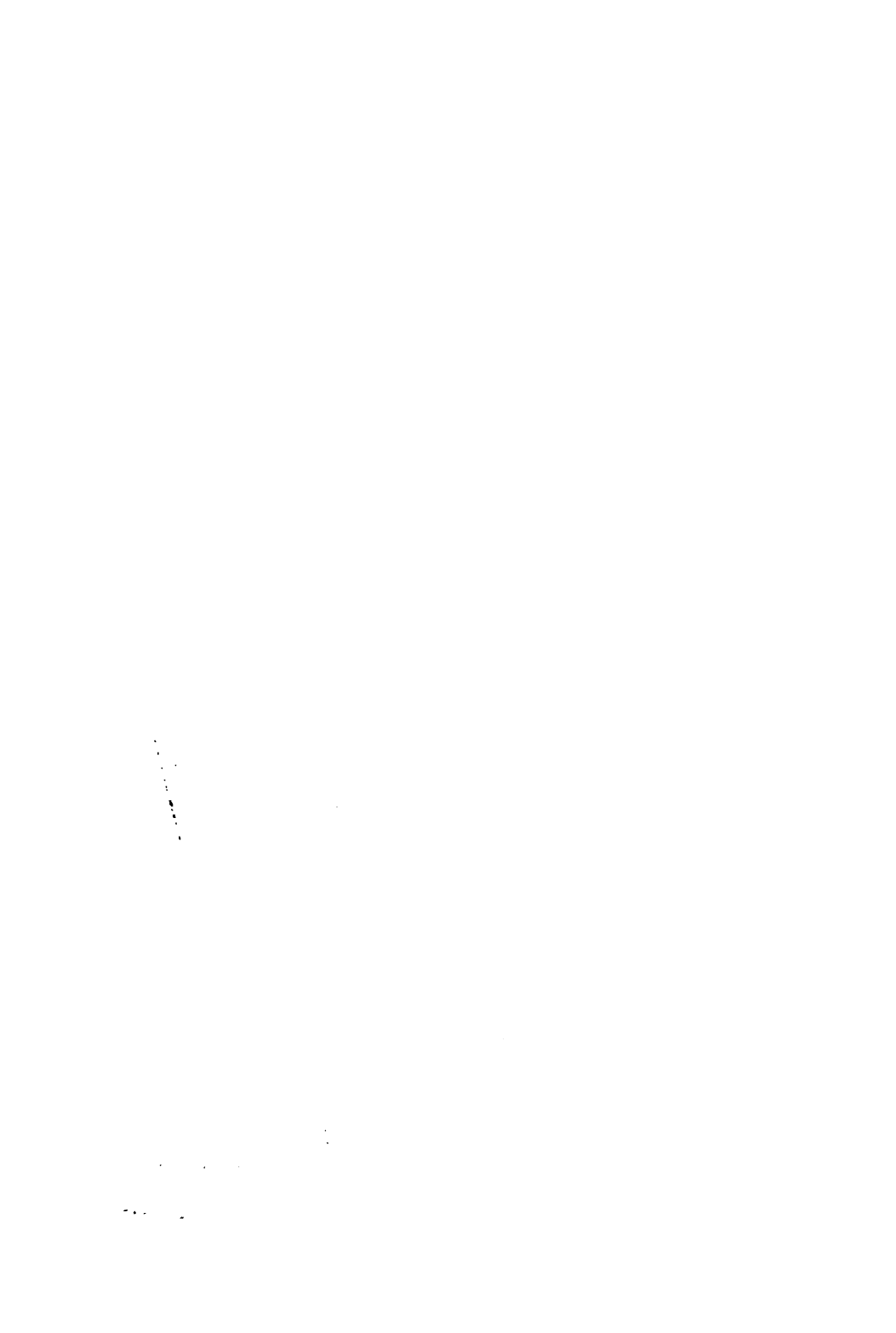
The first of these "difficulties" is that german to all the languages which man has evolved—living or defunct. Each one has some arbitrary "constructions," "points" and "rules" of which the great Sanskrit grammarian Panini said, "you have to refer them to the gods for a final solution." The truth is that every language has some of these mysterious words, phrases, and shades of speech which it is almost hopeless for a person not born in it to handle with security and with satisfaction. These

are the real "little foxes that spoil the vines," using a biblical simile. The Greek professor who professed, that, if all his life was devoted to the study of the Greek preposition "*ἐν*", still it would not be sufficient, must have, evidently, stumbled on one of these Panini difficulties. And we sympathize with both of them. Such unruly philological manifestations must be attributed to the freedom-loving activities of human mind, and also to its inborn dislike of all manners of stereotyped laws and ordinances whether grammatical or social. Simple as the Japanese language is, still this element of uncertainty in it cannot be ignored.

The second "difficulty" in the study of the Japanese language arises from the adoption of the Chinese characters in the early days of the nation's history, beside their own Kana—kindred, in certain respects, to the Semitic and Aryan alphabet. The Kana characters originally fifty, then increased to seventy-three, are of the Corean origin—or rather of the Sanskrit origin. Their introduction into Japan dates back to the earliest days of the country's intercourse with the continental nations. Some of the Japanese writers have attributed them to the inventive genius of that great Buddhist priest Kobo Daishi or Kukai, who flourished during the beginning of the ninth century of our era. Still others to the gods who created Japan. But their resemblance to the Corean characters is so close that even a cursory comparative glance will put the question of their origin beyond any shadow of doubt or cavil. But neither Japanese nor their whilom preceptors, and now subjects, Coreans, have remained satisfied with this, from our point-of-view,



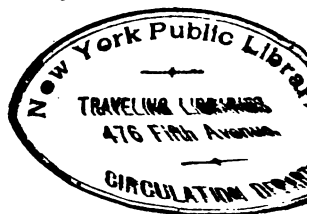
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rather bulky alphabet, but have adopted in a wholesale manner the extremely complex and very archaic Chinese characters. Thus, from the very beginning of his missionary career, he is not only confronted with the natal difficulties of a new language, but also to struggle to surmount the almost unsurmountable difficulties of the Chinese characters—of which John Wesley said: “they were invented by the devil in order to keep the Gospel out of China!” In China also of course the student will be confronted with the same difficulties and trials; but in the latter Empire these have been facilitated greatly, and their sting removed, by the unmistakable existence of a future reward awaiting the victor—the reward of being initiated into the mysteries of a system of ideography like which in complexity, perfection, and skill, this world has never witnessed—and in all probability it shall never witness again! Beside these assured philological advantages, the student of the Chinese language has the alluring reward of coming in contact with a venerable literature characterized with a broad conception of life in all its diverse ramifications—a literature that comprises all the aspects and features of our mundane existence. In theology, in philosophy, in the belle-lettres, even in scientific researches China has done her share of prolific labor. These mysterious signs become a key to open the gates ushering the student into the vast picture-gallery upon whose walls the principal ideas and concepts of the great historic Empire are hanging. But in Japan the case is quite different. After decades of unremitting toil a person may be able to master every Chinese character used in Japan, still for his incompetence be laughed at by every school-boy in China.

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Neither has Japan been able to produce a sufficiently attractive literature in order to be a sort of compensation for the toil expended. Her literary out-put has been very scanty, her thought conceptions narrow and superficial, and their objective expression very archaic. There are, assuredly, a few gems of living thought in her mental productions, particularly in her primitive poetry, but their very paucity does not encourage unusual application and expenditure of energy. Therefore, considered from this point-of-view, which after all, is the only place from which to survey the whole domain of any living language the Japanese cannot, under any circumstances, be classified in the category of those great philological racial inventions which seize and enslave man's mind forever.

The third "difficulty" emanates out of the different forms and shapes into which the language of Japan has gradually divided itself. After fructifying into several dialects and divisions, then it has worked up again in evolving its every branch into a typical linguistic tree, having its own specific laws and rules. Thus if viewed and judged by a purely comparative philological standard it lacks unity and solidarity. For, in the first place, we are obliged to study the Chinese—Japanese branch, which is commonly used in all their scientific and philosophical treatises. Next to this, and quite allied to it, is the language of the orators of Japan. Then the languages of the newspapers, of the novel, and of the poetry which is the primitive Japanese with no Chinese words. Then we have the last, and the most useful of all, the "spoken language" or the language "understandeth by the people." The resemblance between all these nascent branches is,

indubitably, very close; nevertheless, there are points and traits which cannot be ignored, and which frequently become like "thorn in the flesh to buffet us, lest we should be exalted above measure."

Every historic language has certain peculiarities in the gradual evolution of its structure, which its foreign student has to investigate and find a satisfactory solution for himself. But in the case of the Japanese language we not only find these anomalous cases in great abundance, but because its inability to develop a large parent trunk, we find them ramifying, as stated above, like a banian-tree into innumerable little trees, until growing into a veritable linguistic jungle. Therefore, without a full knowledge of each offshoot no one can become a real scholar of the language of Japan.

The main cause of the inability of the Japanese to digest and assimilate the alien material into the parental stock, as the French or the English, for example, have succeeded doing, must be attributed to their utter isolation from the very beginning of their independent national life. This rigid isolation has, evidently, deprived them of an alert national consciousness to construct a grand national language befitting the requirements of a living and expanding nation. Thus they have lost the idea of unity in language as an instrument of thought and of speech, and they have played with it in the same way that they have played with their gods in the extensive realm of their art conceptions. There is no doubt that a spirit of emulation between the different nations of the world produces beneficial results and influences upon the gradual upgrowth of a nation's language and thoughts. What would

have been the destiny of the English language had not a European rivalry forced it to a legitimate expansion of its superstructure and the enormous enrichment of its vocabulary? The very consciousness of such a philological competition would have awakened the spirit of the Japanese to put their language into a process of modelling and remodelling it until it was made one of the most perfect of the world. But in its absence the spirit of growth has misled them to divide, and subdivide it, in order to meet the requirements of personal tastes and whims.

At present there is a movement amongst them to weed out some of these superfluous offshoots and types of dialect, in order to strengthen the parent stock. The movement is still quite young, and the results not very conspicuous or very encouraging as yet, therefore, no one can tell with assurance its ultimate influence upon the philological tendencies of the nation. Japanese have never been great writers, nor great readers. Light literature is more acceptable to them than heavy. They have always been great novel readers. Monogataries (story books) have been prevalent in the country since the introduction of reading and writing. At present there are extant two forces remodelling the language and remoulding it—the newspaper and the novel. We shall take up this point again later on in this chapter.

The fourth "difficulty" emanates from the transitional period through which every thing has been passing in Japan for the last fifty years. Language also just like any other living organism, must be supplied continually with new food as soon as the old matter is ejected, in order to keep it from natural decay and disappearance. A mere

glance at any one of the dictionaries of a great European language will show this truism. "Words," says E. Littré, in his great dictionary of the French language, "just like families grow old, decay, and disappear, and new ones take their places all the time." The dead languages of the classical world died from this cause, though greatly aggravated by the political commotions. No one will ever think of making new additions on the vocabulary of the Greek, or Hebrew or Latin. But the modern phenomenal activity of the Japanese betokens the enrichment of their language in no distant future. Indeed the process of enrichment begun already is extremely puzzling to a foreigner—nay, often to themselves also. When the most complete dictionary of a language is an obsolete instrument a year after its publication, the velocity of the wheel of progress bewilders the student. New words are being coined in the newspapers daily, but are forgotten the next day. It is so also with their novel language. But time will surely arrive when the fermentation will settle down, and then we shall see a new Japanese language.

We could multiply these "difficulties" encountered by the student of the Japanese language a little more, but the above will suffice, as they contain the germs of all. However, despite all these peculiarities, some inherent, others acquired, we do not consider the Japanese a very hard language. Evidently it cannot be compared with any of the great Aryan languages, whether Asiatic or European—Sanskrit, Persian, Greek, Latin, German, English and French. Barring the Chinese ideographs borrowed so promiscuously, its natal difficulties, whether grammatical or of vocabulary, cannot be compared even with the

Semitic Syriac, not to speak of the giant of all Semitic languages—Arabic. In mastering the Japanese the student needs patience more than any other psychic qualification needed by a philologist. To begin with the Chinese characters and the written language, then work up to the spoken language and all the intermediary branches, dialects and idioms. This, we think, the best method.

The language spoken by the Japanese belongs to that family of languages commonly termed "Altaic"—taken from the name of the famous mountains round which, from immemorial ages, have grouped together different tribes of a race possessing many peculiar physical and mental characteristics. The chief members of this numerous family at present are Japanese, Coreans, Tibetans and the Mongols in Asia; Turks and Hungarians in Europe. The primeval relations, whether ethnological or philological between the inhabitants of the vast Chinese Empire and the Altaic races has not been yet ascertained definitely. However, we are inclined to think that all these races, and even some not so well developed, are merely the different strata of the same ethnological phenomenon. The simplicity of their grammar, the paucity of their vocabulary and their universal distribution, all point to them as being the first human occupants of our globe. Another point encouraging this hypothesis is their close resemblance to the negritic races of Africa. Barring the color—a matter easily explained through certain natural laws operating—the resemblance is very striking indeed.

The chief characteristic of the Japanese language, in common with all Altaic languages, is the simplicity of its grammar. This renders them accessible to foreign influ-

ences—as poverty and simplicity do in almost all other cases of our existence in this world. The Turkish has been so enriched by the Aryan Persian and Semitic Arabic, that if it was not for a few Archaic grammatical features, its origin could not be recognized. The Indo-European languages have played the same trick on the Hungarian. For centuries its grammarians attempted to classify it with the Germanic languages, and could not explain its erratic divergences.

From its very infancy Japanese language has come exclusively under the influence of the great Chinese language, and in course of time it has been so thoroughly influenced and dominated by it, that today it has almost lost its identity. A glance into any of its dictionaries will show this. Twice in its history it has come under the direct influence of the two leading Aryan language—Sanskrit and Latin—but none of them was strong enough to dethrone the Chinese and occupy the vacant place. The first of these happened at the advent of Buddhism, about the sixth century of our Christian era. Sanskrit words, of a religious and philosophical nature, were freely introduced. Even Sanskrit books and manuscripts were imported and extensively copied and recopied. Still the results, philologically, were meagre, and almost insignificant, and today with the exception of a few Buddhist words, concealed under a Chinese garb, the influence has disappeared altogether. Even to the present day the Buddhist scriptures in Japan are in the old Chinese language!

The second time it was during the latter part of the sixteenth century when Japan came in contact, for the

first time in her life, with Europe. The duration of this relationship was rather short, consequently the philological commerce rather insignificant; still through the masterly ability and activity of the members of the order of Jesuits the nascent influence of the Latin language over the Japanese was not to be despised. In providing a Christian literature for the believers the Roman Catholic press, and its directors in Japan, introduced into their published volumes Latin words and phrases with surprising boldness and judiciousness. In a "Doctrina Christiana" published in Japan—probably at Nagasaki, A. D. 1600, we find Latin words supplanting native words not only in the places where satisfactory equivalents and substitutes could not be found, but also where it would have been quite easy to employ native words. Thus in this Japanese treatise we see engrafted the Latin "Deus," "Spiritu-Sanctus," "padre" (God, the Father), "Persona," "Substantia," "Cruz," "Anima," "Graca," "Sacerdote," "Prophetano," "Virgino," "Conficano" and a large number of cognate words. It should be remarked here that the Roman Catholic press in Japan did not enjoy a prolonged consecutive period of peace before it was destroyed completely and forever through the unremitting opposition of the Buddhist hierarchy, and its influence over the Tokugawa Shoguns. The book quoted above was published when the infant church was just beginning to exhibit the infallible symptoms of life and progress. Therefore, we cannot restrain our imagination from portraying to ourselves the beneficial philological results of the process of recasting an altaic language into a Latin mould, had the capable Jesuits been allowed to proceed

without molestation. What would the new language thus remoulded be? Latin? Portuguese? Spanish? Chinese? or Japanese? To a philologist the question is extremely interesting apart from its religious bearing. Then, and not till then, a real conflict between the Chinese and a well-developed Aryan language would have taken place, and whose ultimate results would have shed great light upon many a dark problem in connection with the origin and progress of the human speech and its organ of thought.

At present the missionary press has hardly used any influence upon the Japanese language—though for the last fifty years it has progressed with phenomenal speed. Even the Roman Catholic press in its translation of the Four Gospels, or a few Apologetical tracts issued recently, has not exhibited that spirit of courage and boldness characterizing their sixteenth century predecessors. The Protestant Press also despite the enormous outlay of money and of men it has been so far characterized with an infantile helplessness that is both amazing and depressing.

The truth is that language is an extremely sensitive and susceptible organism; therefore, as soon as a new religion affects the thought of a nation its language undergoes modification and transformation. Thus Arabic through Islam has not only transformed and enriched the Altaic Turkish, but also the Aryan Persian—a language possessing a more developed grammatical structure than its own. Even today it stands to it as Latin and Greek stand to the modern European languages, a sort of parent—but in this case only a step-father.

We observe a similar phenomenon in relation to the

Syriac—another historic Semitic language. From the beginning of the sixth century for nearly a whole millenium through the mental labors of the different Nestorian institutions and authors the Greek language enriched and expanded the Syriac until made it equal, if not superior to Arabic, as a vehicle of abstract thought.

Therefore this inability of Christianity to influence and modify the leading languages of the modern Asiatic nations, indicates some defectiveness in the organization of the missionary forces, and does not augur well for its future. Language as the only instrument for objectifying the inner thoughts of the soul, and through which we distinguish ourselves from the lower animals, will remain forever closely allied to our religious concepts and spiritual life. Its advancement and elevation presuppose the advancement and elevation of our spiritual faculties, and its degradation the degradation of the same powers. In order to prove its superiority over the extant ethnic religions Christianity is bound to purify, enrich and exalt human thought and its mechanism everywhere, thereby becoming the main force for purifying the spirit and speech of mankind.

The principal grammatical features of the Japanese language display a simplicity of conception and construction which is contiguous with the primeval world of speech. The language has no numbers, no genders, no pronouns, no verb-conjugation, no noun-declension, no prepositions, and a very limited number of post-positions. Nevertheless, the very absence of these encumbering inconveniences has afforded the Japanese the opportunity of burdening their organ of speech with words, phrases, and arbitrary

expressions that puzzle and bewilder the stranger. Take, for example, the case of the first pronoun, singular. For the simple English "I" the Japanese has nearly thirty, scattered all over its numerous dialects and ramifications. Most of these are applied in an extremely arbitrary manner; and some of them are very fantastic and grotesque, rendering the medium of speech bombastic and pompous. The supreme rule governing the linguistic intercourse between two Japanese, from whose tribunal there is no court to appeal, is the usage of self-depreciatory words in relations to one's own person; and honorific words in relation to the person addressed—and to what an absurd extent they do carry their ingrained habit of the pronomial cant! The rule is applied not only to the immediate person addressed, but also to all his absent belongings and possessions. Thus we have the extremely ridiculous—"O Neko San" (Honorable Miss Cat, that is, your cat), and "Tonji" (The Suckling-Pig, that is, my son!) etc.

The word "Tonji" brings back to memory a letter which years ago I received from an intimate Japanese friend. When my Japanese teacher had read it he smiled and said:

"Who is the friend to whom you have promised a young pig as a present?"

"I don't understand your meaning," said I, rather puzzled.

"Why!" replied he, scratching his head, as every Japanese does when puzzled, "this man says, you have promised to purchase one of his young pigs and send it to one of your Tokyo friends, the pig, the letter says, is ready now, and it should be sent as soon as possible."

"Why, if I can get a young pig in Japan, I'll keep it for

my own children!" said I, absolutely confused. "But who is the writer of the letter?" asked I rather impatiently. The name being given, I knew at once what it meant. I had promised a faithful Christian living in a mountain village to send his eldest son to our mission school in Tokyo, and he wished the boy to be sent as soon as possible, which I did.

This way of toying with a language it does not only confuse the mind, but it lowers also, the dignity of man through his speech. He becomes a plaything in the hands of his own momentary feelings, and emotions, and passions. A well-regulated thought mechanism requires a dignified instrument for its free and facile expression.

Both number and gender are understood from the context—but very often they are not understood at all, "*ushi*", for example, may mean one ox, and one cow; or many oxen, and a herd of cows. "*Inu*" may mean a dog, a bitch, or any number of dogs and bitches. "*Shishi*" may mean a lion, or a lioness, or any number of lions and lionesses. In case of necessity arising of obscurity some adjective or an auxiliary word might be introduced to relieve the tension. "*On*" and "*Osu*" have a masculine significance; "*Men*" and "*Mesu*" feminine, "*Takusan*" piles, "*Ra*", "*Tachi*", "*Shu*" and several other words of a similar nature and obscure derivation, signify abundance and plurality; thus "*Ushi takusan*" means many cows or oxen, "*Ko*" child, "*Kodomo*" or "*Kora*" children, "*Hito*" man, "*Hitora*" men.

We observe the same simplicity in the declension of its nouns and adjectives, and the inflection of its verbs. A few distinct syllables or words are *detached* from somewhere

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and are *attached* to the root-form of certain other words. This constitutes the main feature of this important part of their grammar. Hardly any moods, and only three principal tenses—past, present and future—are sufficient for expressing their daily activities. What a poverty we encounter here when thinking of the overflowing wealth of the Indo-European languages!

The principal effect which this poverty of their grammatical structure has produced upon all the languages known as “Altaic” is the creation of a large number of what might be termed “auxiliary words” in order to chain and connect the different words together when forming a sentence. It is for this prominent feature in every department of their grammar that they have received the sobriquet “agglutinative” languages, that is, the languages in which some prominent words are glutined together in order to produce a thought, and to be contra-distinguished from the “inflectional” or “amalgamative” languages. As an agglutinative language the Japanese has been one of the richest and pliable of all. This, to some extent, it owes to its own generic qualities aided greatly by the facility of forming new words by attaching the different borrowed Chinese characters to each other, or to the native words. In this it has exhibited more adaptability and pliancy for coining constantly new words, than many of the languages possessing a more resisting grammatical vertebra. It has accommodated itself, for example, far better than both Arabic and Hebrew, and even than the Aryan Persian, for the expression of the new scientific discoveries with their extremely difficult terminology. Thus we have today the surprising philo-

logical phenomenon of a language extremely primitive in its construction and poor in its vocabulary, still being able to coin and create such an abundance of words as to be able to express every form of thought coming from the west—theological, philosophical and scientific—without feeling any necessity of borrowing even a single word from the outside world. This phenomenon in the psychology of the Japanese intellect is, to us, just as surprising as the creation of their very efficient army and navy—indeed a good deal more! For the finding of means to express our recondite and abstract ideas requires more delicate labor than the training of a regiment.

In common with the rest of the great languages of the world, the Japanese language also has passed through the many changes and vicissitudes to which all our instruments of speech are subject. Of the earliest Japanese, that is, the language spoken by the continental colonists who crossed the Japan-sea and settled in the Archipelago more than two thousand years ago, we have left only few fragments—a modicum of the most archaic forms and words common to the Altaic races. One striking feature of the agglutinative languages is the fact that their affinity is more conspicuous in the structure of their grammars, than in the similarity of their vocabulary. Thus while the comparative grammars of the Turkish and Japanese languages display a relationship which is astonishing for its closeness, the similitude in the sound of the most archaic of their respective words, such as "father", "mother," "brother," "sister" is faint and indistinct. Of course we can advance a number of explanations. In the first place the theory that the paucity of words in all

primitive languages leads to this eventual alienation of relationships. Then we might add to this the consideration, that, in all nomadic races and tribes social inter-communion, through which ideas and words are transmitted, hardly exists. Even today the nomadic gypsy tribes of Asia speak different dialects—related very closely in grammar, but alienated totally in their vocabulary. A third point which cannot be ignored, is, the enormous geographical area over which this race has been dispersed and distributed since its infancy. The Semitic races which from the very beginning of their history to the present day have not wandered very far from the old haunts of their primitive ancestors, have retained, to a wonderful degree, their verbal consanguinity. The Arab, who has displayed always a stronger tendency to a roaming and unsettled life, has expanded and enriched his language far more than any other branch of this family. The Hebrew, according to this philological tendency, should have become, by this time, the richest and most affluent of the Semitic languages. Its failure to accomplish this end must be attributed to some of the qualities of the race, very likely to their spirit of isolation, rather than to the forbidding structure of their language. Thus we find also the old Sanskrit has retained its relationship to the modern Persian, its next-door-neighbor, more than to its distant cousins—English and French. In the evolution and modification of a language, just as in the evolution and modification of any other living organism, many causes and factors enter which have to be considered. Notwithstanding this universally accepted fact, still we are surprised to find the words for “father,” “mother,”

“brother” and “sister” retain a striking resemblance to each other in the Sanskrit, Persian and English; but not in the Turkish and Japanese languages, though having a closer blood relationship.

With the exception of a few words infiltrated through natural causes, the primitive Japanese language, that is, the early Altaic Japanese, is lost to us. Barring the immense number of the borrowed Chinese words, the present day Japanese is a later evolution of the inner life and thoughts of the nation during its secluded existence in the Islands. Indeed it would be very erroneous to imagine that the tent-nomad of the Altaic mountains, a savage with an uncultivated language, even now, uttered the euphonious and mellifluous words of the beautiful poetry of the Manyoshu, or of the Koginshu.

Leaving the first stage of the Japanese language as rather lost, then we are ushered into its second stage, that is, from the time of the landing of the Continental Colonists in the Japanese archipelago until the establishment of the Imperial Capital in the city of Nara, and the advent of the art of writing—about the beginning of the seventh century of our era. Even this period philologically is very indefinite in its length; neither is the evolution of the language clear to us, because the records transmitted to the future generations through the Chinese characters having a Japanese sound, which is irreparably lost. Insufficient and obscure as these records are, still through them we have a glimpse of the old Japanese, harsh and sonorous, but gradually softening down through the many influences affecting it daily. Perhaps the greatest factor in this gradual refinement of the human speech is the poetic

nature of man. The influence of poetry on the development and subsequent amelioration of the language though it has struck deeply every writer on philological subjects, it has not been fully investigated yet. It is through poetry, more than through any other element, the organ of our speech is expanded and improved. All the other moods and states of the soul have their limitations outside of which they are unable to set their foot. But poetry is free to soar wherever it wishes. The spontaneous fertility of imagination can leap over any gulf or chasm and create new figures and new pictures, and clothe them constantly with the majestic robe of new words. What would have been the real state of the Old Testament Hebrew if the poetic portion was struck out! Philologically it would have fallen down to the level and category of the semi-savage languages!

The student of language cannot ignore this element in the gradual unfolding of the Japanese speech even at the present day. From the earliest days of their national existence they have been a poetry-loving people. It is true that their poetry recognizes only the individual and ignores the multitude. It is suggestive rather than exhaustive; still it cannot be doubted that it awakens the creative genius. It inspires to activity the dormant forces of the soul, and through that very process, all the linguistic harshness is removed and refined. Japanese poetry like Japanese art it indicates the idea, and then leaves the observer to himself to study its mysteries and its broad ramifications—if he wants.

The third stage in the development of the Japanese language begins from the unification of the diverse national

elements into a unique whole, the consolidation and solidification of the country under the Yamato Imperialism of the present day, the transference of the national capitol from Nara to Kyoto, and the gradual enfeeblement of Imperialism and its ultimate retirement and the establishment of the Shogunate and the inauguration of feudalism, from A. D. 800 to about the end of the fourteenth century. This is the best era of Japanese language and literature. Fortune and misfortune affect alike, though in different manners, the whole being of a nation and of its institutions. When Kyoto ruled supreme, and when its very new name *Heian*, signified peace and prosperity both the fine arts and literature reached their highest apex. The language also in company with the general culture and refinement attained a climax never attained before or after. The former stages retained still the crudeness of the primitive man and of his archaic speech. While during the subsequent stages the enormous weight of the Chinese characters and vocabulary nearly smothered the free movements of the mental faculties of the Japanese nation. Therefore in the Kyoto period alone we can observe the Japanese language in the highest purity of its diction, the charm of its plasticity, its melodious attractiveness, and its undoubted refinement, not unlike the Osmanli Turkish of two centuries ago.

This is the best era also of Japanese literature—poetry, romance and history. In poetry it burst into a sweet melody of feeling and of sentiment of the purest kind, which it has never succeeded reaching ever since. The poet took for his thesis ancient national legends and myths, and vested them with the majestic robe of expres-

sion and of joy. Likewise the family life, in its pristine purity, was made the object of song and of exaltation, which the later conditions have converted into the bedlam of concubinage, and a world where the wife has disappeared and the Geisha is supreme.

The romance writer vied with the poet to spread out new forms of life and of ideas, before his readers. It is the era of the "Monogatari" (literally "things spoken," from "mono" things and "kataru" to speak, a kind of historical novels), and the "Nikki" (literally "Diaries," from "Ni" day, and "ki" history); a sort of literature resembling greatly Goethe's "Facts and Fancies concerning my Life" but mixed far more with fancies than with facts.

In every respect this is the Elizabethan era of the Japanese language and literature. It is difficult to observe anything similar to it, before or after, in the history of Japan.

The fourth period begins from the enfeeblement of the Yamato Imperialism to the abolition of feudalism about fifty years ago. For all historical purposes the period under our review might be logically divided into three or four subdivisions, each containing a prominent political duration of time in the nation's life. But for our present purposes we are obliged to group all into one period brimful with epoch-making events. The Tokugawa family reached its supremacy about 1600 A. D. and did not take the genius of its founder, Iyeyasu, much time to pacify and tranquillize the Empire. Prior to the Tokugawa ascendancy when the Imperial influence and power had dwindled down to nothing, and the nation precipitated

into all sorts and manners of internecine feuds and wars, the progress of the people, and with it the progress of literature and of language was greatly arrested.

But from the inauguration of the Tokugawa rule, and the tranquillization of the Empire once more we observe an altogether new era dawning upon Japan—the era of the borrowed Chinese culture, art and language. The key note of the Tokugawa policy was to make the nation forget its past history—a history created mainly by the Imperial family. To accomplish this they tried to introduce the Chinese ideas of art, of literature and of religion to such an extent as to overshadow completely the nation's old manners and old traditions. During this period the whole scope of the Japanese language was enlarged to a certain extent, but it was no longer the natural and smooth language of the poet and of the romances, but the oppressive tongue of the pedant. The court poet was supplanted by the Chinese scholar (Jussha), whose interminable lucubrations destroyed effectively both beauty and thought out of the language. Of course we have richness and wealth, but like every other borrowed wealth it depresses rather than it elevates. In a language where eight words out of every ten are borrowed, its original vitality, evidently, must have disappeared long before reaching that slavish state.

During the middle of the eighteenth century an attempt was made by a small band of very learned Shintoists, to restore this primitive religion, and thereby resurrect the old Japanese language. The great leader of this really wonderful awakening was Motowori Norinaga (1730-1800), by far the greatest scholar Japan has ever produced.

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He and his pupil Hirata Atsutane (1776-1840) tried to revive Shintoism, and published extensive commentaries and other books full of erudition and learning on the *Kojiki*—the so-called Shinto Bible. But the movement, because of its political tendencies, was strongly opposed by the Tokugawa government. In many covert ways it advocated the restoration of the retired Imperial dynasty. Moreover, the opposition of the ascendant Chinese party was found to be very strong. Chinese philosophy and culture seemed so deeply rooted into the very soul of Japan that their eradication was a matter of utter impossibility. Indeed this transformation of Japan into a smaller China was carried to such an absurd length, as to arouse the just anger and indignation of many an intelligent patriot. Still the nation at large under the paternal, though severely rigid, leadership of the Tokugawas found itself fully contented with the new world of ideas and of life, and the great movement collapsed.

To the same causes also must be assigned the mysterious failure of the language of the novelists of the age led by the powerful Bakkin. To a limited extent these latter have influenced the language of the lower classes, who read nothing but novels—if read at all. But the learned classes have been immured forever within the iron walls of the Chinese ideographs and thought.

We have reached now the fifth and last stage of the development of the Japanese language, and as affected for the last fifty years by Western languages—living and dead. From the remarks made in the previous pages, the careful reader must have seen that philologically Japan has borrowed nothing from the Occident, that also

despite the enormous number of ideas of every description and species introduced during the last half of a century. A few words of a foreign origin which the traveler will hear on the lips of a few Japanese, signify no philological commerce, but betray only the ignorance of their users and nothing else. Linguistically the influence of the West upon Japan is nil. She has resisted such influences from interfering with the course of the evolution of her language, with a greater obstinacy and firm resolution, than interfering with her political administration. Indeed, this repulsion of the foreign interferences has been carried to such an extent that it becomes quite surprising. "How can Japan," we are tempted to ask, "convert itself mentally and politically into a Western nation, still avoid rigidly the borrowing of a single word of the Aryan origin?" This is a phenomenon worth further study.

In the early Meiji era there was an attempt made to revive Shintoism, something like the movement made during the latter part of the eighteenth century, of which we have spoken in the preceding pages. The only difference was that, while the former one was purely theological, the latter one was purely political; and as such it exhausted itself in a very short time. It has left no effect today with the exception of converting one or two Buddhist monasteries to Shinto shrines.

Neither has the periodical poetical competition held within the Imperial palace walls of Tokyo, in which their Imperial Majesties, the Emperor and the Empress, take part, contributed much to the restoration of the wealthy Japanese language of the Kyoto era, of which we have

spoken previously. The poems are sent from all over the Empire, and those which get prizes are published in the daily newspapers. As a general rule the style is the style of the ancients, but the modern poet of Japan has lost, it seems to us, the naturalness and spontaneity, therefore, the melody and sweetness of his predecessor. Thus the ancient poet, whatever the horizon of his observation and description was a creator, whilst his modern successor is nothing but a very superficial imitator. Indeed their productions and creations are too antiquated for the modern world. If instead of imitating the old poetry of their country whether in its metre or in its substance, they would study the world of man as reflected in their own soul, they would be able to create something more original and more enduring. Therefore in its actual form the present poetry of Japan is nothing but the echo of a voice lost in the immensity of the past.

Thus in casting a retrospective glance over the past ages we see nothing but the mighty force of the Chinese language spreading its wings, like a powerful eagle, over the empty nest of the Japanese language, taking complete possession of it, and resisting all attempted intrusion—a fact witnessed nowhere in the history of all great languages.

But the question arises here: "How about the future?" "Is this mongrel language half-primeval and half-obscure, going to be the language of the most progressive nation of Asia forever?"

It is true that a great nation's language grows up with it just as good many other things do, and once reaching the state of maturity it is almost impossible to alter or modify it, unless through the employment of most drastic

measures to uproot the constituting factors one by one, and engraft new factors on the branches thus mutilated. The English language is doing this in India, though the process of engrafting is carried on through peaceful and civilizing means instead of violence. However, even here the process is carried on by the master race over the subjugated nation, hence it possesses certain elements of an involuntary assimilation. But in a free country like Japan, and amongst a race so morbidly jealous of every form of the foreign interferences, if any philological transformation takes place it must, perforce, originate spontaneously out of the inner conviction of the race that such a radical modification is indispensable for the unarrested progress of the country and its people.

In a former chapter we have spoken about the moral courage of the Japanese in not permitting aught in the past traditions, whatever their sacredness or venerableness, to impede and trammel the onward march of the nation. Hitherto the imperative necessity of such a radical change in the organ of their speech has not undoubtedly, presented itself to them in an acute form. As long as their children could become good merchants, good lawyers, good legislators, good physicians and good citizens by studying the foreign sciences in the text-books of their own native tongue, so long the need of an ultra-radical change was not felt. But on account of the phenomenal rapidity of her progress Japan has reached now a stage of civilization in which her old language looks very much like a young man wearing boy's breeches. This state of her speech does not only injure her aesthetically, but also does harm to her when viewed from even a utilitarian

point-of-view. The attempt has been made more than once to substitute Roman letters instead of the Chinese ideographs; but every time the movement has come to a sad end—like a large majority of movements in Japan to which the government is indifferent, and in whose inauguration she takes no part. The major cause of the repeated collapse of this movement is, in our opinion, its obvious insufficiency as a measure of relief. The similarity of sounds in the Japanese causes great confusion, and if it was not for the difference of the forms of the borrowed Chinese characters, the confusion would sink into chaos. The greatest achievement of this movement is, undoubtedly, the Romanized version of the Christian Bible in the Japanese language, used exclusively by the foreign missionary.

The present writer's solution of the complex linguistic difficulty in Japan is by discarding totally the old, or more properly, the antiquated and the isolated primeval language and substituting in its place the well-developed and healthy English language. The reasons leading me to make such an ultra-radical suggestion are linguistic, political and humanitarian and deserve the serious consideration of the reader.

In the first place the Japanese language, even at present, with its ever-increasing vocabulary, is insufficient to meet the urgent demands of a nation whose main pathway of progress is on the lines of scientific discoveries and their application to the concrete forms of life. Whatever his ingenuity in finding appropriate equivalents in the Chinese characters for the borrowed Western thoughts and phrases, still, the real meaning and the spirit of the thing remains

half concealed to a Japanese, who by nature is more imitative than creative and original. For this reason the question of the language which he has never been able to settle and solve in a satisfactory manner will be, always, very burdensome to him. Furthermore, it will be a great obstacle to his progress when the international competition becomes more universal, and its spirit of rivalry is more intensified. At present the nation relies almost exclusively on the cheapness of labor in the Islands. But the reliance upon such a "broken reed" in a universal struggle is fraught with danger. Food is becoming very dear in Japan, and a Japanese laborer in order to come out victorious, must consume solid food, otherwise he will collapse and with him will collapse Japan.

In the second place as long as linguistically he is a debtor to China, so long intellectually he is, and will remain, inferior to her. From such a predicament there is no way of escaping. The inferiority is too evident to be denied or explained away. Indeed, not only to China is Japan inferior, but also to Corea which she has annexed lately and is trying to civilize and to elevate.

This philological inferiority is bound to carry with it always the undesirable evidence of not only mental inferiority but also of moral and spiritual. She has recently practically assumed the hegemony of the whole eastern part of Asia, occupied mostly by the races dominated by the Chinese thought and Chinese characters. How can she, then, influence them in the higher regions of thought while carrying the mark of her inferiority on her forehead?

In the third place at present Japan is all alone in the

political whirlpool of the world. Her alliance with England has always looked somehow awkward—the awkwardness hanging inseparably upon the brows of the two parties contracting a misalliance. It is difficult to tell how long it will last. Therefore she needs a far more solid foundation, a foundation not laid upon the eternally shifting sands of “Mutual Interest.” In adopting the English language, and with it the English thought, literature, manners and all those multitudinous forces which up-build a nation she will, naturally, enter that great Anglo-Saxon Confederation which seems destined to rule the world. The differences of race and of habits will be suggested, very likely, as insurmountable barriers for the successful consummation of an undertaking never tried in the history of our planet. That social obstacles will always exist and obstruct the amalgamation of the Japanese with the Anglo-Saxon races, we do not gainsay. However, the Japanese have a real Alexandrian way of cutting the “Gordian Knot,” and once convinced of the abundant advantages accruing to the nation from such a policy, the Government, through her perfect educational and other systems, can accomplish the apparently impossible task within a couple of generations. To go into the minute details for accomplishing this great enterprise we have no time, neither do we entertain any doubt of the sufficient ability of the Japanese Government and nation to accomplish this—if they wish.

This will be a real new birth for Japan. Its advantages are incalculable. On the one hand she will have the unalloyed sympathy of all the different branches of the rapidly ramifying Anglo-Saxon family in all her coming

struggles, not only for a legitimate self-expansion, but also for a necessary self-preservation. On the other hand she will be far better equipped intellectually and spiritually to impress her genius and her civilization upon the Far Eastern Asiatic races, with which she is gradually coming in contact closer and closer.

Then again, there would be a far greater symmetrical finish in her civilized life, than there is at present. Just now she looks with her half-Chinese-and-half-European culture and learning, like the individual Japanese wearing half-foreign and half-native clothes. She is gradually awakening to the ridiculousness of the latter; and let us hope that, sooner or later, she will awaken not only to the incongruity of the former, but also to its harm.

Hitherto we have arrayed the advantages accruing to the Japanese from such a radical metamorphosis; but if we look now to the other side of the balances, the advantages are not less conspicuous, nay attractive. Whatever the present expansion greatness and wealth of the Anglo-American civilization, still, very seldom, if ever, in the history of our planet such a vast civilizing and expanding power has been so vulnerable to the attacks of a strong neighbor. Supposing that Germany succeeds appeasing France, and both together reduce England to a second class power; in that case America will remain as helpless as China is today—perhaps more helpless, as she would find herself between the two heavy mill stones of Europe and Asia. With such an invaluable ally like Japan, coupling and unifying her destiny with that of the Anglo-Saxon, or rather Anglo-American race, the new confederation would be absolutely invincible. That as

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things are proceeding now ere long many geographical redistributions of a surpassing magnitude will take place over this little globe, it seems quite evident; if from no other omen, the omen of the unprecedented war preparations indicates to that finality. And when that critical moment arrives the aid of Japan can neither be neglected nor refused.

There are a few other causes which make a radical conversion of Japan from an Asiatic to a European Power desirable and which we expect to discuss in the last chapter of this book.

The reader may be tempted to ask:—"But is not all this the dream, and the obscure vision of an unsound mind, and of a brain churning in its gloomy receptacle some confused and semi-cogitated ideas and thoughts?" May be it is merely a distant and hazy vision, but a vision produced through the careful study of multitudinous concrete causes operating at this very moment in the world of man, and which have operated in the same manner for the past myriad of years. Similar causes will produce similar effects; but often we mistake this truth, because mistaking the magnitude of the causes compared.

CHAPTER IV

The Years of Toil—The Beginnings

FROM the very beginning of my missionary life I have always advocated the policy of appointing every individual ordained life-missionary to a certain fixed geographical locality, vesting him with independent and plenary powers, and leaving him there for the rest of his life to mature and put his plans into operation, and crown his labor when he retires. Of course occasions will happen when the making of a change will become imperative, but such occasions will be, I am quite certain, far less frequent when the whole responsibility is left upon the shoulders of a conscientious and God-fearing man, than when every missionary and every convention seems to have authority to interfere with every body else's work. Such a policy, or rather I should call it lack of policy, destroys the continuity of the plan and the work, and makes the whole system look to the civilized nations of Asia jejune and petty. The churches possessing an episcopal form of polity will vest such a missionary, as a matter-of-course, with the office and prerogatives of a Bishop, which will be in exact accordance with the methods used by the Apostles in their first foreign missionary work. To each and every missionary thus commissioned was delegated the Apostolic authority in its fullness to convert, baptize, organize churches, and ordain the qualified

native converts into the sacred ministry. Amongst the numerous Christian missions in Japan the Russian Greek Church alone has followed this primitive, but rational, method of doing foreign missionary work, by appointing only one man, Bishop Nikolai, to the whole field of Japan. But, what have been the direct results of his labors? Now the results have been, that, this single-handed man and Bishop has done more work than any other single mission—Catholic or Protestant! His, really, is the only mission which in one generation has settled in a very satisfactory manner the question of native ministry. There is a continuity or rather *personal* consecutiveness, in his work which appeals greatly to the feelings and the nobler nature of the civilized Oriental nations, which is not witnessed in any other Christian mission. Foreign Missions have become now an acknowledged great factor in the universal world progress, therefore, the home churches should devote more time to the study of their philosophy than is done now. At present they appear more as an ornament of the Church, than one of its important limbs.

My desire to work in a new field where no other missionary was living was gratified, and my first appointment was to the old province of Yamato, whose capital, Nara, became my future home for eight years. My desire to live and work in a province where no other foreign missionary was living had a three-fold object in view:—(1) It would facilitate the study of the language, and direct me immediately into the hidden and darkened chambers of its intricacies. (2) It would bring me in direct contact and association with the people, and afford me ample opportunity to study the inner workings of their souls. (3) It

would enable me to bring forth the fruits of my own *individual* labor and toil unassisted by others. I am quite certain that the sum-total of the results of those eight years of unremitting work justified my action.

It was a very cold morning of March 15, 1888, with my wife and two little children, we left the busy city of Osaka, and the warm hospitality of our missionary friends, and took jinrikshas for Nara. A very pleasant ride of eight hours, covering about thirty miles, brought us into the presence of the old capital with its majestic temples and shrines. A row of ten jinrikshas following each other with precision and regularity, and some of the vehicles laden with our scanty baggage, reminded me of the caravan traveling of the days of yore. Anyhow, the resemblance is not ephemeral or superficial. The elephantine animal commonly called "Camel" from the Semitic *jamala* "to bear," and "to appear," is famous for its endurance and for the scanty food with which it is quite satisfied while crossing vast deserts. However, in both these qualities "the Ship of the Desert" has to yield the supremacy to the Japanese jinriksha man! With the single exception of one hour's halt to consume his extremely scanty mid-day meal, he kept trotting on continually for seven hours, and at the end of which the rider seemed far the more tired than the runner! And all this without uttering a single word of anger or of imprecations, whilst the camel keeps murmuring against the load and the rider from beginning to end!

About a mile before reaching the city, and our sweet future home, we met a body of friends who had come out to welcome us. All of them had Christian faces—the

shining and the ever-smiling Christian face! It is very easy in Japan to tell a person whether he is a Christian or not by his facial features—especially the women faces. There were beams of joy lighting every face present, betokening the agitated condition of the inner sea of affection and of emotions. But alas none of us knew a single word of the other's language. When we do not understand a fellowman's language everything connected with his person appears strange and peculiar—even the shape of his body. But the human animal has many other ways and means for expressing his feelings and his thoughts—both good and evil—beside the language; and after expressing our deep appreciation of their kindness to come out to meet us, through many infallible signs and tokens, we resumed the journey. They knew that we were tired, cold and hungry, and directed us to a small dwelling which was going to be our future home. After entering the house they bade us goodbye and withdrew—leaving us amid a seething ocean of reflections and counter-reflections.

The first of these reflections was our very long jinriksha ride. The first time we saw a jinriksha was at Singapore, then at Hongkong, Yokohama, Tokyo, Kobe and Osaka. The sensations produced by the short rides we had at these places, were so pleasant, nay enchanting, that we thought on getting into our future home at Nara, we would do nothing but go about riding in jinriksha from morning till late in the evening. But the eight-hour consecutive ride dispersed all these future dreams and set up a reaction against this queer vehicle which has grown daily instead of disappearing. For the first two or three hours, as the new country was unfolding itself before us, the sensa-

tions, I confess, were very pleasant. But suddenly a little sensation of pain, preceded by a whizzing sound in the ears, began vexing the lower extremity of the spinal cord. At first I took it to be merely a consequence of the bent posture of the body, to be restored speedily to its normal condition when the mid-day rest would begin. But the rest could not pacify the agitated member, on the contrary the commotion went up higher and higher, and higher until reaching the head and causing finally the collapse of the whole system. These tragical endings of the prolonged jinriksha rides became ultimately so habitual with me, that whenever I had an appointment to preach at distant places reached only by jinriksha I had to start on the preceding day, otherwise I would be unfit for further work after eight or ten hours of continuous riding.

On such occasions I always remember Dr. Dodwell, a seventeenth century English divine, who maintained that the devil operated on the man's soul always through his spinal marrow, which after the corpse's decomposition turned into a snake. Lord Macaulay in his characteristic manner simply seethes the poor theologian in his pot of mockery and ridicule for maintaining such an absurd idea. How often have I thought, that, had the great historian been a missionary in Japan and traveled for ten hours in a jolting jinriksha to preach at night, and experienced the sensations starting from the spinal base and culminating in the brain, and prostrating the whole human constitution, he would have changed his opinion as to the number of the devious and sinuous ways through which the 'devil operates upon our souls, as well as upon our bodies!

The second vivid reflection was on our life in a Japanese

house. To be ushered suddenly without any preparation into a form of architecture completely different from the one with whose genius and dispositions you are familiar, and with whose personality you have formed association and friendship, the feelings produced are very peculiar. With a living object, human or animal, you always try to find some points of resemblance leading to kinship and social life. But with dead objects the case is very different. Their cold and irresponsible attitude produces despondency. I remember very well the vivid impressions of my first night in a Japanese house when suddenly all the boards, as through a concerted action, were shut up for the night, thus sequestering us from the rest of the world for twelve hours! All this time I felt as if I were living in a coffin, and the next morning when the boards enclosing the whole house were removed for the day and the joyful rays allowed to suffuse the house once more, I felt as if I had just passed through a sort of miniatural resurrection! The opposite emotions of hope and despair followed each other with a speed that cannot be expressed by the human language.

The principal idea of the Japanese architecture is to exclude the rays of the sun out of the house as much as possible. It takes cognizance, nay dreads, the summer heat, but it entirely ignores the winter colds. For this reason they have tall roofs, and projected gables. They are delightful in summer, but make dangerous death-traps during the winter. To their drafty structure must be attributed the prevalence of consumption in Japan. In one of these houses I lived with my family for two years.

The third point for reflection was the question:—"How

far to conform to the national customs and manners of Japan?" Gradually we became acclimatized, so to speak, to many things. But the trouble is, as long as you don't possess a complete mastery over any given situation, so long the scorpion of anxiety will keep stinging the soul. Of course conformity is the sole principle to which you have to bow the knee. But even conformity has certain limits, if transgressed you will suffer mortification. Through prolonged experience and investigation I found out that a slavish conformity—commonly called aping—to the Japanese manners was extremely odious to them. How often have I seen them suppressing their smile of contempt at the sight of a foreigner kneeling down on the bare boards, and putting his forehead on the cold floor to imitate their polite salutation!

Here we come to the subject of the complex etiquette which the people of Japan have brought to perfection through the centuries of evolution, and a missionary's attitude toward it. Stubborn disdain of everything beautiful in their manners should be scrupulously avoided. We should admire the beautiful in everything—even when we cannot reproduce or recreate it according to its recognized laws and rules. Between the haughty disdainfulness and the apish slavishness there is always a *via media* of dignified naturalness, which will carry through every human being even during the most embarrassing of occasions. The moment necessary for the adoption of that middle course depends entirely upon the individual tact. Japanese are extremely tolerant of the mistakes committed through ignorance, or even through extreme necessity; but they are not only keen

in detecting ill-manners, but intensely vindictive in chastizing boorishness with the utmost severity.

The fourth reflection was the difficulty encountered in mastering a few words in order to express to the people our needs and our thoughts. For weeks we could do nothing but talk the sign language—that also very imperfectly. One day my wife entered my study with tears deluging her eyes and said in a tremulous voice:

“You must dismiss the nurse at this very moment. I cannot stand her insults any longer!”

“But what has she done?” asked I rather surprised, as she was very highly recommended to us.

“She has been mimicking me all the time; everything that I tell her she replies ‘He! He! He!’ and nothing else!” said she, still shedding tears most copiously.

I happened to know the meaning of the word “He!” which had so unconsciously embittered the life of the poor helpless stranger, and said:

“Dear, the nurse has surely not insulted you. ‘He!’ has only one meaning—‘all right!’”

To relate all similar incidents another volume would be necessary.

The fifth reflection whose intensity was daily growing upon me, was the loneliness of my situation. To live in a country whose customs and manners, with the exception of the language, agree with yours is, to say the least, very monotonous, if not decidedly unpleasant. But to live all alone in a foreign country whose everything, even the language, is strange and unknown to you, the oppressiveness of the situation becomes absolutely intolerable.

Again, religion as a bond of social union between the races as well as the individuals has been, always, very effective. It expands the horizon of the human vision from the visible and limited into the invisible and eternal. It forces the local with its bewitching, though evanescent coloring, to dissolve itself into the infinity of the universal. But in my new world even this great bond of fellowship was either non-operative, or it was operating in a diversifying and harmful manner. Instead of uniting us to the people it was increasing their suspicion as to our motive and object of settling down in their beautiful city, and spending our money on educating their children. The people suspected and mistrusted me of being a spy in disguise; and I disliked intensely every side glance cast at me—that oblique glance of the Japanese which betokens the existence of a vast sea in furious commotion, and foreboding the impending evil.

These living thoughts disturbed for a long time even my sleep, nay penetrated the thick walls of the sleep, and shaped the world of my dreams. In my waking hours I saw an enemy in every face I met, and in my sleeping hours I still saw the same inimical faces in active opposition. In a city of forty thousand inhabitants there wasn't a single individual to whom I could go for consolation or even for conversation. Association lightens the burden of life; isolation augments its depressing weight. I was depressed for sometime, and the depression became heavier and injurious as the days rolled on!

But gradually I felt, very spontaneously indeed, the upgrowth and the steady advancement of a great multitude of other forces with which the soul is so richly en-

dowed, but of which, alas, very often we make no use. Now, the first and the foremost of these on this particular occasion was, the thought of self-importance. I am afraid many a reader will call this *conceit*. But man has ruined many precious gifts of his Creator by giving them false nicknames. Hitherto I had been a student—a young man kneeling at the feet of an old gentleman—or rather many old gentlemen. But now I was an independent being entrusted by the Church the conversion of nearly two million of human beings—a commission surpassed by none for its importance in shaping the future destiny of mankind. For a human being entrusted with such responsibilities to be perpetually whining because the existence of some imaginary enemies and opponents is the betrayal of the existence of some mental and moral weakness. I thought, and thought very wisely too, that hitherto I had been just like an insignificant spoke in the wheel of somebody, but now I was the whole wheel—nay the whole wagon. I had several teachers under me, several evangelists, several churches, several chapels, and several other things not to be mentioned here. Depression within such a world of duties and hopes means mental imbecility.

Not only the present duties shake off every depressing element, but also the vision of the future fruition makes us hopeful and self reliant. For the development of all these sterling qualities in a young man there is no college equalling the foreign missionary field. I would recommend it unhesitatingly for the training of the young man of independent means. It will ripen his moral courage and strengthen his spiritual understanding, thus equip him

thoroughly for his future struggle in the world. How many young men are ruined for doing nothing. Here is a place for converting every weakling into a hero!

Here I have to go back again to the depiction of the category of the things which produced in us a depressed spirit. I have reserved this to be the last one described, because I have never been able, even to the present moment, to conquer it. The others I have—some completely, some partially. This is the utter inadequacy of the means in my hand to wage a successful warfare against the tremendous forces of heathenism with which I have been always surrounded.

The city of Nara had been formerly the capital of the Empire. In fact it had been the mother of the ancient civilization of Japan. It had given her the present Imperial dynasty. It had been the cradle of everything noble as well as stable in the whole history of the country. Here in this limited spot had been born and brought to maturity its literature, its multiform art, its religious institutions, its manners and in short everything in connection with its advanced life. It is true that since the removal of the seat of government to Kyoto more than a thousand years ago, its progress and prosperity have not only been arrested, but, it has reached almost the verge of ruin. Nevertheless the very ruins of its ancient glory and magnificence transcended anything which I could bring out in comparison before the eyes of a people nearly crazy with a desire to compare their own spiritual culture with that of the West in order to make a final decision. In a country where outward pomp is still considered the greatest factor in the ultimate success

of every religious conflict, the prospect on every side, to say the least, was not very promising.

In a future chapter I shall deal with Nara's temples and other religious edifices as influencing the spiritual as well as intellectual life of the people. Here my object in referring to them is to show how after a millenium of decay still the religious life of Nara, during the latter part of the nineteenth century, in the matter of edifices presented such an overmastering spectacle that any idea of competition on my part would be absolutely ridiculous. Those superb monuments whether in glyptic arts, or sculpture, or architecture, or the ecclesiastical hierarchy and ritual with which I was surrounded created in my soul a feeling of awe—not unmixed with respect. Hardly I could turn a corner without being confronted with a Buddhist temple or Shinto shrine, showing the infallible signs of great religious activity. Even the hills and mountains surrounding the town were covered with monasteries and convents crowded with men and women withdrawn from the world in order to contemplate over its vanity, and the vanity of everything visible—themselves not excepted.

The old town itself showed very little signs of activity. Hardly any business worth mentioning. Hardly any outside commerce. Every form of existence and life seemed to me to be whirling round the figure of the great Buddha cast in bronze and set in the most awe-inspiring sacred edifice in Japan—perhaps in the world. This city with its great statue has always typified to me the eternal vortex of the Buddhist Nirvana towards which, according to its philosophy, the whole creation is grad-

ually, but inevitably moving. Whether such a finality is possible or not to the whole universe is a subject too vast to be discussed here. But the realistic picture of this panorama of Infinity as represented in the town of Nara was something so seizing and impressing that years of absence have not been able to efface.

The optical vision I found supplemented by a harmonious and wild awakening of the power of hearing. The slow and sonorous sound of the great bells coming in measured steps after ten o'clock in the evening proclaimed in a language which no one could mistake or misunderstand, the approaching leap into Eternity. Only once in all my life have I heard something like it in the Occident. The late Mr. Sankey once sang alone a hymn whose every stanza ended with that awe-striking word—Eternity. His deep and resonant voice in reiterating the word three times after a little pause, produced a sort of chill in his hearers. At first their sombre and piercing noise kept up during the whole night and lost only in the hustling of an awakened creation next morning was something utterly unbearable to me. It seemed and sounded as a summons to the Last Judgment. But gradually I came to like it as typifying the eternal vigil necessary for us human beings while passing through a world of darkness and uncertainty.

This picture of the city of Nara may look a little ideal, or rather mystical, to every reader who has never visited it, or visited it only for a little while as a tourist. However, the picture, in my opinion, is very faithful if considered more carefully. We shall touch this point again.

In this world of temples and shrines, of arts and of

ideas each with a history of more than a thousand years, and some mounting to the remotest history of this proud and progressive nation, our two-hundred-dollar church building appeared such a ridiculously small affair that a feeling of involuntary shame always crept into my bosom whenever passing in front of it. It gave also the people the impression of the instability of our work. They argued, and argued constantly and very rationally I think, that, if we intended to do a permanent work amongst them we should put up buildings commanding respect. Of course for centuries to come Japanese Christianity cannot put up anything by way of architecture to rival Buddhism. Indeed such a spirit of rivalry should be suppressed at once. Nevertheless, in order to uphold the dignity of our sacred religion our sacred edifices and other places of worship, should be in a far better style than they are at present.

Here I have to go back again to the oft used, nay abused word—"Depression." This panoramic picture of the great Asiatic religion concentrated in a realistic and too vivid form in a few acres of ground, was, to say the least, very oppressive to me. The more I reflected upon it, the more its terror seized me. I felt just like a bird in a cage. Still I kept reflecting until there was no more space left for reflection. I had reached its border land, and the next step took me into the realms of labor. God always opens our eyes to see that "they that be with us, are more than they that be with them." But very often He opens them gradually, very slowly; hence a large majority of our terrible blunders. We grasp often at the reality as if it was a new thing, while it was as old as the creation, and *vice versa*.

I confess the first idea which brought me a little light and afforded me courage and hope, was based totally upon an extremely erroneous and weak foundation, therefore I suffered great mortification for the mistake. It happened in this manner. I had read and heard, and seen also to a very limited extent, that Buddhism in Japan was in a decadent state. That its hierarchy was corrupt and immoral, and that no one had any confidence in their person, or respect for their office. That the people, especially the young people, craved for Christianity and for every article and thing coming from the West. These impressions half-acquired and half-conceived by myself, misled me to belittle the influence of the religion of Buddha upon the masses.

The first evidence of the fact that I was grievously mistaken in my calculations and deductions occurred to me in a very peculiar way. In the city of Ueno, the capital of the little province of Iga nestling in the mountains, a Christian public meeting had been advertised. Our work in the town had just been opened, and there was no other Christian body there at that time. The principal speaker was a native of the province, and a man of some celebrity. As the Japanese are always proud of their local hero, we were anticipating a very large audience, and abundant good fruits. As the speaker came forward there was a faint applause, which rather surprised us. He bowed politely, though I thought in a rather pompous manner, and gave out his theme: "Nippon—No Shorai—No Shukyo,(The future Religion of Japan)." Hardly had he finished his last word when up jumped crowds of young men sitting in the galleries and

shouted: "Bukkyo-de aru—Baka! Bukkyo-de aru—Baka!" (It is Buddhism! You fool! It is Buddhism! You fool!) He went on boldly—gloriously—like a man nearly engulfed in the foam of a raging sea, still sticking undauntingly and pushing toward the goal. He appealed to their rational element, to their reasoning powers—all in vain! In an emotion swayed—swept would be a more appropriate word—crowd, it is worse than useless to appeal to man's reasoning faculty. He finished his well-digested speech amid tumult and uproar, and nearly fell exhausted by my side.

This incident was a great surprise to me, as the youth of every country is the most progressive element of its population. I had been assured that the young man of Japan was the most accessible to the influence of Christianity. Of course in this particular case this was not true, and it was extremely disappointing.

I was the next speaker. Tremblingly I got up and announced my subject: "Kristo-kyo-no Mokuteki." (the Aim of Christianity). Then I proceeded making the most self-abusing apology ever made in my varied life, for my inability to speak their language fluently. Confusion and excitement at the unsuspected hostile attitude of the young men had considerably unnerved me, and I repeated the apology more than once. Then several voices from the different parts of the theatre began shouting:

"Zeigen suru nakare! Zeigen suru nakare!"

The Chinese word "Zeigen" was new to me and I thought it meant "Shut up!" "Shut up!" therefore the more I repeated my humble apology. Finally the

whole audience lost all patience with me, and everybody present began yelling at me:

"Zeigen suru nakare! Zeigen suru nakare! Zeigen suru nakare!"

Then I bent over the shoulder of one of the Christians on the platform, and asked him what is the meaning of "Zeigen?"

He replied: "they say don't *repeat* yourself too often. It is quite evident that you can't speak Japanese well!"

This was a great relief to me and I went direct to my subject without any more apology. I was very cautious not to say aught that would hurt their feelings needlessly, and tried to unfold those sublime doctrines of Christianity which envelope heaven and earth and everything therein. They listened quietly, but very sullenly. Once or twice the younger element tried to make a disturbance by mimicking my Japanese pronunciation; but the older and more sober element rebuked and silenced them. I went on for nearly twenty minutes, then suddenly something slipped out of my mouth, which I do not remember at present, and the whole audience, about four hundred people, rose up as in a preconcerted action and left the theatre. This was the most summary way of drawing down the curtain and closing the drama.

But this incidental drama so abruptly closed taught me a lesson needed by every missionary going to the Far East. It taught me the important lesson that Buddhism was not only not dead, but that it was very much alive. Furthermore, it indicated the possibility of strengthening itself with the advent of Christianity rather than the contrary. This surmise inspired by the above inci-

dent nearly a quarter of a century ago, today is a plain truth that no one can gainsay. The hope of Christianity supplanting Buddhism in Japan within the first century of the opening of the different missions is no longer entertained by any sane man or woman. Thank God for this, Christendom has to work a little harder for the conversion of Japan and of the world.

It is true that this new Buddhist activity leading to its gradual regeneration in Japan is advanced considerably with political and patriotic considerations, the spiritual gloss covering it is frail and feeble; still, at its basis the movement is religious and if successful the spirit of religion will, undoubtedly reassert itself at the end.

There is another consideration which cannot be ignored here. From the very beginning of their history to the present day, the Japanese have made their religion a power of their patriotism and of the national administration and politics—thus giving it a more concrete form. A religion divorced from all mundane considerations and connections by which we are daily surrounded and influenced, has very little prospect of appealing to their sense of utility, and especially to the strong feeling of patriotism. Shintoism, their ancestral religion, has taught them that the Heavens are only a continuation of Japan, and united to it by a long bridge—that the Gods ruling Japan are of the same family as those ruling the celestial regions. And finally, that, if there was any difference between Japan and Heaven as a place of habitation, the former was far more desirable than the latter. This deeply ingrained idea the religious creeds introduced into the Empire afterwards could not elim-

inate, and from the earliest days they were forced to adopt it in its entirety. Even Buddhism, that religion of universal nothingness, had to bow the knee to it, and acknowledge the Emperor as the supreme national god!

Since its adoption the religion of Sidharta has never ceased utilizing it in a myriad of ways, and particularly so since the advent of Christianity. And this complete fusion of the spiritual and the temporal in the, to the Japanese, divine person of the living Emperor, gives unity to every national and individual action, witnessed nowhere in the annals of the world at the present moment. It shows to the world at large that every manifestation of national activity is inspired and permeated by the deepest spiritual forces shaping our destiny here and hereafter. Thus religion becomes synonymous with patriotism, and patriotism identical with religion; and the spiritual forces of the nation in their divers manifestations are not divided nor dissipated. Japan was built upon this doctrine, though during the early years of the Meiji era when the current of introducing Western ideas was too strong, her understanding became momentarily bedimmed on this very important subject.

It was on this ground also that the Japanese Government of the seventeenth century rejected Christianity, because by its adoption the center of the nation's religious life would be shifted from Kyoto to Rome, and from the Emperor to the Pope. Its acceptance today also depends mainly on the above points put in a different shape.

From the very beginning of my missionary life in



MISSIONARIES AND JAPANESE PASTORS OF KYOTO

Japan I have perceived that a Christianity acceptable to the Japanese had to assure them, in the first place, that in no manner whatsoever it would think or act injuriously to the spiritual as well as the political independence of the Empire. Nay, more, it has to convince and assure them that in discarding their old beliefs and adopting it, there would accrue to the national credit a great gain, not only in the next world, but also here in the present one. The old legends of both geographical and theological connection of these beautiful Islands with the celestial regions, have been the main cause of the conception of the spiritual life of man even in this world, in an anthropomorphical, though universal, manner. The same idea was not only prevalent, but in fact it constituted the immovable basis of the ancient religion of Egypt. It is an inner revelation of the soul, logical and advantageous.

This process of reasoning I considered not only extremely logical but also very beneficial both to the people and to me. In the first place it opened my eyes to the wholesome necessity of being cautious not to say or do aught that would intensify their suspicion toward the object of my presence among them, nullifying thereby the effects of my labor and toil. In the second place it taught me the very important lesson of uniting Christianity with our terrestrial life also, instead of confining it totally and irretrievably within the realms invisible. If the sleepy Buddhism, or Confucianism, or Shintoism with their narrow doctrines and tenets could adapt themselves and conform with the real welfare of a great nation in its independent progress and prosperity in this world,

why should not, I asked myself, Christianity also with its infinite broadness and love of freedom and liberty be placed before them in such a way as to produce immediate conviction that its adoption would conduce to a universal progress—spiritual as well as material? For this very reason my conception and views of religion and of a religious life were, I confess, greatly changed and broadened. Gradually I came to accept the Japanese view of Heaven—that it began from earth. Or rather that it included everything—our earth not excepted. In this way of thinking about heaven there was no mixture of Anthropomorphism at all, like that of the Japanese. Nor was it governed by skepticism professed by a class of people who believe that the Earth is the first and the last Heaven which they shall ever see. But I came to think that Christianity was promulgated to give real and unalloyed joy here in this world, just as it would do in the next one. Once convinced of the truth of this philosophy I preached and still preach continually the doctrine that the salvation of Jesus Christ would impart not only heavenly blessings in an abundant manner to Japanese and to their country in the next world; but it would grant them also earthly advantages and benefits that no other religion or philosophy could. I urged them to investigate and test these truths. I assured them that a real Christian was the highest development of the visible universe.

There are two ways of presenting Christianity to the non-Christian world. Either as a purgative medicine intended exclusively to expel sin out of the human system; or as a nourishing food strengthening the whole

system and preparing if for the future responsibilities and struggles. I am afraid Christianity has been presented too much like a patent medicine against sin and all other spiritual ills. This is a certain phase of every religion. But only a transitory phase. No religion which makes it its only phase and its sole life can survive long without falling into a depressing pessimism, worse even than that of Schopenhauer. I am afraid there is too much in the world's Christian missions of today this medicinal view of Christianity in its promulgation, than its transcendent dietetical value. We harp too much on sin and kindred subjects, ignoring the fact that God's grace is eternally overflowing the whole universe even where sin is found in abundance.

Through such a broad conception of the salvation of Christ I succeeded slowly in dissipating many of the former prejudices, and even hatred entertained by the people of Nara against every foreigner, and also against the religion of Christ.

It is the genius of the Japanese race not to risk anything to chance. About this I have spoken in a former chapter, therefore, I will just touch it here. When I went to Nara I knew that I was suspected of being a spy in disguise. As a general rule imaginative races are very suspicious, and in both these qualities the civilized nations of Asia are far ahead of those of Europe and America. Some of their theories about my motives and actions were so original and unique that absolutely surprised me. How they could weave such a fine stuff out of nothing, it has still remained a mystery to me. Every once in a while a detective would drop in and talk about

everything in the world imaginable, with the exception of the object in view, and depart. From the very beginning of my missionary career in Japan I determined to be a man of no secrets at all. It is the happiest state in the world! It took some time for the Japanese government to find out this—and once found out I have never been molested ever since. It happened in this manner.

A rag picker bent with age and infirmity used to visit my yard very frequently to pick up bits of waste paper and other allied articles. His bent frame and feeble constitution appealed to my sympathy, and I told every member of the family to be kind and indulgent with the old man, even if he was or rather appeared to be, intrusive sometimes. Gradually he became very friendly with us, and would sit down and tell us stories of his early manhood. For some time his visits became very scarce and finally totally stopped. I asked the servants if the old man was dead. They only giggled in the Japanese fashion and said nothing. I suspected something and insisted on knowing the truth. At last one of them mustering courage said:

“The old man is a detective and not a rag picker. And on his last visit told us that he could assure the Seifu (Government) that you were a real missionary (Senkyoshi) and not a spy (Tantei).”

Having now convinced the people that I was not a spy but a real missionary, the next step was how to come in contact with the leading citizens of the town; associate with them, enter into their social life, and make friends with them. From the very first of my residence amongst them I pulled down every partition wall between

us, and trampled upon it. In doing this I committed several blunders which even now when remembered arouse my own laughter against myself which, by the way, is the most enjoyable of all species of laughter! Of course the attempt proved a dismal failure. I made several warm friends even amongst non-Christians: nevertheless, the differences of our manners and habits rendered any close approachment between us an impossibility. I went at first to some of their public functions, but gradually it dawned upon me that I was not really wanted there, and that my presence was very embarrassing to the guests present. The following will illuminate the situation:

Once I attended the opening of a private hospital, whose superintendent was my family physician. He was a graduate of the Imperial University of Tokyo and a great admirer of foreign manners and things—at least he said so. He urged me to go, and I accepted his invitation. The meeting was held in a large hall of the leading hotel in the town. As soon as I entered the hall a large number of the guests stared at me with a look of surprise. Some of these knew me very well, and all came one by one, according to the Japanese etiquette and saluted me as soon as I was seated in a high place specially prepared for me. During the first stage many impromptu theatrical performances, for which the Japanese are the most adept people of the world, were produced. I enjoyed this part of the meeting immensely, and gave to the guests present—who were watching intently every facial movement I was making—the infallible proof that I was genuinely pleased with it. This part over then came

a sumptuous dinner—the Japanese dinner without rice, and each dish brought separately. It was the most delicious meal I have ever eaten in Japan.

This over then came the third and the last stage of the function, which is also the longest and the most important of all—to a Japanese. This was the stage of the *Geisha* and of *O Sake* (Japanese liquor), which begins at ten o'clock and extends till midnight according to the civil law, but according to the social law until there is no more power of imbibing left in the guest! It is absolutely impossible to give a faithful picture of the Japanese when they abandon themselves to the license of pleasure. Even in their orgies they can beat the world as they can do it in war. On such occasions there is no moral restraint left at all. The very last tinge of shame and of decency is consumed to ashes in the furnace of the body heated seven-fold by the strong drink.

I could see that my presence was spoiling their “nice time.” I called the superintendent and explained to him the situation and withdrew. After that I never went to such places.

I found that neither their visit to my house afforded them real pleasure. Many would accept my invitations to dinner but there was no real enjoyment of the occasion. The whole affair seemed a depressing formality to be brought to an end as speedily as possible.

In a former chapter I have spoken on the readiness of the Japanese to form pleasant intercourse on every occasion possible when they meet a foreigner. Their conduct on this point is quite different from the rest of the advanced Asiatic nations. Notwithstanding all

this, still I doubt if a *brotherly friendship* between a Japanese and a foreigner has ever been formed. If it has then, it is because either the Japanese has become a Christian, or the Christian a pagan—and a Christian pagan is the shabbiest tramp in the universe.

With the Christian element the case was quite different. From the very beginning I made them to understand and believe that my house for everything—social or spiritual—was the center, and wherein everybody would find a warm welcome. Perfect harmony and brotherly love existed between us to the last. I loved them and they respected me. After eight years of our ideal life spent in the city of Nara when leaving it with my family there was no Christian that did not shed tears at the station when separating from each other forever. It was an impressive hour!

The leaven of Christianity certainly is affecting the whole nation both directly and indirectly. Japanese are an intelligent and sober people, and when they have seen that the practices like those described above, when the whole personality is completely abandoned to inebriety and coarse sensual pleasures, are no longer tenable—or rather allowable—in an advanced society during this twentieth century of the Christian era, they will, without the slightest doubt abandon them at once. But as long as these things are not dead and buried Japan will suffer mortification. For it is inconceivable a person born and brought up in a Christian family and atmosphere, form close and intimate friendship with a non-Christian Japanese.

These words are not penned from any ill-feeling toward

the people of Japan. A human being who has given all his life to the spiritual elevation of a nation, and who has brought up a large number of young men who are the glory and pride of their country, as the author of this book has, might be permitted to say a few hard things against some old customs—which even intelligent Japanese themselves are ashamed of, and do not like any foreigner to witness them—without exposing himself to the accusation of being anti-Japanese.

Both these two matters—the persistent opposition of Buddhism to Christianity and its undying vitality on the one hand, and my utter inability to influence the people in a social way on the other, were the two lessons which I learned gradually and not without considerable mortification and trouble. In both cases I got many humiliating defeats whose memory even today fills my soul with anguish and pain. Despite this continual pain still I esteem the experience acquired worth the price paid. The whole history of the world's civilization is a history of progress through errors and mistakes. Why then should the history of any individual be radically different from that of the whole species in its focused totality? I think mankind individually are too much afraid of errors and mistakes. But even those intuitive truths which suddenly burst out with an overpowering effulgence and illuminate the pathway of humanity, burst out of the dark clouds of errors and are not the rays of an eternal and infinite sun of knowledge and of understanding indwelling in man.

During all my earthly life, through an inscrutable divine providence, I have been thrown upon myself. When

a child of seven years, during an interval of twenty-eight days God took away both of my parents—thus leaving me to depend upon Him and upon myself altogether, and upon no one else. When a mere child I created a world of my own. A world, it is true, full of images and dreams, and no realities. Still it was a world whose childish dreams and images were converted into realities one by one—later on. In my new position also I was left alone, but I conceived it an imperative divine command to repeat and reproduce what I had accomplished in my early youth—but on a vaster field of labor.

From the very methods in which God has trained me up, I have contracted the habit of not interfering with any fellowman's life-work, nor tolerating interference in mine—unless, of course, when something is morally wrong, when God Himself will surely interfere to judge and to punish. To turn ourselves into heroes is accomplished through one way only—by turning others into heroes! A hero maker is the only real hero!

CHAPTER V

The Years of Toil—Tilling and Sowing

WHEN I went to Nara the work there and in several other out stations in the province of Yamato, and elsewhere, had been commenced by some hard-working and faithful brother-missionaries, but hitherto no foreign missionary had ever lived in the town. During the following two years, which I devoted to the study of the Japanese language, and to the organizing and upbuilding of the school—of which I shall speak in a future chapter—the pastoral care of all the work in the province was still undertaken by the original founders, who visited every station regularly once a month from the city of Osaka. I helped these brethren both directly and indirectly as much as I could.

I tried from the very beginning of my missionary life to make myself acquainted with the geography of the province, with its principal towns and villages, with its history and the history of its famous places (Meisho), with its famous buildings, with its famous products (Meibutsu), with its ancient myths and traditions, in short, with everything interesting in connection with my future field of labor.

As I have said already the province of Yamato is the oldest province of Japan. It has given to the Empire

its everlasting Imperial Dynasty. It has been the birth-place of its national existence, and the cradle of its civilization. Everything—historical or mythical—traces its origin back to some place in Yamato. Indeed the very name "Yamato" has become synonymous with Japan. It is the fountainhead out of which has sprung and flowed every creative idea, and all the genetic concepts in the history of this remarkably interesting nation. In the domain of religious movements Yamato has been the mother of Shintoism, and the cradle of Buddhism and Confucianism. Other provinces have created only sects.

Nara, the oldest capital of Japan—with whose history the reader of these pages must have formed some sort of acquaintance already—from its very foundations has been the mother of the fine arts for which Japan has been, and is still so famous all over the world. In architecture also no town in Japan equals it to the present day. It unites together harmoniously majesty and austerity—two distinct qualities very seldom joined together in a happy and pleasing manner. The architectural ideas of Kyoto, or of Tokyo, or of Nikko, or of the Koya monastery, represent a later period, during which luxury had usurped the place of austerity, and an over-sumptuous decorative art had driven away the elevating simplicity of a primitive aestheticism. This process of obscuring the real art through a multitude of accessories is seen working all over Japan of the post Nara period. Therefore, during the Nara era alone the spirit of Japan and of the Japanese nation realized in the highest form conceivable, the inner cravings of the soul after the high-

est and most spiritual forms of the beautiful attainable here on earth. Thus the word "Nara" at present conveys to every educated Japanese the idea of grandeur and of simplicity in every department of art. Even a superficial and hasty comparison of its ancient art-productions with those of Kyoto and of Tokyo, will convince any true lover of the arts, of its infinite superiority over the other two capitals.

What we have said about art and architecture is equally true also relative to Japan's literature and poetry. This is characterized by two qualities very seldom found together—innocence and virility. Here we observe the beauty of the early childhood of a nation united to legitimate aspirations of its mature manhood. In the Kyoto literature and poetry we see a gradual departure from the austere, therefore, grand ideals inspiring the Nara period. For these and many other kindred reasons, I consider Nara, as a town, the most inspiring locality and spot in Japan. More of this later.

But, alas, the very causes operating to make Nara ideally grand as a mother of culture, of refinement and of everything noble and desirable, have conspired, so to speak, to make its present day population lazy, self-indulgent, ultra-conservative and the least aggressive and progressive in all Japan! It is a common saying among the Japanese themselves that "the people of Osaka degenerate because eating too much, those of Kyoto because dressing too expensively, and those of Nara because sleeping too long!" It is a curious nemesis ordained by the blind fates to be tortured through the very means which make us great, or offer us unalloyed joy. The

very temples and shrines which in the days of yore made Nara famous in becoming the fountain-head of knowledge of learning, and of inspiration to the whole people of Japan, have become today the instruments of degrading them industrially as well as morally. "The keepers of brothels and the houses of ill-fame at the city of Nara," told the present writer a very highly educated resident, "do not care very much for the pilgrims, because they never spend their money in those places; and if they do they spend only an insignificant fraction of it. But the pilgrims' money reaches ultimately these places through the young priests. Hence their anxiety to draw as many pilgrims as possible to the city."

The same poisonous effect was observable wherever a historic temple, or a famous shrine, or a celebrated scenery (Meisho), exists in the province of Yamato. The people had grown immoral, lazy, and unprogressive. Their sole aim and ambition was to build some more houses of ill-fame (Joroya, or Chaya), or to make some more artificial scenery in order to attract a few more guests and pilgrims.

One of the greatest of the future dangers of Japan is the expansion of this new kind of the "Yamato Damashii" over the whole country. The former "Spirit of Yamato" meant patriotism, the sacrifice of the self for the independence and welfare of the country. It was a noble impulse creating constantly new ideals for the guidance of the people. But the modern "Spirit of Yamato" is the spirit of license which is striving to make of the beautiful Japan a pleasure-ground of the world.

We have sufficient reasons to believe that the ever-awake government of Japan is aware of the lurking danger and is resolved to prevent the evil from becoming universal. All her recent actions indicate that way; and every decency-loving human being should encourage and praise her for her wisdom. Japan is a beautiful country, both her land and marine scapes have no equals in the world, therefore it would be the greatest calamity imaginable to let them become the main cause of the moral degradation of the nation.

The work at Nara and the surrounding country was begun, as stated already, by other missionaries. It had made wonderful progress during the decade prior to my arrival in Japan. At one time the conversion of the whole nation within a few years was considered not only a possibility, but a probability. The whole missionary body was awaiting anxiously the arrival of this auspicious moment. It was the time when the whole nation was literally crazy for foreign ideas, foreign manners, and also foreign religions. The most magnificent works of art were burned and destroyed as no longer necessary. During my first year of residence at Nara nearly all the leading men of a neighboring town were baptized and a strong Christian church organized. Thus the whole of Christendom was chanting: "A nation in a day."

Then came the year of Grace 1890, and with it the promulgation of the new Constitution, the election of members to the first National Diet, the formation of new political parties, the study of the Western parliamentary laws and statutes, and the ushering of a new political era. The novelty of the situation and the intense

excitement attendant upon all similar occasions, suited the martial tastes of the Japanese people far more than the induction into a new religious body where peace and humility were the qualities emphasized the most. I have often thought that if at this juncture of events a persecution of the native Christians had been started, similar to that of the seventeenth century, it would have strengthened our churches greatly at this critical moment. For nature has always been a salve of excitement. It suits it better than calm contemplation. It stirs up to the very bottom of the soul everything present, clean or muddy—as a general rule muddy. However, this process of psychological irritation whatever its unhealthy results at first, it brings up later on a clearer understanding of every phase of life whether subjective or objective. But no persecution of any sort happened; instead a cold and universal indifference reigned everywhere—and this was worse than persecution.

The whole province of Yamato had been practically left to our mission; and several new churches had been organized, and done commendable aggressive Christian work. Just at this critical moment, when the political excitement was at the tapis, and the reaction against everything foreign whirling gradually toward the other extremity, and leaving our churches empty, the whole work, that is, evangelistic and pastoral, was passed over to me. Hitherto my work for two years had been studying the Japanese language and reorganizing the school, but now the care of nearly a dozen churches and missions was added upon them, that also in such a spiritually

discouraging juncture of events. Quite naturally a young man of very limited experience, and a superficial knowledge of the language can do very little during a national crisis of such a magnitude and velocity sweeping over the whole country. And the worst aspect of the situation was that the comparisons between my predecessors and me for ability, for spirituality, and for learning were all against me, and the people never ceased making these comparisons, and attributing the sudden shrinkage in the membership to my lack of ability, of experience and of everything imaginable under the sun. I used to receive anonymous letters denouncing me and advising me to leave the care of the churches for which I possessed no gift at all, and go back to my teaching in the school for which I had manifested "a little" talent. These epistles were very annoying, still, showed that there was a remnant anxious to see the mission work progressing in a satisfactory manner. This was very encouraging to me indeed!

I tried to do my best to stem the outrushing tide for a little while, but every effort availed nothing—it seemed like casting a couple of bricks to stop the Niagara Falls! Christians who had performed pastoral duties and other missionary labor for the sake of the Master and had become, humanly speaking, the immovable pillars of our churches, abandoned them and precipitated themselves with redoubled zeal and zest into the political vortex which was engulfing the whole of Japan at this moment. To talk to these people about religion, about spiritual life, or about their former good and the present bad example to the advancement of Christianity was the

veriest nonsense;—"like shouting the name of Buddha in the ears of a horse," according to a common saying of their own. They would smile and say: "I confess what you say it is true, but past is past and in the new state of things a new attitude is obligatory!" Who can destroy the force of this naive logic? I could not.

The churches suffered not only from depletion through the exodus of a large percentage of the membership, but also from the bad example of these self-exiled Christians upon the non-Christian communities. In order to efface all their Christian antecedents and gain votes from the people, these members out-heroded Herod in sensuality and animalism. They kept concubines, they drank to excessiveness and did things which we cannot record here. "If this was the finality of the most important members of the Christian church," of course reasoned the non-Christian, "conversion to the new religion was the most undesirable thing imaginable." And we could make no converts!

There was another bad effect ensuing from this state of things and influencing the people adversely against us. They all thought their original surmise in regard to the political nature of the Christian missions was realized now. The party called Jyuto (liberal) was considered as representing our interests, because one of the first members elected to the Diet was a prominent member of our church. When for the first time I visited this gentleman's town after the election, there was no one in the church with the exception of the native Evangelist. Formerly the building used to be crowded to suffocation. I could not help shedding tears. But this was not all.

Still the people believed that I was in collusion with the Liberal Party and its representative in the province, "How much money have you brought for the Juyto of this town?" was the first question asked me by the hotel proprietor after my return from the above described meeting in which I had shed copious tears for the sudden desolation of the labor of years. The most emphatic denial that I had brought no money was received by a violent "Naruhodo!" (Indeed!) and presently supplemented by "Are wa uso daro!" (Isn't that a lie!)

I could plainly perceive that the virgin soil of heathenism was far more propitious than a soil in which the seed had germinated at once, but scorched by the hot winds of adversity. I made up my mind very soon that the work had to be done anew and in a different manner. And here lies the great secret of Christianity and its power of self-perpetuation—it has constantly to begin anew, and go ahead.

The first step toward a new plan of work was the sending of letters to several prominent personages in the province asking for "suggestions" as to the best methods for the elevation of the people—mentally and spiritually. I promised to do my best in bringing their suggestions to a speedy realization. I promised that I would ignore nothing, nor would I betray the confidence reposed in me. The invitation, as it will be seen, is very broad in its scope, therefore it prompted many people to send me their "suggestions"—and these covered an immense field of labor. Some suggested the building of factories, others the starting of political newspapers conducted on Christian principles, others the organizing of a great

Christian political party, others the translation of Christian literature, others the opening of hospitals and orphanages, others the sending of a large number of promising young men to America to be educated and Christianized there, others the creation of new Christian colonies in the sparsely settled provinces of the North, others of establishing night schools in every town and village, others the building of the greatest Christian university in Japan, others the bringing of the most celebrated orators from America and Europe to preach the gospel, others to open Christian shops and stores all over the country, others—well, there was absolutely no end of “suggestions,” and every one of them quite rational, some of them, indeed, unique.

This acted like the removal of a thick curtain between the people and me, showing for the first time the mind of Japan in a naked state: What a struggle and commotion of an infinity of ideas and ideals craving and striving for self-realization! It should be observed here, that, not a single one of these ideas was illogical or visionary. Necessity is often converted into absurdity when the means at our disposal are insignificant or insufficient. Had I the means I would have tried, assuredly, to satisfy to the fullest extent the wishes of every one of my correspondents, because every point suggested was practical. But, alas, how helpless we are when left alone in a great national crisis!

Good many of these I tried to accomplish according to the means in my power and possession, and in order to do the work most systematically I grouped it under the following principal heads; (1) Evangelistic, (2) Educa-

tional, and (3) Philanthropic. Other points—political financial, etc.—I omitted as beyond my means and my mission. I got some trouble for this omission, which I shall try to relate in a future chapter. But the above was an outlinear map of my future activities within the limits of my extensive field.

Preaching is, assuredly, the first and the best of means for propagating the new tidings of the salvation of Christ. Its effect is instantaneous, while all the other means are more or less, slow. Yet we are living in an age whose possibilities for developing new forms of life—organic and spiritual—are so multifarious that it would be extremely unwise for a missionary, especially working in Japan, to ignore or neglect any of the lawful means which God has placed in his hands.

From the very beginning of my labors preaching was carried on in three different ways: (1) In churches and chapels prepared for this very purpose, (2) In rented public halls and theatres, and (3) In the private houses—by invitation mostly. The third form—in private houses and by invitation—I shall try to describe first, as it was the most peculiar and did not last very long.

Previously I have stated that before my arrival at the city of Nara some missionaries from Osaka had opened many stations in the principal towns of Yamato; but none of them had ever been a resident there. Therefore a large number of villages scattered all over knew nothing about Christianity, except that it was a very dangerous creed imported from the West, and forbidden by the Government—both feudal and Imperial. These country people had just been told that the edict prohibiting the

religion of Christ was officially withdrawn, and its study, or even acceptance tolerated. Of course they wanted to know something about it. Furthermore, as I spoke in English, and a Japanese interpreted it, this was considered extremely *Omoshiroi* (curious), and worth hearing. Invitations came from all over the province, and none was refused.

These meetings almost exclusively were held in the houses of the leading citizens of the place—thus insuring us absolute security from all disturbance and molestations from the rougher element of the audience. The people on such occasions were invariably quiet and attentive with the single exception of one memorable occasion, which I have reserved for a future chapter. These meetings always began very late in the evening—thus giving the peasantry ample time for their supper. The speakers were expected to take their meals with the host, and the Oriental hospitality strove always to transcend itself. A profusion of dishes, which I had never seen before, and whose acquaintance I was not over-anxious to make, were brought in with the greatest ceremony imaginable.

In passing just one word as to the Japanese cooking. The whole dietary system in Japan is absolutely unique—having no affinity or resemblance to any other system in the history of the world. Long ages of usage and heredity have accustomed their intestines to its reception, otherwise it is impossible to conceive how a nation can grow to such a wonderful magnitude with such a system of food! Whenever the critical moment arrived in which I had to choose between hurting the feelings of my host

or of my constitution, without any hesitation I chose the latter.

Whenever the village was too far from the town, or the hour too late, I spent the night under the roof of my kind host. I never lost a moment's sleep from the unhealthy thought of being harmed while in the land of dreams.

On entering the man's house I tried, through every manner possible, to convince him that there was no cause for suspicion because of my presence, and that my mission was purely spiritual and nothing else. I made myself "at home." Played with the children, told them amusing stories in my broken Japanese and patted them on the back. I told their mother that she had very pretty children indeed—a remark which elated her up to the seventh Heaven. Maternity is the triumph of womanhood, and when beauty is connected with the fruit victory becomes transcendent. It is here also that man takes a second position whatever his physical or mental superiority. And here I must make this confession. Whereas the standard of aestheticism in the different stages of humanity is made of a very elastic stuff, I hope I never trespassed the boundaries of veracity on such occasions to please my hostess.

When the hour arrived, the meeting was opened in prayer and reading a passage from the scripture—as a general rule from the New Testament. They wanted us not to curtail or abridge aught on their behalf, as they were anxious to see a full Christian service. Singing was the most interesting part to them. I think they would have enjoyed the occasion the more had we chanted

our sermons also. The topics chosen were, as a matter of necessity, the most simple possible—meanwhile touching on the most fundamental principles of Christianity and of the religious consciousness of man. The fatherhood of God, the redemption of mankind through Jesus Christ, the gradual realization of the universal brotherhood of man through the person of the Redeemer, the need of a moral personal life, and all kindred subjects. Rapt silence would reign everywhere, broken occasionally by the suppressed giggling of the young folks present. Japanese, as stated already, are a mirth-loving race, and it is extremely hard for them to control their risible impulses when brought face to face with aught awkward or grotesque. But the host would not tolerate interruption of any sort, even the *Shitsumon* (questions) were sternly suppressed—being left to the end of the meeting. In face of such unlimited hospitality and kindness, it would be sheer boorishness on our part to say aught, even remotely, offensive in connection with their habits, manners or religion. There was a total absence of any eruption of the splenetic temperament on either side. Indeed the best way to make the cardinal truths of Christianity efficacious in an unchristian heart is to state them in a bold and unadorned language, leaving their application to the individual hearer. Therefore after the service I never referred to it, but tried to introduce secular topics for our conversation. But they would insist on asking me “questions,” and this would open the second stage of my mission to the village. These meetings would extend sometimes till very late after midnight, as no one would leave us to go to bed until

his "question" was answered—and answered in a satisfactory manner.

One would ask me: "Is your *Kami Sama* (Lord God) something like our O Hotoki Sama (Lord Buddha)?"

But before the poor fellow had finished his last word, a chorus of angry voices would be shouting at him: *Chigawu! Chigawu!* (He is not! He is not!)

Taken aback at first, then he would muster courage and angrily shout:

"*Chigawu! Chigawu! Sonnara don na mono desho Ka?* (He isn't! He isn't! then what is he?)"

Here the most mature in theological sapience amongst them would volunteer an answer. He would say: "God and Buddha are two different beings. Their *Kami* (God) must be something like our Shinto *Kami* (Gods)."

Dogmatism and self-confidence make terrible opponents when contradicted on such public occasions, therefore I was extremely reluctant to rectify the theologian's palpable error. As mildly as possible I would say:

"Well there is this difference. Our *Kami Sama* is only one. He created all things— even this beautiful universe. Your ancestors, according to your ancient records, kept in the *Kojiki*, did have certainly, a faint knowledge of this God—of His person, and of His works. But gradually the knowledge became bedimmed and obscure and the great Creator became divided and subdivided with the many other smaller gods, who are really nothing but the attributes of that one God and Creator!"

"*Domo Kore-wa O mezurashi Kami Sama desho!*" (Well, this must be, really a very interesting God) all would shout together in a chorus.

"But how can you reach this God?" they would ask again earnestly.

"Through Jesus Christ," would be my prompt reply. "Through the person of Christ we can not only know Him, but also form very close friendship and communion with Him."

"Do you have any sinners in America?" they would ask me anxiously.

"Alas, we have many."

"Do you have any prisons in America?"

"Alas, we have many," would be my unhesitating reply.

"Why don't your prisoners form communion with God through the person of Jesus Christ, about which you have just told us?"

"Because they don't want to form, and man is a free agent to choose between good and evil!"

"Sonnara, mina onaji-Koto ya ne" (If that is the case, then all are the same thing), they all would shout.

"So desu! Hito-no Kokoro mina onaji Koto desu!" (Yes! man's heart is the same everywhere) would be my answer.

Once a man came in and asked me this puzzling question:

"If both your mother and wife were sick in the same room and the house on fire, what would you do?"

Of course I understood the purport of his query, and smilingly said: "Why, I would send for the fire-brigade at once!"

They all laughed, especially the baffled questioner. After a little while he said:

"But suppose there was no fire-brigade. Whom would you rescue first?"

"Well," I replied, "my action during all such critical moments would depend upon intuition rather than on reflection and distinction. The other day we had that terrible earthquake; while escaping I caught only the child nearest me, not because I loved him more than the rest of my children, but simply because he happened to be the nearest."

Hitherto we had been merely skirmishing, but now he pressed on, and boldly asked me:

"Whom do you love the most, your wife or your mother?"

I said: "I have no mother. She died years ago when I was a little child. But you shouldn't try to compare the love of two persons absolutely different both in nature and in position!" I was warmed up by this time, and had raised myself upon my knees. Continuing I said: "You Japanese in common with all the civilized races of mankind have developed filial piety to a very high standard. The love of children to their parents, and of parents to their children, is an inborn instinct of our human nature, Christianity not only recognizes this but also cultivates it. Japanese deserve the highest praise for their attention and respect to old age. But what you need now is to reform the position occupied by the wife in your family life. Here you have a great deal to learn from Christendom. So long as your family life will remain in its present primitive state, so long you will find yourselves inferior to Christian nations. In common with all the great Asiatic nations you have, undoubtedly,

developed the things belonging to the domain of instinct, into a very high degree of maturity; but have greatly overlooked and neglected the things appertaining to the domain of spirit. You will find this in your art, in your literature, in your religion, in your civil and social institutions. Even in your dress. You have been the slaves of instinct. What you need to cultivate hereafter is not so much the worship of your mothers, as it is the love of your wife, in which, as a civilized nation, you are terribly defective!"

My speech partook of the nature of a harangue, rather than of an argument. Every one present was silent, the only occasional interruption experienced was the interjection of "so desu ne! so desu ne!" (Well, it is so! well it is so!) coming from a number of ladies sitting in a room adjoining the parlor.

Once a man dressed as a layman but being a Buddhist priest asked me:

"What is the principal difference between Buddhism and Christianity?"

I said: "The existence of an infinite God, and the salvation of mankind through His Son—Jesus Christ."

"Well," he said, "as to your Jesus Christ we believe him to be an incarnation of our Buddha. And as to your infinite God; why not take this infinite visible universe as God and be satisfied with it?"

To this I replied: "But the mind cannot be satisfied with a visible limited object, therefore it will eternally press forward to find something invisible and comprehensive of everything visible?"

"But what is the difference between the two ideas?

They both seem to me the same thing! Can you give me an illustration?" said he rather warmed up.

There were several teacups on the table, amongst which one was of very large dimensions. I took this cup into my hand, and took the others one by one and placed them in it. Then turning to the man I said: "All other religions, or philosophical systems are just like these small cups; and Christianity alone, because resting on the foundation of an infinite Creator, is like this large cup. You can put your Buddhism into Christianity. But you cannot reverse the process!" He did not say anything further, and left, apparently more puzzled than satisfied.

These meetings were never repeated a second time in the same place; evidently because of the bitter hostility of the Buddhist priesthood. In some towns and villages they threatened the people that they would not bury them unless they put up signboards over their gates declaring their adherence to Buddhism. The duration of these meetings was very short, but their recollections is one of the best of memories stored up in my mind in relation to the people of Japan—for their unlimited hospitality and for their freedom from all religious prejudices and malice and bigotry.

The second way of preaching to the people was by conducting the "Dai Sekkyo-Kwai" (Great Preaching Meetings). These meetings were, sometimes, held in our own places of worship. But very seldom people would step in. The main cause was, of course, the subsequent social ostracism to which such people would be subjected. But some gave very peculiar excuses for

avoiding them. One would say your places of worship are lighted by too piercing oil lamps, so different from our Buddhist temples. Others that our pews were too hard and uncomfortable. Still others that the elements attending our services were too low for their rank. The same old Adam.

We met all these classes midway. Instead of holding meetings in our Christian edifices we held them in the *Shibai Goya* (Drama-little-house, that is the theatre). The very word "theatre" obliterated instantly all opposition and prejudice against us. "The women of Japan," they say, "love three things—sweet potatoes, pumpkin pie and theatre." I have not found its men cultivating real aversion to any of these great luxuries.

One of these theatre meetings was a spectacle once to be seen never to be forgotten during the rest of one's earthly life. First as to the theatre. In such cities as Tokyo, or Kyoto, or Osaka they have built recently edifices of some architectural pretension, and expression. But in small country towns and villages the theatre is nothing but a huge and dilapidated barn. The interior—stage, pit and galleries—are something surpassing all description and in perfect harmony with the exterior. In one thing, however, Japan is ahead both of Europe and America—in the complete freedom of the theater-goer from every restriction and conventionality. This healthy freedom the Japanese owes, I think, to the total absence of the aristocracy. Like England during the Renaissance period, Japan has made the theatre completely a plebian institution. The equitable maxim "the first come the first served" is carried out without the slightest

partiality—especially during a religious meeting when the seats are free. In the struggle to get the best, the children always were the victors, and always occupied the “front seats,” and many of them kept the same for their parents, to join them later on. Because their total darkness the galleries are the rendezvous of the single and of the youth with a deep propensity for disturbance. But the pit by some unwritten law is reserved for the *pater familiae*, and their numerous offspring. Not infrequently the whole family would be present—father, mother and their children grouped together. Many of them would bring also their cold supper and the complete smoking apparatus with them! It was exceedingly amusing to see while the speaker was talking about “Kono uruwashii Banyu” (this beautiful universe) a man on his right chiding his son for gobbling too much of the dainty meal and leaving nothing for his sister; while on his left another one lighting his pipe and casting those piercing slanting glances at him. After nine or ten o’clock the little fellows would fall asleep, and parents still continuing their smoking and conversation, would listen to the speaker with more freedom.

A period of ten minutes would intervene between the sermons, during which the fruit vendors awaiting would invade practically the whole house from galleries to pit, and sell their goods. The whole thing would assume now the aspect of a picnic ground. Noise and hustle would exceed all expression, and force admiration from the most callous of critics. Conventionalism has evidently crushed life out of even innocent amusement in the Occident. You hardly can make even a gesture without

violating some awful social law. While here was freedom in whose atmosphere alone "innocent amusement" can grow up to a healthy maturity.

As a general rule these theatre meetings began at 8 p. m. and continued till about midnight. The sight of a few people left during the latter part, dozing and still trying to listen, was exceedingly pathetic—also, I confess, very grotesque. But no amount of remonstrance on my part could persuade the "Hokki-nin" (committee of management) to abridge or curtail aught. As the foreigner was always the last speaker (a place of questionable honor) I was compelled to stay till the end! Sometimes very few would be left, and these after listening for five or ten minutes would slowly depart, thus hurrying the real Divine Commedia of the night to an abrupt and tragical termination.

The topics discussed in these theatre meetings were not much different from those of the private houses, described previously: The existence of God and His fatherhood, the person and office of Christ, the consciousness of sin and all kindred subjects. As a general rule the tendency amongst the younger Japanese speakers was to use difficult Chinese or even English words to the bewilderment, rather than the edification, of the people present. "Watakushi no endai wa optimism oyobi pessimism de arimasuru" (My subject is optimism and pessimism) was very often the theme of these fledgling philosophers.

"Shitsumon" (questions) here were the order of the day—or rather of the night, and as a general rule came from the noisy galleries. One would ask: "If God is the father and Creator of all mankind why did He create

the Japanese so short and the Occidentals so tall?" This was almost always the first question, and it needed considerable time to be answered properly and on a purely natural basis. A Japanese feels keenly the shortness of his physical stature, and considers it a mark of inferiority. Next to this question would be asked to explain the other differences—especially facial. Once I observed a young man rather uneasy, and I knew that he was forming a question. Suddenly he jumped up and asked: "If God created us brothers why, then, your hair is red and mine dark?" The whole house was convulsed with laughter at the query. Poor fellow standing up and shaking with rage turned around and shouted—"Nan-deska!" (What is the matter?) They replied: "You fool! look at him, his hair is blacker than yours!" Then he looked straight at me and shouted: "Hon-ni!" (It is really so!) and collapsed.

But sometimes far more formidable questions were asked. One night a man about fifty got up and shouted at me:

"Senkyoshi. Senkyoshi!" (Missionary. Missionary)

"What can I do for you?" I said very mildly.

"Did you say that your God (Kami) is infinite (Mugen)?"

"Yes, sir." I replied. "The God in whom Christians believe is infinite."

"Is this God (Kami) identical with this objective universe (Banyu) which is infinite in its expansion and constitution?"

"No, sir. He is not! He has created it, therefore He transcends it!"

Then with his index finger he drew two imaginary circles. One on his right and one on his left. Then turning to me he said in a rather surprised tone:

"Why, Missionary, don't you see that these two circles necessarily limit each other? If your God (Kami) is not this universe then he is limited by it, therefore he can't be infinite!"

To this I replied:

"Your question will lead us as a matter of fact, into the domain of abstruse thought and metaphysics, for which this audience, as you will clearly see, is not prepared. But if you come to my hotel I'll explain the difficulty to you through the idea of creationism, that is, your smaller circle being a creation of the larger one, hence tolerated by it. For this very reason the universe as a created object cannot limit the infinity of the Deity."

The man came to my hotel and we have formed great and warm friendship toward each other. He is very fond of Christianity, but still thinks its doctrine of salvation through another person (Christ) not satisfactory. He has two Chinese words which he repeats very often, "Tariki" (using other people's power), and Ji-riki (using one's own power). He says all religious systems have emphasized the former and failed. "Therefore as long as humanity has not tried its inherent power (Ji-riki), and stood upon its own feet, there is very little if any, hope for her."

These meetings were always exciting and interesting, as through them we reached a class of people which was almost impossible to reach and influence through any other means. They were mostly farmers and artisans

—people very busy in day-time. Though most of them people of very little education, yet, they had a strong character, upon which we could build up solid and stable work. The galleries as stated above, contained almost always a rough element; and sometimes they were extremely noisy. I have reserved for a future chapter an incident which happened once in a theatre at Nara, and the leading disturber was hidden in the galleries until the auspicious moment arrived. But as a general rule these meetings were very quiet. A little tact, a pleasant word, a smile, a little patience were quite sufficient to quell the disturbed waters.

But the upper classes could be reached by none of these meetings. From the very olden times the theatre in Japan has been reserved exclusively for the lower classes, the aristocracy having private performances of the more classical drama called "No." But sometimes they attended the despised theatre incognito. In fact during the latter part of the Tokugawa rule this was an open secret. But the presentation of an exciting dramatic piece is a very different thing from a Christian meeting, that also in a Buddhist land. Therefore while they would not scruple attending the former, they would spurn as an insult our invitation to attend the latter. However, they were always willing to listen to the claims of Christianity provided that we would adopt suitable means. This meant, in the first place, the presence of a speaker of some national, or rather international fame. Persons of ordinary talents, or local celebrity would attract no one. In the second place we had to rent a private hall, issue and mail formal invitations, and treat them as our private guests. Every-

thing was done with great formality—submitting to the minutest dictates of Japanese etiquette. Tea and cakes were offered first. Then after a few minutes the chairman would introduce the speaker of the evening—very seldom more than one. After an hour or two of continuous speech-making, and listened to attentively by every person present, the chairman would give time for the customary “Shitsumon” (questions). The questions asked on such occasions would be entirely different from the questions asked in the theatre meetings. Most of the persons asking questions in these private meetings would be graduates of the different colleges and of the Imperial University; some traveled and studied abroad—men whose intellectual moulding had been cast into the matrix of a scientific and philosophical culture. A large majority of this class belonged to the official world, thus constituting a caste, while not overtly anti-Christian, still holding an attitude of haughty indifference to it. The questioner would arise slowly and face the orator of the evening; and would begin at once without using any superfluous words of pedantic self-humiliation, from which Japanese oratory suffers so much. With a calm attitude, and easily-flowing rhetoric which would have done credit to a Plato or a Demosthenes in the groves of Athens, he would acknowledge gladly the greatness of Christianity as a world religion. “But,” he would add with the greatest emphasis, “Christianity is a Western religion, adapted to the spiritual needs of the races and nations radically different from ourselves. For more than twenty centuries we have had three different religions which in course of time have been welded together and today

constitute a religion that can be compared with any other world-religion. We possess immemorial traditions culminating today in the sacred person of our beloved and worshipful Emperor. Furthermore, in Europe society has been in a state of agitation and unrest; and everything seems in a state of disintegration for the last hundred years!" Then suddenly he would wheel round and turn toward the audience, and with a broad sweep of the right hand and a dictatorial voice say: "This being so, to make a radical change of religion in such a critical juncture of events in the history of the world and of our own country, would be extremely foolish!" Then turn again to the speaker and bow politely and resume his seat amid a funereal silence that was terribly oppressive.

I could not help cherishing the highest admiration and respect for this class of men. They were persons of a deep religious life. They did not belong to the class tauntingly called "Seiyo-Kusai" (smelling-the-foreigner, that is, imitating foreign manners). As a general rule they came in their native dress and majestic Hakama. They spoke the choicest Japanese language—that highly adorned language which no foreigner hitherto has succeeded mastering.

I sympathized profoundly with this class of people, and with their embarrassing position. Both in public and in private I endeavored to remove their misgivings and allay their fears as to the aim of Christianity and its final adaptability to the spiritual needs as well as to the national aspirations and temperament of the Japanese race. Their seriousness, their candor and calm impressed me very deeply. I have never felt so small as when in

their presence. Logic and words could do nothing at such a grave moment. Miracles alone could cope successfully with the situation—and this power I did not possess, I shall not attempt to reproduce the different answers given to this class of men—leaving the reader to form in his own imagination a picture of that solemn situation and his own answer to these seekers after the true God!

There was another class of the “inquirers”—young men of some superficial modern education, who had read a little of Herbert Spencer, or Huxley, and very few Renan. For this class of men I never cherished respect or sympathy. Their knowledge of Western thought was very scanty acquired mostly of newspapers and magazines, and their demeanor exceedingly haughty and arrogant. They always began by saying that they were “Mushukyo” (literally “without religion), to which they would add presently and sneeringly, “which is the religion of a large majority of the higher classes in Japan.” Of course it was an exhibition of their erudition rather than an honest search after those grand truths which encircle and encompass our existence here and accompany it into the realms of eternity!

Personally I never sought a public discussion or encounter with them—I rather avoided them. But whenever attacked I tried to repel their assaults with vigor and warmth. The following incident will illustrate the situation:

One night my theme was “Religion as a psychological faculty.” The chain of my argument was that man as an organic being possesses several faculties:—physical, mental, aesthetic, moral and spiritual. The highest development

of each and every one of these was essential to his welfare and perfection, therefore his paramount duty was to attend to their growth. The deeper we probe into our inner nature the finer the texture of these faculties appears to be. The uprooting, nay the negligence of any one of them cannot but be attended with most disastrous consequences. Therefore, it was nothing short of the gravest culpability to ignore or neglect the finest of all our faculties—the faculty of religion—through which we human beings are differentiated from the animal creation, and by which we could unite ourselves to the author of the universe.”

After I had finished, a young man arose and said:

“You have just asserted that religion as a faculty of the soul was indispensable for the guidance of the individual conduct. I am an atheist (Mushinronsha). Still I can assure you, that I am perfectly competent to govern all my moral acts; and guide my conduct without its aid or help!”

He sat down quietly; and every eye was turned now toward me awaiting a reply. To him my answer was this:

“What you have said about your great success in guiding your actions without the aid and assistance of any religion I have no reasons to doubt. But a solitary example nay indeed, any number of solitary examples, cannot disprove my argument. If you go out even at this late hour of the night you will meet many “Amma San” (Shampooers)—men and women—shrilling their whistles in order to attract attention to their presence. These our unhappy fellow-beings though without sight

—the most essential organ for our guidance—still, they seem, to all outward appearances, not only contented but also happy. Some have families and succeed in raising children. Some accumulate small fortunes and become very influential members of society. Nevertheless, we all know that they are defective and commiserate and pity their condition. Suppose the forty odd millions of the inhabitants of Japan were suddenly smitten with total blindness, what would be the effect of such a terrible catastrophe on the steady progress of your nation? Would it not arrest, nay destroy forever all the hope of your future ascendancy? It is the same thing also in the case of religion. Mankind illuminated by the inner light of the soul and through God's objective guidance have gradually opened communication and intercourse with the Infinite Being who created us and completely surrounds us. This intercourse with God though sometimes befogged and bedimmed yet, it has been the greatest factor in the upward ascent of man. The eternal aspiration and yearning of the soul has been always after some new light. Why, then, should we quench the most brilliant of all? Will not such an act of violence be productive of very disastrous effects upon the progress and continuation of human race?"

Then turning to the man I said:

"Even taking for granted what you say about your great success in guiding your moral conduct in a satisfactory manner without the help of religion, still I would pity you rather than follow you." After this he kept perfect silence to the end of the meeting.

On another occasion a youth hardly out of his teens,

asked me a number of questions, which I replied to the best of my ability, and very politely—as usual. But he was persistent in asking more and insistent on getting more satisfactory answers. He totally exhausted the little stock of patience which I always carry with me. To him I said:

“Look here, young man! I am a much older man than you are, consequently I have much more experience than you. I have traveled very extensively in the world. Both physically and intellectually I am a much superior man to you. Now sit down and listen to my advice. It will do good to your soul here and hereafter!”

He smiled, scratched his head, and sat down. After the meeting he came to me and said:

“I thank you very much for your advice. I know I am a little “Ki-Mama” (self-assertive). But your advice will do me good. It is the best advice I have ever had.”

I have said that these special semi-social and semi-religious meetings were always attended by the best class of society—men really anxious to know more about Christianity. From a multitude of causes they could not be arranged frequently—as the presence of a person of some celebrity and other things were indispensable. The resident missionary, or even a new one from some other parts of the field, would not be satisfactory. This need of a man of some celebrity from home made me often to ask “What a blessing the occasional visit of a prominent clergyman or layman would be to the field where I was working?” If those good Christians—men and women—who go every year to Europe to see the dead statues in cold marble of the past antiquity, would come

here and participate in chiselling and sculpturing the living statues to the glory of the Almighty God, would be doing something which could live forever, than the mere satisfying the eternal itching of the curiosity loving human nature. The missionary after all is nothing but a skirmisher and a pioneer, and apt to be taken for an intruder. Whatever his ability and natural talents; whatever his devotion, his tact, his self-sacrifice and his influence.—still, he has no means to represent the whole church in its entirety. His very solitariness begets suspicion—and suspicion breeds contempt. For this very reason his motives are suspected, his mission misunderstood, and contact with his person avoided. He has no tangible—or even intangible—means in his possession to link and concatenate his infant churches with the mature and strong home churches. The latter are just now too nationalized. That is, beyond contributing a little money, and a few men and women, do not try to incorporate the newly-made churches of the foreign fields into their own body politic. Therefore this home church needs a little denationalization—a return to the apostolic idea of the unity of the church of God in all countries and nations. The missionary with his limited means can draw only the outline, but the finishing touch must be given by the church in its complete organic unity. He can plough and scatter the seed, but to water and to watch the enterprise has to be attended by the forces more commanding and more powerful. It appears that the home churches have not yet awakened to this part of their duty in evangelizing Asia. I think a great error is committed by thinking that God wants the rich man's

money. The truth is that God asks for every human being's heart, which means the rich man's time and the poor man's money. We reverse this order, therefore, stumble into error.

CHAPTER VI

The Years of Toil—Educational Work

IN 1889, after being in Japan a little over a year, I wrote to a saintly American friend who had taken deep interest in my work and its different phases, the following memorable words: "Put me in close touch with the youth of a nation. I promise to direct and shape the future destiny of that country!" Since these words were written that saintly friend has gone to his eternal rest, but the expressed sentiment has remained. Boasting and extravagant talk are some of the few principal characteristics of every man's early maturity. A wider knowledge of the world and its contents gradually enlighten the understanding and put a stop to all similar venial infirmities—or rather sins—of our feeble, though ambitious, nature. However, today in casting a retrospective glance over the last five-and-twenty years of labor in Japan I am constrained to ask this question of myself: "What the sum total of the results of my labor in Japan would have been, had my original plans concerning a missionary educational system been realized in their entirety?"

In order to present to the reader an intelligent picture of the new system of education introduced into Japan after its opening to Commodore Perry, I shall be obliged to reiterate what, I am afraid, has been repeated more than once already, in reference to the different stages

through which Japanese mind and attitude have passed since then. The first stage was that of obstinate hostility and resistance. Even today there are men who resent the Commodore's violent knocking at their bolted gates, and threatening to blow them off if refused admission. They would shut and bolt them tomorrow if they could—but they cannot. However, this feeling of resentment is steadily dying away, and its place is being occupied by a feeling of self-felicitation for the opportune moment in which the auspicious event took place. But as long as this period of tacit hostility lasted there was very little for the missionary to do even by way of education. There were, undoubtedly, in those dark early days ambitious young men aspiring for Western education and knowledge. Indeed long before the advent of Perry "Ran-Gaku" (literally, Holland—Knowledge, that is Western-learning) had made great progress amongst the medical caste of Japan. Through some mysterious hereditary impulse the Japanese youth is eternally burning after a learning infinitely broader and deeper than that which his own country can afford him—whatever the status of his country's educational system. This feeling has become a sort of mania with him, and a mania whose origin is not difficult to find out. Being isolated from the Continent of Asia—that mother of all knowledge and learning—Japan has been unable, because of various circumstances, to create original ideas, and living concepts. Her genius has turned more toward the decorative, instead of the creative. Throughout her prolonged history she has always borrowed ideas from elsewhere, then adorned them to such an extent that the original has

nearly lost its identity in the enormous mass of the ornamental tapestry. This impulse of an unquenchable pruriency presses the young man of Japan to search after new ideas and new material in order to serve as a framework for his future structures of thought and of life. In the early days of their history they procured these from Corea, from China, and even from India. But when the channel of communication with the continental countries had been closed for sometime, suddenly a new chain of relationship with Europe began forging itself, first through the Portugese, then through the Dutch. Young men began turning their eyes toward Europe with longing, that also despite the stringent laws of the feudal system against them. Moved by the inner promptings of their receptive mind they plunged themselves into what they thought a vast ocean of Western learning and philosophy, which in fact was nothing but a few drops brought in by an indifferent merchant or a strayed missionary. Thus the whole intellectual history of the Japanese nation for the last twenty centuries is a remarkable history of searching after, what we might logically call, original learning and comprehensive thought.

This being the traditional mental structure of the Japanese race, resentment and wrath of the nation against the forced opening of their country did not, as it could not, last very long. Indeed, it did not take more than a decade ere the whole convulsive feeling had disappeared. When the new reaction began in favor of Western civilization the oscillating pendulum went so far as to touch the very center and heart of the Christian life and civilization. It has been affirmed that at one time the Imperial Govern-

ment considered favorably the proposition of proclaiming Christianity the national and official religion of Japan. While we are not able from personal knowledge to vouch for the accuracy of this statement, yet, judging from the impulsive and courageous nature and psychology of the nation, such a consideration could not have been beyond the domain of possibility—or even of probability.

The change of the attitude of the nation in general, and the encouraging fruit thereof by the embracement of a large number of the hitherto persecuted religion of Christ was the second stage of the marvelously rapid unfolding of the intellectual and spiritual forces dormant in the nation, and partially awakened at the beginning of their Revolution.

In the domain of education we observe the early manifestation of those specific mental attributes described above—an intense thirst and keen hunger after a broader form of knowledge. Nowhere in the whole history of mankind the burning soul of a whole nation after a vaster form of knowledge and thought than its own has ever uttered such plaintive cries for help and for enlightenment. The Government was keenly conscious of the urgency of the situation, but because of the total absence of a system, and the material for creating one, was unable to satisfy the pressing demands. It took her nearly fifty round years to erect her present system, which even now is in a state of adolescence, rather than in a stage of maturity.

Because of the keen hungering of the youth of Japan after a broader form of education, mission schools—both

Catholic and Protestant—were not only tolerated during this interval, but in many respects greatly encouraged, and granted the privilege of self-expansion—a freedom of which most of them availed themselves to a considerable extent. But owing to the absence of a centralized effort, caused undoubtedly by their radical divisions, they were unable to inaugurate a system of education based on Christian principles and insuring durability, in order to satisfy the craving of the young men coming under its influence. Indeed following to a certain extent the example set up by the Government. This was not because of the lack of funds, but because of the lack of cohesiveness. The amount of money expended by the different Christian Missions in Japan will reach, even today, to not an inconsiderable sum annually. Still it is not expended in such a way as to command the respect of the nation, or promise continuity. Mission schools have dotted Japan from Kyushu to Hakkaido, yet, these good people have not been able to feel the necessity of a united action in order to bring up their own unripe fruit into a state of acceptable and healthy maturity. At present most of the missionary schools are for boys of the middle school grades, what the Japanese term Chu-Gakko. In these schools boys of twelve are expected to enter and graduate after five years of consecutive study. So far so good. Now, in human organism this is the age during which the seed of ideas finds a virgin and receptive soil. The young mind is in a state of extreme plasticity and pliability, and very easy to be moulded according to the ideal patterns revealed to the teacher during his daily hours of communion with God.

I know from personal experience of the many boys thus moulded who have become in their several professions valuable and leading Christians. But the oppressing fact is that a large majority of the graduates of mission Middle Schools who pursue a higher education, pass beyond the purview of the missionary influence too early, and become the ship-wrecks of faith in the higher Government schools and colleges. I do not assert that the labor and toil of years expended upon them is lost forever. No it is not; for the living seeds of the Gospel under a merciful Providence will germinate sometime and somewhere. Nevertheless, we cannot conceal from ourselves the well attested fact that a large percentage of the youth of Japan baptized in mission schools are lost—and I am afraid lost forever—in the terrible vortex of scepticism and infidelity which has been drawing into its abysmal depth most of the youth of Japan pursuing their studies in the higher institutions of learning under the Imperial Government. No serious and reflecting mind can belittle the gravity of the situation, and the danger lurking in the pathway of every Christian young man of Japan. What is the Remedy?

Why Protestantism has not been able to construct a chain of educational institutions begining from the lowest and culminating in a university that would reflect lustre upon Christianity over all the Far East, and train its own youth, we are unable to understand. Of course we do not mean the building of an educational system to rival that of the Government. This would be neither possible nor feasible. But we mean the establishment of a chain of schools and other institutions of learning



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in the principal towns of the Empire to act as feeders and tributaries to the central university. This could have been arranged in such a way as to impart no material loss to any denomination participating in it. However, the distressing fact remains that the Japan of today with its unbounded hunger for Western learning and thought, the Japan of infinite possibilities and potentialities, the Japan which gradually and steadily is stamping the impress of her genius upon the whole continent of Asia—if not upon the whole world—today does not possess a single Christian university equalling, nay approaching, the one erected upon the banks of the Bosphorus through the genius of a single missionary! It is a universal law of nature that diminutive bodies give birth to diminutive offspring, the Protestant missions in Japan cannot be made an exception to this rule!

I have not touched the educational system of the Roman Catholic mission in Japan for several reasons. Because, in the first place, that Church about three centuries ago suffered terribly from a catastrophe that destroyed almost totally her deeply-rooted work in the Islands. Since then she has been exceedingly cautious, indeed, over-cautious, lest a second time a fatal mistake be committed and the same destiny visited upon her again. Then we must remember that her resources are more limited, and her foreign missions, expansively at least, almost co-extensive with those of the non-Catholic bodies. For these and some other reasons I have considered it just to exclude her educational system in the Empire of Japan from the purview of the present criticism.

On my arrival at the city of Nara beside learning the language I had, in order to procure a passport for residing in the town, to teach two or three hours per day in a private school started by some Yushisha (literally the heroes of the place, that is prominent people of the community). Before giving a cursory sketch of my work in the school and its ultimate results there are two points which I have just mentioned needing a little elucidation.

The first point was the passport matter. By the first treaty made between Japan and Western Powers no foreigner was allowed the privilege of residing or even traveling in the interior of the country without a passport. The passport could be issued for the following reasons: Sight-seeing, scientific researches, or educational pursuits. Religious *teaching* that is, missionary work in its evangelistic form was not mentioned, thus the point was left to the discretion, as well as to the conscience, of the individual missionary. He could either confine his work and labor to the open ports and employ native pastors for the interior, or classify theology as a branch of science. With the exception of very few ultra-conscientious persons the latter view, as far as my knowledge goes, was adopted by the missionary body at large. The Government through its local officials exhibited its customary liberality and broadness to these missionary treaty-interpretations. While not encouraging them even tacitly, yet, very seldom if ever, forced an applicant to adhere to a literal interpretation of the clause. Applications for passport had to reach the foreign office through the applicants' legation, and as a general rule were issued very promptly. Once an Amer-

ican minister said facetiously of a certain zealous young missionary: "Mr. ——— needs a separate legation in order to attend exclusively to his passport matters." These passports were issued either for three weeks or for three months, and for a certain limited area, beyond which the holder could never step without being surrounded at once by an army of police in uniform, and a crowd of detectives in citizens' clothes! Whence did these people emerge? It has always remained a mystery to me. Some of these "Passport Experiences" I shall relate in a future chapter.

The Passport issued to a teacher was a "Resident Passport," limited to three years. It was issued to him as an "employee" (Yatoi-Nin, a very objectionable term) of some Japanese. His "employer" not infrequently was his own employee, or even servant. In the school of Nara one of my "employers" depended entirely upon me as to his salary and other things. This "employer" would often come and tell me: "the faculty have decided to add another hour of teaching on your present hours *in order* to be able to keep your passport." This nuisance has been done away with several years ago, and missionaries did not a little to hasten its abolition.

The second point needing a little elucidation is the establishment of an Anglo-Japanese School (Ei-Wa-Gakko) by some prominent citizens of Nara. The starting of this school, its phenomenal upgrowth, and its gradual decay make an illuminating commentary on a certain phase of the character of the Japanese race without which it is almost impossible to understand the Govern-

mental machinery and its great success, discussed in a previous chapter. A few patriots moved, or rather impelled, by the acute necessity of the existence of an institution within whose walls the English language, instead of the dead tongue of the Classic China, would form the principal attraction and feature had established this institution. A fellow missionary who used to visit Nara from Osaka had taught English a few hours every month. For a year or two the school had been very successful, and the founders had congratulated themselves on the present and future grandeur of their enterprise. But suddenly an "unforeseen reaction"—those unforeseen reactions which happen, alas, too often in Japan—had set in, and "Hero" after "Hero" had stampeded to get out first! Resignation after resignation were forwarded to the office until out of the original twenty founders only two were left—one a Christian, the other a man of no religious affiliations. These two gentlemen remained in their places to the last.

The origin of this peculiar defect in the character of the Japanese—the defect of running away in the hour of danger and loss, so incompatible with their well-known bravery and daring—is very difficult to understand, or to ascertain its main causes. However, it is an undeniable fact that during a critical moment a Japanese will try to escape, rather than stay where he is and defend his standard. He will of course, try always to find a plausible excuse for his undignified action—in which science he is an adept.

The following causes in connection with this strange phenomenon should be considered:—First, the impulsive

nature and temperament of the people individually. A large majority of the daily acts of a Japanese are prompted through impulse and enthusiasm, rather than through deliberation and reflection. They are an extremely chivalrous race, and nothing kills chivalry with greater speed than cold calculation. Therefore whenever the future unfolds step by step its onerous duties and heavy responsibilities, he is apt to become excited and attempt to secure safety through a hasty retreat. This, I confess, only partially explains a phenomenon amounting to cowardice in a nation famous for its courage amounting to temerity. We must, therefore, probe still deeper.

The second cause which has struck me as the possible reason of this strange phase in the character of the Japanese is the impoverishment, so to speak, of the nation by the state, of its best element. The vast institutions of the Government, of which we have spoken in a former chapter, absorb almost every individual of any ability or consequence. From the cabinet down to the smallest village police station, from the Imperial University down to the ten-yen-per-month salaried teacher in the mountains, the best talent of the nation has been attracted, as by an impelling force, into its perfect mechanism. She values talent, and every talented person finds within its vast domain the best means and opportunities for the exercise and growth of his natural gifts. This is not only in relation with private individuals, but even the large corporations of a semi-national character, like the Shokin Ginko (The Specie Bank), the Mitsuis, the Mitsubishi, and many other similar institutions, derive, to a large extent, their durability and stability from that

beneficial connection. The policy so grandly conceived will effect evidently, rather adversely and unfavorably, all the non-governmental and private enterprises. Those foreigners—mostly merchants—living for years alternately in China and Japan, have been strongly impressed with the fact, that, while in the former country the people are absolutely trustworthy and the government unreliable; in the latter country this process is reversed. We are not aware of any other explanation of this strange situation in these two historic empires of the Eastern Asia, unless it be the one given above. If this happens to be the sole, or even the main reason of the great success of Japan during the last fifty years, every well-wisher of humanity should pray to God for the indefinite continuation of her present form of Government: and also, that through His infinite mercies He would change the present corrupt and imbecile Government of China and turn it like that of Japan. Because no salvation, humanly speaking, can reach China so long as her present Government is in existence. Today she faces two things—either the total destruction of her present Manchu dynasty, or disintegration.

The first and most important thing to do for this decadent school of two years was to reorganize it on a new basis. This "new basis" was to take it over at once and turn it into a mission school. But this was not an easy task, as both the mission authorities and the still remaining two trustees were dubious of the ultimate consequences of such a transaction. But after a little reflection both these parties saw that there was no other means of saving the institution, therefore, its conversion

to a mission school was consummated without further delay.

There are moments in our life during which hesitancy or indecision mean nothing short of pusillanimity; and in no field of human activity these "moments" into which aeons are stuffed abound as in foreign mission fields—especially in Japan.

The next step was to put up a commodious foreign building. Here also some opposition was encountered, as a new foreign structure meant the permanent occupancy and ownership of the school by the Mission. However, this obstacle also was removed and a new building in the foreign style of architecture was finished in the fall of 1889, and was ready for occupancy during the opening of the autumn term. On the opening day the governor being unwell sent the vice-governor in his place. Japanese are the slaves of ceremonialism, and they know how to create a most dazzling occasion out of nothing. What they need is only money—money in large quantities—and leave the rest to them, and they will never disappoint you. Indeed this is the wisest policy to pursue not only in matters of ceremonies, but in all other matters—secular and spiritual. The slightest interference while doing his task is apt to excite his rapidly circulating hot blood, and make him lose his understanding. Trust him, and you will get the best out of him; nag at him and you will ruin him, and very likely yourself also! Don't give up if he disappoints you once or even twice. He has very peculiar tastes and original—or rather, unique—ways of doing things, and when left to himself he is able, as a general rule, to bring out all his psycho-

logical concepts and hidden ideas and give them an attractive appearance. He is very original and like all original people, he warmly resents all interference.

On this occasion we happened to have a small balance left, and this was turned over to the Committee of Entertainment. The day was perfect in every way—one of those autumn days without which life in Japan would be unbearable. It is the beginning of the orange season when everybody chants with joy and rapture:

“When the orange skin grows red,

The physician's face grows yellow!”

because there will be no more sick folks in Japan!

The present writer conducted the religious part of the service, which was followed by literary exercises and a light luncheon. Late in the evening the whole building, looking very imposing indeed, was illuminated by a large number of colored lanterns (Chochins) and “Hanabi” (literally, flowery-fires, that is, fire works) proclaiming in the loudest manner possible our final triumph over all obstacles and hindrances.

It was a grand day, whose deeply rooted memories can never be forgotten for the rest of my earthly life. To me that little frame building, sheltering a few little boys, seemed the greatest university of the world—the greatest of all I say, because I had created it out of nothing—absolutely nothing! With money and with men it is not only easy to build a university, but also a universe, if you care to own one. But I had accomplished this task with neither money nor men!

Because of its novelty and the commanding site, the school became one of the places worth visiting (Meisho)

of Nara. People came from the surrounding country to see it, and they brought also their boys with them and entrusted them to our care. In the new school I taught three hours daily—adding ethics to my English classes. When our first class graduated the pleasant sensations produced in my breast were not unlike those of a father who has just married his first-born son, and settled him down for life. The class consisted of five young men. Two of these belonged to two of the wealthiest families of the province, the other three came from very poor houses and needed eleemosynary aid. The first two were constantly grumbling and finding fault; while the latter three were studious and obedient. One of these two lost all his property through speculation, and is a worthless man now; the second one, after failing everywhere, found refuge—as every useless Japanese youth does—in being adopted into another family.

Of the three poor boys one occupies now a very high position in the department of Agriculture and Commerce and is pushing rapidly towards a seat in the Cabinet. As he is still very young his future prospects are exceedingly brilliant. The second one is superintendent of one of the largest life insurance companies of Japan, and has accumulated, I hear, a considerable competency. He is the pillar of his church and contributes largely towards its self-support. He also is still very young and has a future before him.

The case of the third one is so extraordinary that I am tempted to give his life-history in detail. My attention was attracted to this boy after I had been teaching a month or two. He seemed to me extremely studious,

bright and fine looking, still I noticed that none of the other boys would associate with him. He was practically ostracised amongst a hundred and twenty boys. I was afraid that he was either sick, or that he was suffering from a contagious disease. I went to our English teacher and asked him the reason of the boy's isolation. He said he was an Eta. I said: "What is the meaning of 'Eta'?" He replied: "An Eta means a Shin-Heimin." "But what is a Shin-Hemin?" I said rather curtly. "A Shin-Hemin means an Eta," was his naive reply. "Bring me a dictionary," I told the teacher rather impatiently. There I found that "Eta" meant "a Pariah" "a man of the lowest caste." This was a revelation to me. The very *raison d'être* of Buddhism was to abolish the Brahman and other castes of India, but now in the very land swayed by her influence the caste system was not only tolerated but fostered. No case in all my life has stirred up the very depths of my soul as the case of this ostracised sweet Pariah boy. I said to myself: "If Christianity cannot take that little boy and elevate him out of his surroundings—temporal as well as spiritual—and make him a model Christian, I don't think it will do much good for Japan." I invited him to my house and introduced him to my children. He turned out to be the most scholarly of all. He translated my lectures on ancient religions into the Japanese language, and his translation was highly praised by the literary world of Japan. In the fall of 1895 when I was coming back to America for a short rest I brought him over with me, and through the aid of some kind-hearted Christian friends of New York City, he received an American education of the

highest order. He is back now in Japan holding a lectureship in the University, and occupying also other positions of responsibility. As a piece of sculpturing a man of the highest form out of the lowest material, I consider the living statue of this despised Eta, a much superior work of art than the lifeless statue of David by the great Michael Angelo.

I shall digress here from the main subject in order to say a few words on the Eta caste of Japan. Their number is difficult to ascertain, but it cannot be less than two millions. They are scattered all over the Empire. No satisfactory explanation has been advanced as to their origin. Some think they are the remote descendants of the early Corean captives brought to Japan before the advent of our era. Others that they are a mixture of the Ainu (the aborigines) and the early Japanese, or the continental settlers—a more plausible theory than the first one. Until the recent Reformation they had no rights at all—and were absolutely unprotected. The very characters in which the word “Eta” is written signify “A Heap of Dirt!” The following incident will illustrate their position during the feudal ages. During the two years of 1896 and 1897 I was in charge of the churches of the two Prefectures—Goomma and Saitama. Near the town of Kawagoi in the latter prefecture there is a small village called Yama-Shiro. Here we had a few Christians who used to attend the services at the above-named town. One Sunday they asked me to go and hold a service in their village. I consented and asked the Japanese worker in Kawagoi the distance to the village. He said it was only two ri, or about five miles,

I asked him if we could walk the distance, as I was in need of some exercise. Having consented we set out to walk the two ri. After two hours of rather brisk walk, I asked: "But where is this village of Yamashiro?" "Well," he replied, "this village is just midway between Kawagoi and Yama-Shiro!" "Why!" I replied rather amazed. "We have been walking now for two hours, and certainly we must have walked two ri!" He laughed, and laughed, and said:

"I'll tell you now a thing which you haven't seen in all your life! Now this village through which we have just passed is an Eta village, and it is the only village through which the main-road passes. All other Eta villages in Japan are built quite a distance from the Imperial highways lest the people in passing through them be polluted. Now in order to escape pollution, one ri on each side of the village which belong to it are not counted in the mileage of the main road. Therefore while the distance from Kawagoi to Yama-Shiro is actually four ri, but it is counted, for the above reason, as two!" When a human being tries to despise and hate a fellow man, it is impossible to imagine to what a depth of absurdity he might carry his actions. A similar incident I have not heard nor seen during all my extensive travels in the world; and it is worth recording.

The school went on prospering and sending out well-equipped young men—both educationally and spiritually—into the world and into the higher institutions of the Empire. Before its tragical end it had seen its children becoming preachers, lawyers, physicians, merchants and men of prominence in divers walks of life. Some went

to America to complete their education, others imbued with its spirit of pushing and self-reliance kept advancing independently. Thus its reputation became very high, and its progress very rapid.

This unalloyed prosperity continued until the year 1892, then suddenly it came, that terrible crash, during which so many missionary schools, and also some private Japanese schools, went down never to rise again.

The main cause of this Revolution was not the anti-foreign reaction spoken about previously, but it was simply the gradual evolution and perfection of the educational system of the Central Government. For years the Government of Japan was studying in its customary minuteness, the different systems of the West—both of Europe and of America—and the final outcome of this prolonged study was the present system, which for completeness and efficiency is equal to any other system extant. It is perfectly adapted to the needs of the nation and to its physical constitution. Through its diverse branches is metamorphosing the race—turning it from a diminutive and imitative race to one of the strongest of the world. It is a mixture of the diverse systems of the West, like a mosaic.

The principal feature of the new system which affected adversely all the extant private schools was the close connection between education and the laws of military conscription. The modifications inaugurated in the two departments—military and educational—were extremely radical and affected directly the attendance in our school. There were only three alternatives left us:—(a) to put our school under the supervision of the Depart-

ment of Education, (b) to close it, or (c) to carry it on for a little while as heretofore—though with an extremely diminished attendance.

For two years we chose the third alternative—freedom without pupils. Gradually and steadily it became obvious to the duller of the Trustees that the school either had to be placed under the supervision of the Department or be closed. But closing it without giving a trial to the first alternative would have amounted to folly—and a folly not free of crime. In the fall of 1894 we appealed to the Governor of the province—Mr. Shigeru Furuzawa—a gentleman whose little body seemed almost dissolved and lost in the vast sphere of his mental activities. He was introducing new reforms and keeping things a-going and whirling on in the sleepy city of Nara. He told us to go ahead and make the needed preparations, and he would come in person and reopen the school as a “Chü-Gakko,” (Middle School), with all the privileges and prerogatives of a Government institution—the military exemption of the pupils included. We complied readily with the demands, and faithful to his promise he came with his large suite and with a short speech pregnant with ideas opened the school. The number of people at once jumped up from fifteen to two hundred and fifty.

The covenant between the Government and the school was this:—(a) Adoption of the regular text-books of the Government Middle Schools. Some of these we had adopted already. (b) The formation of a new department of military drilling, in order to get the partial immunity promised from conscription, and (c) Not to

hold any religious services on the premises during the regular school hours. We were free at any other time. Bible was allowed to be taught as a text book on ethics, and I took up this department despite the protest of a bigoted superintendent and visitor of schools.

The third clause of the covenant was a great stumbling block to the missionary body in Japan, and also to the home churches who saw the situation only from a great distance, and could not, from the very nature of the case, grasp it fully. But we went on—hoping and fighting. Religious services every morning were held in the church not far from the school, the attendance being, of course, voluntary. I never relied much on these “exercises”. Neither the chapel nor the class room, in my opinion, are the best places to mould a young man’s character. In both these places the relations are apt to sink into cold formalism. The best workshops are the teacher’s study and his dining table. I do not mean to belittle the influence of the chapel on a young man’s character, that also when in stage of formation, yet, a teacher who neglects the former cannot in my opinion, convey much spiritual life and vitality into the pupil. This is especially so when the pupil comes from a non-Christian family. Indeed, it is generally believed that the dearth of great men in the Christian ministry in Japan is due to the absence of the former (personal contact), and not to the lack of the latter—chapel exercises.

The policy pursued boldly and unflinchingly by the “Nara Middle School” was denounced by some, ridiculed and mocked by others. But denunciation and ridicule very seldom do any harm—assuredly they did no harm

to us. And finally many of our critics getting tired of the vaunted policy—"freedom with no pupils"—followed our wise example. The Imperial Government, it should be stated here, as long as I was connected with the school, never interfered with our freedom of religious teaching—outside of the regular hours. She superintended the academic part with its wonted stringency, but never did she place the smallest particle of obstruction in our way to bring up our pupils in the fear of the Lord, and infusing into them our own personal spiritual life.

Some of the parents and guardians suspected our motives at first, and some of the advanced boys organized a young men's Buddhist Association. But gradually they all came to know us better, and trusted the school implicitly. Its moral tone was the highest of all and this encouraged the parents to repose confidence in us. In course of time the Province of Yamato recognized the value of the school and granted it an annuity of 250 dollars—with the promise to increase it until the city could take it up in case of our final withdrawal from Nara, or from educational work.

The reorganization had not only given the school a new lease of life, but it had placed it actually on a new foundation, which at the time I thought no human agency could shake or destroy. Emboldened by these imaginary assurances, I left Nara after nearly eight consecutive years of labor and toil and came to America for a short rest. I think mankind have not fully understood yet the philosophic meaning and import of the loss of Paradise by our first ancestors. If a husband and wife created in a state of immaculate purity, could not preserve intact

the greatest gift ever Heaven has bestowed upon man, what hope can be entertained that their remote descendants shall be able to guard effectually a small school in a heathen land from falling to pieces, when a thousand interests and counter interests and jealousies are striving and struggling for supremacy? The school was closed for reasons unknown to God and to man.

The large institution at Nara has been my principal work in the line of education. But beside that, wherever I have been stationed, I have tried always to establish some sort of school in order to come in contact with the youth of Japan, which is very difficult to reach through purely evangelistic methods. Since leaving Nara in 1895 I have been in three different centers of missionary operation, and everywhere I have tried to organize some sort of institution in order to attract the young. Night schools to teach only English seem, at present, the best of all. Their cost is nominal, and the pupils attending them come from the best families. Some of these eventually become not only the pillars of our churches, but also a good many of them turn to be the most competent and well-trained clergymen and workers in the vineyard of the Lord.

There is another point which no missionary can overlook or ignore—the spiritual basis of a complete education, and its total absence out of the present educational system of the Government of Japan. While this Government system is not openly anti-Christian, yet, no one can doubt that its latent tendency is not favorable to the promulgation of Christianity. This is, of course, veiled in a thousand ways and forms, still, it is there.

Of its existence everybody is aware, because it feels its results. "The theory discovered by Charles Darwin," says a text book on botany, "has destroyed totally the claim that the world was created by a personal God."

A school teacher says: "All those who attend the Christian church will please stand up!" After a few minutes of hesitation and indecision three or four girls out of a hundred stand up. "Will you please come to see me after the class!" says the teacher in a most fatherly tone. And they do go to see him after the hour, and what is the result?

"Well!" he says to them in the same paternal voice. "You know our Tenshi Sama (The son of Heaven, that is, the Emperor), has granted us a constitution. And in this constitution religion is free in our country. But still—if you will hear to my advice, you will never enter a place where beggars only go to get money." We never see those young girls after that.

These examples of obstructing the progress of Christianity are not a few sporadic cases quoted to give force and logical vigor to an abstract theory. Neither are they manufactured in my study to startle the home churches to a closer study of the situation, but they are real facts which have to be met somehow. These things are occurring daily and they will occur daily as long as Japan is struggling to please both the old and the new—Asia and Europe. We do not intend here to blame the Government of Japan. Indeed she has been always very fair, and has striven to give satisfaction to every contending element as much as possible. We do not know of any other government in the world which is always so solicit-

ous to solve the multiform difficulties of a knotty problem in an equitable manner. But even Japanese Government, efficient as she is, still is unable to achieve impossibilities, therefore, the Christian church must face the problem of educating her own children—sons and daughters—in a manner that will command the respect of the whole nation.

Sunday Schools will fall under the head of "Education," therefore a few words on the material out of which they are made up, and the system, will not appear out of place in this chapter.

Any new religious propaganda in Japan, and elsewhere, appeals quite naturally, to the young more than to the old. The latter is too confirmed in his prejudices, and in his hopes of the future, to be moved easily from his ancestral creeds during the declining years of his earthly life. While the latter has more hope of a prolonged existence, therefore he is more accessible to all forms of mental and spiritual influences—even if made of an alien and foreign material. Heretofore the percentage in our congregation of the young element has been quite preponderating. But this aspect of our church life at present will, undoubtedly, be changed gradually, and the time will come when fathers and grandfathers will be the leading pillars all over the country. However, for the realization of this grand hope, in its fullest sense, we have to work with ardor, and wait with patience for another fifty years.

This fact affects also quite naturally the material out of which our Sunday Schools are made. In a Sunday School of nearly one hundred pupils only six per cent

come from Christian families, the rest all are not Christians. Some of these come only to spend their time. Others to learn something, still others to get something. In some places tea and cakes have been made the gravitating power. But this I have never encouraged. They certainly are an important feature of the Christian missions. Not long ago a newspaper of a small country town said editorially:

“The eventual decay and disappearance of Buddhism on the one hand and the gradual advancement of Christianity until it becomes finally the future religion of our land, on the other, can be plainly observed in the methods of carrying on the work of the spiritual regeneration of our town by the two rival creeds—Buddhism and Christianity. Christian church has only one worker in the whole town, while there are more than a hundred Buddhist priests. The Christian worker has hardly any adult following, while the whole city is Buddhist—nominally at least. But this single Christian worker has an enormous Sunday School, while the Buddhist priesthood of our town haven’t got a single Sunday School—but plenty of funerals; these being the most tangible facts, who will doubt the final victory of the foreign religion, that is, of the Sunday School over the funeral?”

One word as to the child in Japan. Most of the foreign writers who have visited the “Country of the Gods” have spoken very enthusiastically of its little children. Some have said “they never cry,” others “they are the cleanest children on earth,” others “they are the best behaved children in the world,” and many other remarks of a similar flattering nature. Here it should be observed,

that, the children of the higher classes cut off totally from their street associates, and brought up in the seclusion and solitude of the inner circles of the family life, are invariably trained up in the most rigid manner imaginable. They betray very strongly the atmosphere of artificiality and of prematureness—but not of precocity. In a foreigner, not accustomed to such scenes, they produce the opposite feelings of admiration and of pity at the same moment. It is impossible not to admire a little fellow of ten years cast into the iron mould of a grown up person of forty, and seriously trying to imitate his manners. Polygamy, whose educational institution is the Harem, has produced a form of social life which generates conflicting feelings and emotions in the bosom of a Christian. Of the demoralizing and debasing effect of this habit upon the moral life of man, and especially of woman, we entertain no doubt. Nevertheless, in all polygamous nations the Harem has been an institution within whose walls the rustic manners of the people have been polished and refined greatly. Here parental love which often is the main cause of the spoiling of the child, is subdued greatly because the difference of the children on their mother's side. The word "mother" in the Harem does not convey the same significance as it does in the countries where polygamy is not practiced. Many of these "mothers" are dismissed in Japan ere the child can recognize her. Thus the parental love gives place to discipline, and makes a Harem-trained child look well-behaved, well-trained and very bright. This state of things is not only prevalent in Japan but in all polygamous countries like China, India, Persia and Tur-

key. But when the comparison and contrast are between the Home and its naturalness, and between the Harem and its artificiality not to speak of its degradation, the choice is not difficult to make. Perhaps in no point the present day Japanese civilization appears so backward and unprogressive as in the subject of polygamy, that also in the most degraded of forms—concubinage. Civil law in Japan from early days has not allowed a man to marry more than one legal wife, but it permits him to keep as many concubines as his purse will allow him—and as long as a Japanese concubine can live on next to nothing, so long the number of a man's concubines is difficult to find out. The whole fabric of the marital relations in Japan is extremely debasing, and no one knows this fact better than the well-educated Japanese themselves. But customs and habit forbid its immediate abolition, hence the Empire has to suffer intense mortification for many years yet, until her future sons and daughters enlightened and elevated through a brighter inner light, rise up and destroy it, as the last remnant of the uncivilized ages of mankind.

This, the most delicate of the questions connected with the family life of Japan, I have endeavored to treat it with candor and with justice. I have striven to put away all my prejudices and prepossessions against the system. I have said everything possible in its favor which could be said without infringing the laws of truth, therefore, no one, I hope, will consider my strictures on the debasing custom of concubinage in Japan, as too severe or unjust.

We come now to the children of the lower classes—

those emancipated from the confinement of the Harem, and enjoying freedom, fresh air, and the street life. Of this element our Sunday Schools are largely made. Their bringing up and training has not, I regret to say, struck me so favorably as it has struck some transient travelers. In the first place, they are not kept clean. The proverbial cleanliness of the parents does not, it appears to me, reach their children. Almost always they are afflicted with some cutaneous ulcers and sores, caused evidently, by the cruel custom of shaving their heads soon after their birth, or taking and plunging them into the contaminated waters of their public hot-baths. Nor is the system of clothing them healthy. During the coldest winter months they let their tender feet bare, while their backs are covered with thick cotton quilts. This unhygienic system affects generally both their throats and their noses, and causes them to suffer greatly from all kinds of pulmonary ailments on reaching maturity.

In the second place, I do not think their manners in the streets exemplary. No wall or fence can be kept clean even for a week from their depredations and ravages. To cover a snow-white wall just plastered, with mud and dirt is considered so customary and usual that no attempt is made for their preservation either by the police or by the owner. At first I thought this was done on purpose on the walls of Christian edifices, but gradually I found out that the walls of their own public, as well as private buildings are not totally immune from this natural malady. If the reader of these few lines happens to pass through any Japanese town he can verify the accuracy of this statement or its erroneous exaggeration.

Their conduct towards the "stranger within their gates," though rapidly improving, still exposes them to considerable severe criticism. Granting that a child everywhere is more or less excited at the sight of a stranger, or rather a foreigner, with strange habiliments and strange habits, and is apt to utter *audibly* unsavory critical remarks. But for a child in the presence of his parents and elders shouting "Ketto-jin (the hairy fellow), "Baka" (fool), "Aho" (ditto), "Hana-tari" (filthy), "Pipi-tari" (untranslatable), and their instead of shutting them up, encouraging them, is absolutely unpardonable.

Though a large majority of our Sunday School pupils are gathered up of this "free" element, yet, the basis and foundation is the small percentage of the pupils coming from the Christian families. The spiritual influences brought to bear upon them alter their conduct and habits very quickly. It is impossible not to feel the power of God's spirit working upon their plastic nature with marvelous rapidity. A few weeks ago a mother came to me greatly agitated and asked for my advice. The following is her story in her own unadorned language:

"My two boys attend your Sunday School. A few days ago the public school teacher called and asked them these two questions: (1) 'Whom do you love the best?' They both replied: 'God.' 'But why?' 'but why?' persisted the teacher, asking the two little fellows. 'Because,' they replied. 'He has made us, and He protects us.' 'No! you know He didn't make you, you were made by your parents. You shouldn't love God the best, but the Ten-no-Heika (the Emperor), because he is the

descendant of the Gods who made our country.' Now, answer my second question: 'Next whom do you love the best?' 'Jesus Christ.' 'Jesus Christ! 'Who is he?' 'Jesus Christ is the Saviour of Mankind!' 'No! you mustn't love Jesus Christ at all, because he wasn't a Japanese, but a foreigner. You must love the Emperor best, and next to him the Crown Prince.' "

In my early missionary days I greatly doubted the utility of teaching a few street children one hour a week some abstract doctrines of our religion totally alien to their mind and to their family surroundings, therefore, I was rather indifferent and lukewarm as to their ultimate success or failure. But this erroneous conception of the situation began steadily receding in the background as the infallible proofs of their great utility began accumulating before my eyes. Financially they are self-supporting from the very beginning, and hardly cost the Mission anything. Not only that, gradually the pupils become very liberal in contributing freely not only for the school, but also for the many calls for aid which are constantly brought before the church and before them. Thus their eyes from their early and innocent childhood are opened to the great world-problems; and the intrinsic value of the mite contributed by these little fellows cannot be assayed by the standard weighing this world's silver and gold.

Of the technicology of the Sunday School—division of the classes, the hours of study, text-books, and other matters—we are unable to draw a full picture here. We try to follow the home standards as closely as possible. However, many things have to be left to the taste and

judgment of the particular teacher. The missionary with his extensive field of labor, can do very little in arranging and superintending the secondary details. He has to leave most of these to the native pastor.

Music forms not an unimportant part of our Sunday School curriculum. All participate most heartily in singing and seem to enjoy it immensely. All the nations who have well-developed aesthetic tastes love music, and the Japanese race is not an exception to this universal rule. Their own music is rather harsh—being extremely guttural—and requires considerable training and great effort. This makes them to be inclined more to the western gamut of music rather than to their own. In all their public schools Western music has taken the place of their own old music, which is reserved now almost exclusively to the Shamisen and Koto. It is very interesting to hear them singing some national anthem with the air of "Home, Sweet Home!"

In the above sketch of the Sunday Schools scattered all over Japan at the present moment, the reader will be misled greatly if he perceives a great panorama of these institutions in the home lands. We have to judge infancy solely by its own standards—and Sunday Schools of Japan are still in their early stage of childhood.

Before closing this chapter on education, that is to say, on missionary education in Japan, a few words on Christian literature will not be out of the place. In a former chapter I have touched this point rather incidentally, that is, from the standpoint of philological evolution. Here the author's attempt is to present the case to the reader from a more intellectual and religious point-of-view.

The advent of a new religion, its promulgation and final success, are assignable to two distinct causes—either physical force or intellectual and spiritual superiority. What is generally termed the “moral suasion of Christianity” in converting the world is nothing but its spiritual superiority and mental perspicuity over all the extant ethnic religions. Islam, for example, has never pretended to awaken the manifold dormant mental springs of the human soul in order to apply to the mind, thus awakened, its spiritual life and doctrines. In the history of the great nations which have embraced it, we find, occasionally, both philosophy and literature making considerable progress. Thus the philosophy of Aristotle advanced greatly under the Syrian Caliphs, while in Europe it was almost non-existent. In fact, it was introduced later on from Asia. Then we have the rise and progress of the poetico-philosophic thought of the Sofis of Persia. However, all these movements of the spirit toward the higher regions of thought in Islamism have not only not been fostered directly by the religion of Mohammed, but have been greatly obstructed by it, until finally destroyed. The sword has been the main, or rather the sole, power for advancing Islam from its birth to the present day. Who will doubt the truth of the allegation that: “If Islam had power today she would convert the whole world to the religion of the Prophet of Mecca by sword, and in a very short duration of time?”

But with Christianity the case is totally different. Its watchword is “Search!” and its final and noble commission “Teach all nations!” “Search” what? and “teach” what? Anything and everything that is noble, and

truthful and beautiful mentally and spiritually in this vast world of God. This is the noble office to which every follower of the Saviour of Mankind is called, and in performing its duties boldly and efficiently he has no reason to be ashamed or to be afraid.

Now the question arises here: "What is the state of Christian literature in Japan today, after being introduced into that progressive country for the last fifty years?" There is only one answer to this weighty question—there is no Christian literature properly so called, in Japan yet! There is a deluge of small tracts not worth the ink and paper wasted upon them. Where is, in Japan, the literature which Christianity can compare without shame, and with a little boasting, with the Chinese Classics and their immense commentaries, or even with Buddhist literature? Nowhere! But how can Christianity dominate intellectually this great nation—nay all great nations of Asia—as long as all its agents and agencies have not succeeded in creating an intellectual atmosphere superior to all others? Hitherto, none of the Christian bodies, Catholic or Protestant, has been able to put out a single book even on the fundamental doctrines and dogmas of Christianity that has commanded the attention, and respect of the educated Japanese! Why this should be so is beyond the human comprehension of the present writer. There is plenty of material in man, and money and time, and let me add also, ability, but there is no cohesiveness, no order, no system and no supervision to mix and mould all these together and create something that will command attention, and elevate the nation!

CHAPTER VII

The Years of Toil—The Planting of Churches

THE main object and purpose of all the diverse activities of a missionary—whether it be public preaching in the theatres and private houses, whether it be the opening of hospitals or orphanages, or the building of schools and other institutions of learning—is to accumulate and prepare approvable material for the ultimate organization of an “Assembly” or “ecclesia,” possessing enough organic vitality to form laws and statutes, to create and formulate doctrines, to conduct its services and worship, and to expand and perpetuate itself. All the other factors specified previously, are simply the means, hence subject to change and alteration, and subject also to the individual caprices and whims; but the ultimate aim is one—unalterable and unchangeable. A mission which fails here has very little chance of surviving and becoming a powerful future factor in converting the world to Christianity.

The Nippon-Sei-Kokwai (The Holy Catholic Church of Japan) was organized in the year of our Lord 1887, in the city of Osaka, Japan, out of the resultant labor of the different missions of the Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. According to the Constitution and canons of the Nippon-Sei-Kokwai no local assembly can be organized into a canonical church

without having twenty-four baptized and confirmed members. As soon as this number is reached within a limited area of population, they can be constituted into a legal assembly or church (Kyokwai) with power and prerogatives to elect their vestry, to send delegates to the diocesan convention, and choose their own pastor—provided—they pay one-seventh of his salary. Hitherto the act of creating and organizing these “canonical” churches in Japan has been carried on, from the very nature of the operating circumstances, by the foreign missionary assisted by native workers. But now through the steady increase of a well equipped ministry this kind of work is falling gradually upon the native pastor.

In connection with this subject there is a point needing a little elucidation, viz.: the relations between the missionary and the native churches. The missionary’s calling from the very nature of the work, is that of a pioneer, therefore, when the pioneering stage is accomplished he has to recede and let the native ministry undertake and carry on the whole of it. But the stage of transition from the missionary to the native pastor is always fraught with grave difficulties and if not removed one by one with skill, considerable confusion might ensue and retard the progress of the operating forces. Great friction often is caused by the fact that the native pastor is apt to hasten the moment of the transition before the work is ripe, and the missionary by trying to retard it when it is ripe. In some of the non-episcopal missions the presence of the missionary appears to be superfluous. In our opinion this state of things should have been prevented through a harmonious understand-

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ing between the native and foreign workers. In the Missions having an episcopal polity and government, the case is very different. In some of these the agitation of transferring the authority to the native ministry is just begining to reach an acute stage, while in others is not even in an incipient state. In the Nippon-Sei-Kokwai all future friction can be averted by electing a native assistant Bishop for each of its seven dioceses. This intermediary period, namely, the period of the management of the work by the two-fold supervision of the foreign Bishop and his Japanese assistant, can be prolonged for another fifty years, when the whole work in its entirety may be passed to the native churches and its ministry without anxiety or misgiving.

Personally, the recent writer has always favored the policy of giving a larger share of authority to our Japanese fellow-laborers in the supervision of the field; nevertheless, the entire withdrawal of the missionary forces as proposed by some men of ultra-radical views, he considers extremely harmful not only for the final evangelization of Japan only, but for the whole of Asia. In a future chapter I shall try to give a picture of the future religious struggle in Asia as affecting the whole destiny of mankind. Here it suffices to say that the presence of the missionary in Japan is essential to the final settlement of that universal crisis in favor of Christianity.

With a little readjustment of the present relations the missionary and the native minister can work together in harmony and unison. In the first place the missionary will act as the most efficient means of intercommunion between the mother church and her daughter. In the

second place he will be the best medium of bringing Western knowledge and spreading it in the Empire. In the transmission of the thought of Europe and America in the churches and schools his presence is absolutely indispensable. In the third place under the direction of the native pastors he will preach and exhort the congregations whose very genesis they owe to his labors and prayers. To impoverish the infant church of Japan by his total withdrawal, that also at this critical moment in the religious history of Asia, is hazardous and foolish.

In the following pages I intend to draw and present to the reader a full, and I hope, a faithful and instructive picture of the gradual development of a Christian church in a non-Christian land, from its birth to its maturity, that is, the time of its transference to a well qualified and canonically ordained native pastor. The vicissitudes of accidents and of fortune through which such an infant church passes are so multitudenous and manifold, that it would be absolutely impossible to describe, or even enumerate here. But each step taken brings, as usual, experience, wisdom and stability. Indeed, the consummation of such a thing has often appeared to me a miracle rather than an ordinary phenomenon. Briefly stated the chain is something like this: First to muster fortitude and patience in order to understand the expected hostility, then to work hard in order to eliminate the deeply-ingrained natal prejudices, then to try meekly and laboriously to prepare the soil, sow the seed, attend its germination, protect it from all forms of harmful and injurious attacks and assaults, external and internal, and when the harvest has approached to pass it over to

another person and himself retire empty-handed to die at home. Indeed, it is an order of things that can break the constitution of the greatest giant ever lived into a thousand bits and pieces—if only the sphere of human observation was limited to the present world.

The first step in the upbuilding of a future self-supporting church is the choice of an appropriate locality, and the erection of a suitable sacred edifice to meet all the varied needs and activities of a youthful body of believers. Both location and the nature of the building contribute greatly to the advancement of the work or to its retardation. Buddhism has existed in Japan for more than fifteen centuries, and always has displayed unsurpassing wisdom in the selection of the site and in the architecture of its temples. Even here Christianity can learn some good points from it. Confucianism has never attempted, in Japan, to put up temples for the worship of its founder. It has satisfied to appropriate for that purpose either Buddhist or Shinto shrines—especially the latter, with which she has some affinity, as the background of both of them is polytheism and ancestral worship. The sacred architecture of the Shinto cult is too primitive and simple in every respect to be able to compete with the Buddhist art and architecture. Indeed in everything, in art or literature, or philosophy, Buddhism, through its enormous wealth of thought, has overawed Shintoism into submission. Therefore, it is in Buddhism that the Japanese genius has reached its highest and best fruition. For their architectural grandeur, for their number, and for the wealth of their decorations the Buddhist temples of Japan form, in their collectivity, one of the wonders

of the present world. They represent the genius of ages, and the wealth of ages, and the fervent devotion and zeal of ages.

This accumulated wealth of divers forms is attributable to two principal causes. In the first place to the fervency of the religious feelings of the people as awakened by the central thought of Buddhist philosophy—the fleeting nature and vanity of every tangible and visible object. The inner spiritual fire of the soul was kept burning perpetually by turning the attention forcibly from things corruptible and impermanent to things incorruptible and permanent. Then through a very peculiar psychological process it has succeeded creating spiritual forms, solid and stable and enduring forever. The world of symbolism is infinite in its conception and application, And every material object in a Buddhist temple is made a visible medium and representation of an invisible and elevated realistic concept.

Through its iconoclastic spirit Protestantism has deprived itself of many a beautiful object-lesson which a vivid symbolism presents to the naked eye, and through it to the infinity of the soul. Those:

“———— hovering forms! I find ye,
As early to my clouded sight ye shone!
Shall I attempt, this once, to seize and bind ye?
Still o’er my heart is that illusion thrown?
Ye crowd more near! Then be the reign assigned ye.
And sway me from your misty shadowy zone!
My bosom thrills with youthful passion shaken,
From magic airs that round your march awaken,”

Evidently most of the Buddhist iconography has lost its primitive force, yet, even today though surrounded with impenetrable ignorance and unverified traditions, still, there lies hidden in its profound recesses rational meaning and brilliant light like the June moon traveling rapidly in a cloudy night. Indeed it was the strong hold of symbolism upon the people that baffled the Government in its attempt to convert Buddhist temples into Shinto shrines during the early days of the Meiji Reformation. The danger at present is not so much from a depraved symbolic idolatry, as it is from the absence of all forms of worship—real or ideal.

The second cause has to be assigned to the absolute exemptions of Japan from all invasions and interferences of the foreign foe. Some of the frail wooden temples in the province of Yamato date their age from the first advent of Buddhism or nearly fourteen centuries ago. During all the changes and vicissitudes caused by the great intestine conflicts, they have suffered no violence at the hands of the conqueror. The Tokugawa rulers invariably were ardent Buddhists, and did everything in their power to promote its interests, and to elevate it both in art and in architecture. And they surely did for the Japanese Buddhism as much as, if not infinitely more, as the Medicis did for the Italian Roman Catholicism.

Because of its divided, and to a certain extent disorganized state, Christianity at present, at least, is unable to put up sacred structures to equal, or even approach, in magnificence Buddhist temples. If we are not mistaken there is only one Christian building in the whole of Japan

of some architectural pretensions—the Russian Cathedral in Tokyo. However, I must not omit saying, that, every extant foreign Christian building in the Empire of Japan excites the sense of the people's curiosity for the strangeness, or rather queerness, of its style and composition—both external and internal. When the sacred edifice is too insignificant it suggests to the Oriental mind the idea of instability and of evanescence!

While the question of suitable edifices and buildings conforming to the present advanced status of Christianity in Japan cannot be decided and solved in a final and satisfactory manner at once, still, there is always a *via media* in everything which mankind, on the whole, prefer to any other state, although, somehow, we always swing from one extremity to the other. Christianity expends, at present, large sums of money in Japan, yet, because of the reasons described more than once already, is unable to compete in matters of architectural magnificence or of decorative sumptuousness with the religion of Buddha. Indeed, there is no necessity of ever pursuing a policy of competition and of rivalry with it in any matter. But its responsible agents in avoiding extravagance and vain splendor, should be cautious not to fall into the pit of penuriousness. In all large towns as Tokyo, Osaka, Kyoto, Nagoya, Yokohama, and Kobe, each missionary body should have one building at least corresponding to the cathedral idea of the middle ages, that is, the center and head quarters of all its spiritual activity and life. Likewise in all the prefectural capitals, and large centers of population, where withdrawal can never be contemplated even in the remote future, a min-

atural replica of the above idea is, in our opinion, an absolute necessity. Such Christian edifices will inspire a spirit of respect and stability toward the missionary and toward his religion in the bosom of every intelligent Japanese. The Oriental cherishes always a deep reverence toward every sacred building, no matter the religion or the cult which it represents.

Just now our native churches are not able financially to put up any structure which will inspire reverence and for sometime to come the aid of the mother churches will be needed and constantly it will be appealed to. This should be tendered them joyfully. We should not allow them to be perpetually harrassed and oppressed by the eternal thought of their poverty and also inferiority to their own compatriots of other religions. We should help them in putting up for themselves suitable edifices where they can worship God in His beauty of holiness, and develop unstintedly the divers institutions which a healthy and vigorous ecclesiastical organization imperatively needs nowadays. The fundamental architectural principles of such buildings should be utility and beauty.

In the smaller towns and villages a Japanese house can be utilized until the work has reached a stage when a permanent structure has become a necessity. But always the part devoted to religious purposes should be separated from the part assigned to secular matters. There should exist always a distinction between the two. A short while ago in a small interior town, a rather large number of soldiers was billeted with our evangelist. He told his guests that the separated compartment was not available for the purpose of hospitality, as it was exclu-

sively devoted to the use of religious services. They not only did not use it, but refrained from entering it. A good example for Napoleon Bonaparte!

While I am on the subject of sacred Christian edifices in Japan, a few words on the subject of their daily use are not out of the place. Buddhism throws open its temples from five in the morning until five in the afternoon. Whether the main motive of this is to receive the alms of the faithful, or to give spiritual advice, or both, we cannot discuss the subject here. But the custom commends itself to every visitor—no matter Buddhist or Christian, or non-religious. In its very atmosphere, calm and serene, enveloping the building, you feel the effects of a spiritual power—hidden and mysterious—touching and quickening the soul. The closed doors of Christian churches the whole week, with the exception of a few hours on Sunday, suggest powerfully a state of spiritual laziness and senility, instead of youth and vigor. The Roman Catholic Missions in this case are far ahead of the Protestant Missions. The former keep some of their churches, at least, open to the worshippers; the latter none—so far as my knowledge extends.

Concerning the difficult question of the decorations of the interior, and the form of worship and of ritual, the best policy to be pursued is to leave them to the tastes of the congregation. The ritualist and the Protestant in their endless controversies both have appealed to the Bible and to the history of the church during the past twenty centuries, and each has found apparently, his own position secure and unassailable. I do not appeal here to either of these two great sources of authority, but

to a third source whose strong and wisdom-fraught dictates sometimes we do not heed—the source of common sense. Japanese, racially as well as instinctively, appreciate greatly aught that is aesthetically attractive, or symbolically suggestive. Such things appeal to their innate love of beauty. Buddhism, which, amongst all the world creeds, is the most austere and forbidding, has been converted to a religion possessing the most dazzling ritualism in the world. The very philosophical essence of this great religion is the doctrine of the inherent evil of all forms of the sentient existence, and their speedy annihilation through a forced denial of their usefulness and reality. But our mental organism oftentimes operates in some bewildering antinomian ways. This is one of them; and the adoption of the caste system, although its abolition was the main aim of the religion of Buddha, is another one of those phenomena.

No missionary can fail seeing the great reaction agitating the whole of Japan at present against the dead Buddhist ceremonialism. Whatever personal tastes of the individual missionary toward such grave subjects and observances, he should bring his own personal predilections into harmony with the general tendencies and spiritual welfare of the infant community. Salvation of human souls is the primary object, and all non-essential matters should be made subservient to it. To misuse this natural order of the spiritual evolution of the soul will be attended, assuredly, by some undesirable consequences. A missionary guided by such rational and universal principles of the inner workings of the spirit will scrupulously avoid both extremes—extreme austerity and

coldness on the one hand, or the smothering of the spiritual under the oppressiveness of a material ornamentation on the other.

Of music in Christian service we have spoken more than once already. As an element—a very important element indeed—of life, it cannot be ignored or dispensed with. Through it alone the ear catches a faint sound of that grand musical harmony in the visible and invisible universe. Through its agency we are made conscious of the existence of that universal melody spreading itself in the background of the great disturbance caused by the struggle for existence and for mastery in a feelingless Nature.

Japanese, like all other civilized people, are a music-loving nature. Their classical music—which is almost entirely sacred music—like the music of the other nations of Asia, is sad and funereal, revealing to us that sea of sorrow through which humanity has passed during the past ages. Church music is the music of triumph and victory through the death of Christ for the sinful nature of man. It is the restoration of the harmony of the soul to its pristine purity. "Music in your religion," told the writer Japan's greatest Educator, the late Mr. Fukuzawa, "is the most attractive form of your services, I could never grow tired hearing it. In fact music was the most attractive feature of Christianity." But this art so attractive to the people of Japan, this art which uplifts the soul and enhances our doctrines, is hardly taught in Japan beyond a very low rudimentary stage. In a large majority of our congregations is nothing but an incoherent jumble of voices. This deplorable and

lamentable state of things cannot be attributed to the absence of material, but to the apathy, the lack of insight and of interest in the missionary. With a little effort and training they could have created a well-equipped choir in every congregation. But here as well as in its educational institutions, it does not seem that Christianity can ever soar above the mediocre and the commonplace, in the atmosphere of Asia.

The preparation of the candidates for baptism begins from the very moment they become "Kyoodosha" (Inquirers). The well-arranged system of the Episcopal Church as found in the Prayer-Book brings up the individual candidate to a very high order of training long before kneeling by the Font. Thus when an adult person kneels before the Altar for his first Holy Communion he must have passed through the following four stages of training: (1) That of "Inquiring," which in a large majority of cases, is the most difficult of all. Very often the "Inquirer" has no other idea than exhibiting his oratorical ability to the missionary. Sometimes he is simply a detective commissioned to find out everything secret about the Missionary. Still there is a remnant—a rather large remnant—who get touched by the power of God and proceed to the second stage—(2) Preparation for Baptism, (3) preparation for confirmation, and (4) Preparation for the first Holy Communion. This last stage is the shortest, but the most solemn of all.

Formerly because the paucity of well-trained native workers, the missionary had to attend to every detail of the preparation, but the gradual training of a faithful

band of native workers and pastors, and the rapid expansion of the field of labor, this branch of the pastoral duties has gradually passed into their hands, and they perform them most thoroughly. The missionary at present only examines the candidates ready for baptism before the solemn ceremony takes place. I always investigate, and put much stress on the former character of the candidate before his baptism. If the individual concerned has led a good life before his instructions in the Christian doctrines, I am very lenient toward everything in relation to his knowledge of the abstracts, and vice versa.

Through a prolonged and varied experience I have found out that it is far more effective to impress the most fundamental doctrines upon the new believers, than burdening their untutored minds with minute details. It is the former which will become the main frame of their new spiritual life and not the latter. Some pastors and missionaries have refused baptism to the persons not knowing the origin of this Greek word. In one case the sacrament was refused to a candidate who did not know the name of Abraham's concubine. But as the "Father of the faithful" had several matrimonial ventures during the latter part of his life, it is difficult to tell exactly which one the learned missionary meant.

The Prayer-Book greatly facilitates the hard work of the missionary and of the native worker in preparing the candidates. Despite being in its second revised edition, still the Japanese "Kito-Sho" (Prayer-Book) has not attained yet to the purity and beauty of the diction attained by the English Prayer-Book. The mellowness and perfection of its English prototype will come grad-

ually when the church of Japan has become free from all external interferences, and guides its own destiny with no outside pressure. However, even in its present state of literary imperfections and of considerable obscurity, still it is a great guide in leading the people in the pathway of Christian truth. When an individual has reached its latter part he must be in possession of the main doctrines of the religion of Christ with all their ramifying branches. Indeed every fundamental doctrine has been explained within its covers, and explained not in that spirit of aggressive dogmatism so super-abundantly displayed elsewhere, but in the parental spirit whose main aim is to supply nutritious food for the upgrowth of the soul, and not trying to satisfy the doubting propensity of an inquisitive brain. Very seldom have I met an adult Christian who was prepared by going through the Book of the Common-Prayer and did not possess a fairly sufficient knowledge of the doctrines and dogmas of Christianity.

There is another point of the advantages accruing from the use of the Prayer-Book in instructing candidates for baptism, namely, the safeguards against all fanciful or heretical interpretations of Christianity. The exhaustive, though simple manner in which every principal doctrine is explained leaves no room for broad generalizations or suppositious and harmful theories. To it also, in our opinion, we owe our comparative immunity from the great danger of our native pastors trying to make the pulpit a convenient arena for disseminating unchristian, if not anti-Christian, doctrines and teachings. Thus in the Prayer-Book the Anglican Communion will bequeath to the young Church of Japan a spiritual and

literary heritage whose intrinsic value will keep increasing as the ages of God keep rolling on.

The ceremony of initiating the catechumen into the membership through the rite of baptism is conducted with extreme solemnity. The order of the service as affixed in the Prayer-Book excludes all confusion and diffidence. The candidate accompanied by his sponsors, and all dressed appropriately for the occasion, stand up gravely before the chancel, and respond distinctly to every question. The service over, they all come and congratulate the new member—offering him, or her, the hand of fellowship. “The hand of fellowship” is offered not only in matters ecclesiastical but also in matters temporal. The Christians of Japan manifest a real apostolical brotherly affection to each other. Indeed they often over-do it and get deceived by some unprincipled new convert.

The office of “sponsor” nearly defunct in the Protestant bodies has resumed its pristine importance in the new Church of Japan. From the moment of the candidates’ baptism the sponsor feels the weight of his responsibility to his spiritual ward. Indeed a large percentage of the return of our backsliders can be assigned to the assiduity and prayers of their sponsors. Oftentimes the sponsor alone is the medium of communication between the pastor and the hidden brother. Indeed in all such cases the sponsor’s services to the missionary are absolutely invaluable.

Everything in the services being fixed by the Prayer-Book, here also there is nothing left to the individual fancy or whim. I do not know of any missionary or pas-

tor who does not adhere faithfully to its spirit or the spirit of its rubrics. It is just like a complete living organism, from which nothing can be taken away, and upon which nothing can be added. All that is needed of the pastor is to assimilate its thoughts and make them his own, then spread them out before his congregation.

The congregation follows the pastor with attention and regularity, participating with intelligence and decorum in every part of the service. Thanks to the system of education illiteracy is well-nigh non-existent in the Islands.

While we do not underestimate the value of the extempore prayer when the boundless sea of the inner life of man is agitated to its very depths, and like the waves throws its thoughts up to the throne of the Deity; nevertheless, the soul also just like the Ocean it has prolonged periods of absolute calm, during which something constructed with more consideration to the ordinary daily needs of humanity will be found more acceptable, than leaving it perpetually to the unmediated outpourings of a single individual. There was a time when our Christians, fearing the resemblance of the written prayers to the Buddhist "Kyomon" and their other invocations, advocated their abolition and also the abolition of the vestments. A native pastor very fond of the Western evening dress-suit advocated its introduction into the pulpit! But the fear was found to be groundless, as the whole conception of the ground-work and construction of Christianity differ radically from those of Buddhism. The opposition strong at one time has died long ago. Here, also, I am quite sure, their extremely artistic

tastes will direct them in a middle pathway between the cold austerity of puritanism and the smothering pomposity of ceremonialism.

Preaching is a great element and factor of our work, as stated already. As a general rule the morning sermon on every Sunday is intended for the Christians, evening sermon for the non-Christians. But very often no Christians come in the morning, nor non-Christians in the evening; thus creating for the missionary a very puzzling situation. Once in the great city of Kanazawa snow began falling very heavily and one morning the congregation was very small. For the evening I made hardly any preparation as I knew very few Christians would attend, and no non-Christians. On entering the church, which is on the second floor, I found it, to my great surprise and consternation, crowded with Buddhist priests and not a single Christian present! I said to myself: "The race of Nicodemus, surely, is not extinct yet!" I changed my subject and spoke on "Religion—its origin, its upgrowth, and its application." They listened with the greatest attention and respect, and after the service we had a short conversation on the claims of Christianity as the world religion. I never saw these gentlemen again. Nor have I seen anything like it.

The spiritual feeding of the flock is left mostly to the native pastor—the missionary occasionally assisting him. The latter has very little time for visiting and private exhortation. Under Buddhism they had no regular sacred weekly days for worship, and as the gates of the temple were open the whole live-long day anyone could stroll in, say his prayers, and ring the bell, offer his mite and

depart. Once a year each temple has a festival to which the whole community, even from distant places, attend. On these festival days there is always a grand religious service during which the ritual appropriate for the day is intoned, but no sermon is preached. In the Hokkoku provinces I have seen sermons preached sometimes to large congregations on secular days. But the habit is not universal, and I am inclined to consider it a recent introduction from Christianity. The habit of not attending regularly their own temple service greatly affects the regularity of their attendance to the Christian services also. I am very sorry to say that they do not attend the services with due regularity. In a congregation of one hundred and twenty members, an average attendance of thirty would be considered normal at present.

Despite its poverty every member is required to bring his monthly contributions to the church, which they do most joyfully. They are extremely liberal with their money for the church needs and outside charity work—local or national. They contribute gladly for every object brought before them, thus setting a good example to all. Though a very small community, still, from its very infancy the church of Japan has manifested all the vigor and strength of a mature body-politic. Their contributions per capita, considering their poverty, is not unworthy of imitation—especially by their Buddhist neighbors.

Visiting is another phase of the work which the missionary has to perform, but which he has often to leave to the care of the native pastor. "A visiting pastor will have a visiting congregation" is just as true in Japan as

it is true elsewhere. To meet them in church or on some other public occasion it carries always a taste of formality. But the private family visit will bring the missionary nearer to the heart of his people than any other function. Their proverbial hospitality runs riot on such special occasions, and all race feelings and prejudices vanish away like the summer morning mists as the sun rises up. A missionary grown old in the field will gradually come to witness that grandest spectacle of all spectacles—when he is surrounded by a Christian family whom he has baptized and married, baptized and married to the third generation.

Spiritual advice is constantly asked, and being a nation full of feeling and sentiment some of them suffer from religious melancholy. Once a very good Christian came to me looking very depressed. He said he had been reading the lives of the Old Testament Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and others, and would like to become like one of them, but couldn't.

I said: "Mr. K. you try to follow Jesus Christ and no one else. Of course you can never reach his perfection. But your very attempt to imitate him will exalt you above all others. Now as to the Patriarchs, if they were living today, we wouldn't allow them to take Holy Communion with us."

He looked at me in a dazed manner and said: "Well, I never looked on the matter in that way. I think you are right. The advent of Christ has placed us above the men of the old dispensation." He is still a steadfast and hard working Christian.

The question of religious revivals might be discussed



A CHRISTIAN CONGREGATION

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here. It is very difficult to reach a satisfactory conclusion concerning the question of emotionalism as an agent in foreign fields. That in appealing to the emotional nature of man you can, very often, awaken his spiritual or even contemplative, nature it cannot be gainsaid. But the greatest danger here arises from the fact that very often the leader is unable to seize that psychological critical moment when the gates of the soul are thrown open and the appeal to the rational element most opportune. The late Mr. Moody seemed to me possessing that extraordinary gift of driving his simple ideas into the very center of the understanding of his hearer. As a nation the Japanese are very emotional and sensitive to new ideas, therefore, the very innermost recesses of their souls is very easily touched. But the emotional is apt to consume itself quickly and disappear in the flying cinders of an incohesive and inchoate sentimentalism. Occasional revivals conducted by some experienced men and women and the results at once placed under the fostering care of the pastor, to be brought to maturity by him, are to be recommended. Those who have attacked the whole system and denounced it as irrational and hypochondriac, have failed to discriminate between the rational and the emotional in man, and the great influence exercised by the latter in quickening the former. Our human organism in many cases has a very close resemblance to a chain of hills, despite the distinctive features of the diverse peaks, still they have a hidden connection to each other—forming their eternal base and foundation. In our opinion the autumn is the best season for them. Their duration should not be more

than a week. If necessary, to have another one during the mid-winter. In mid-summer a whole week of the Renya-Sekkyo-Kwai (Every night sermon meeting) would be preferable to a revival.

While speaking on the subject of revivals, we are constrained to bring before the reader a very baffling phenomenon in the present stage of the propagation of Christianity in Japan—namely, the enormous number of the backsliding converts. The phenomenon is worth deep study and investigation not only because its religious nature and relations but also because its peculiar psychological aspects. A person comes to the missionary and wishes induction into the Christian church. He passes through a prolonged course of study, is duly baptized and at once becomes the most conspicuous pillar of the church. He goes about exhorting the weak, helping the poor, urging the strong to a higher plane of spiritual existence, and is the means of bringing many into the fold of Christ. He keeps up this exemplary life for several years. Suddenly he absents himself from the church for several consecutive Sundays. The missionary thinking something wrong with his health calls to see him. He gives a number of excuses; and comes to church next Sunday, and that is the last time he is seen in the house of God.

Some have ascribed this strange phenomenon to the so-called fickleness and changeableness of the Japanese character—seeking eternally after something new and something excitable. Others to the inability of Christianity to satisfy the religious instinct and the rational faculty of man. They argue that the Japanese are a

keen and intellectual race, and when they probe deeper into its claims and its doctrines, they find them insufficient and unsatisfactory; growing dissatisfied, turn away from it. Others attribute it to the great wave of skepticism which is sweeping now over Europe and America. They hear that Christianity is daily losing ground in its own lands, and is rapidly being supplanted by the progress of the sciences and the many scientific discoveries. Still others to the psychic fermentation through which the whole of Japan has been passing for the last fifty years. These and many other similar causes, have been mentioned. Undoubtedly all these have something to do with the different individual cases. When the advancement and progress of a new religion is based entirely on moral suasion and on nothing else, such lapses will frequently occur. Coercive measures alone will keep the new converts from backsliding, and these Christianity has, much to its honor, discarded forever.

To the above causes we have to add another one—concubinage with all its concomitant branches. To cure this moral leprosy, not only in Japan, but everywhere in the world, it requires a direct divine revelation overflowing with grace and mercy. It is impossible to estimate correctly its ravages. It seems to affect the old more than the young. In no other country under the sun the Devil has succeeded in sugar-coating the sin of sexual immorality as he has in Japan; and its victims are the whole male population of the Empire!

For their purity and all other feminine graces and virtues the women of Japan can stand comparison with those of any other nation. They possess a sweetness of temper very

seldom witnessed elsewhere—gained probably through the ages of abject submission to their faithless and rough life partner. Very few lapses I have witnessed amongst them; though from a deep sense of duty and loyalty to the husband the wife will stop attending church for some time when he goes astray, but as a general rule she returns quickly and sometimes in company with her weak life-partner. The strictures passed upon the women of Japan by a class of foreign writers who come in contact with the Geisha only are untrue and unjust. The glib-tongued and finely-dressed Geisha cannot be taken as a representative of the Japanese motherhood or womanhood. Neither is it right to take the concubine. Each country has its own transgressors of the law—moral and civil. It would be unjust to any country to make this element the representative of the whole nation. Why, then, should we act so unjustly toward Japan?

In the preceding pages I have spoken rather harshly on the subject of concubinage in Japan, and urged its total abolition, so that the nation can take up its deserved high place amongst the great and civilized nations of Europe and America. In approving its continuation Japan not only injures her own reputation, but she contaminates also the natural development of her own motherhood.

As in the primitive churches women compose the most important and stable element of our infant congregations. They are present always, and take deep interest in the various activities of the work—local and general. To them we owe principally the gradual change of opinion from hostility to favor toward all kinds of our mission-

any operations. To them also, that is, to the Christian women of Japan, the Empire owes a great debt of gratitude for the steady elevation of the moral status of its motherhood, womanhood, and of its family life, from a state of degraded vassalage to a state of liberty. In their hands the missionary can, and should, leave the important subject of the reform of social morality in Japan.

We have to return once more to the subject of the large number of desertions from our churches. A large number of the young men who apostatize are forced to do it by the pressure of their new environments after leaving mission schools. The youth of Japan displays a precocity that is absolutely amazing. At fifteen he shows a maturity of reflection and of thought which elsewhere would not be expected before twenty. The seed of the Gospel in such a rich soil grows with extraordinary rapidity. He passes an examination which would entitle him to become a postulant for Holy Orders. He is a born orator, and preaches sermons and delivers exhortations that would have done honor to a Whitefield. You are forced to attribute all this to a spiritual fire consuming the whole carnal nature of the old Adam inside. He is baptized, and at once becomes the leader of a new band of young men. His plans and operations know no bounds. O, how often have I been lectured and rebuked by these young men for my habitual slowness as a worker! O, how often have I built great future hopes upon these young men, but alas, very soon dashed to pieces.

To probe deep into the psychology of the Japanese youth it will take too much time. However, this much

might be said here. A large number of these backsliding young men cease taking interest in Christianity because they say "Omoshiroku nai." (Literally it is not amusing). Their interest in it flags very quickly—as it flags in every other object. Even sensual amusements cannot sustain their interest for a prolonged time. I have referred to the exodus of the Christians from our churches when the new Constitution was promulgated and the first national Diet elected. The excitement was perfectly beyond all bounds. Today a new election hardly rouses any interest. "The metaphysics of attention," says O. W. Holmes, "have hardly been sounded to their depths." Let us hope that when the spirit of Christianity envelopes the whole nation so that they cannot live outside of it, no fear of backsliding will torment us any more.

We do not wish to be hard on the Japanese youth for this peculiar phase of his character. The early age of man nowhere is marked with great solidarity and tenacity. Particularly is this true of the young man endowed with that power of keen perception commonly termed precocity, of which the Japanese youth, as stated above, has an abundant share. Furthermore, a time comes when from sheer exhaustion of the crave for things new and novel, he tries once again to recollect and remember his induction into the church and his long affiliation with the people of God. When these thoughts get hold of him, the old spiritual atmosphere once more pervades around him. In this "third birth"—if I am allowed to use such a phrase—the old active element or nature, is totally subdued and thereafter becomes very quiescent,

and gradually the spirit of God occupies the whole castle of the soul. A large majority of these repentant apostates never leave the fold after their wandering experiences.

There is another point in connection with this subject, which in justice to the young men of Japan, should be mentioned, namely, the fact that there is a large number of faithful young converts who once within the fold, they never leave it again. This is the material out of which the present Christian ministry of Japan is made. Amongst them are found scholars, statesmen, men of business and leaders who would shed lustre on any profession anywhere in the world.

In the above lines I have tried to bring before the reader a faithful picture of a very peculiar and embarrassing situation. The missionary has been blamed for its occurrence. That he has great responsibility in the matter it cannot be doubted. But when the whole burden of the trouble is placed upon his shoulders without considering the other overpowering contributory causes a grave error is committed. To be fair and just is a divine attribute which cannot be reconciled, it seems to me, with the science of criticism, as conceived by the modern critic. Justice and erudition cannot, apparently, dwell in his bosom together and in peace.

Church government in Japan is one of the most difficult of problems. It is almost impossible for a foreigner to assume even a semblance of authority over them—being extremely rebellious by constitution and by moulding. "Money is Power" is a sentiment upon the lips of every child, and in the heart of every adult in Japan.

Nevertheless in the matter of church government, even the missionary's money is danger rather than power—as long as he keeps in it his own hands. Priority in age and in rank has considerable influence over them—but not when they get excited. Kindness is another thing which they will recognize always in ordinary cases, but not in the critical moments. During the "Satsuma Rebellion" Prince Arisugawa, the capable uncle of the Emperor, took the Emperor's own standard and demanded their unconditional submission to it, they paid no heed whatever either to the flag or to its noble bearer. It is a matter of temperament and its intense excitability during which a sudden cessation of all the reflective powers of the soul takes place. During such critical periods the only thing left for the missionary to do is—firmness and prayer.

The first intimation to reveal to me this side of their character was about a year after living amongst them. They did not treat me fairly in the matter of land purchase for the school mentioned in the previous chapter. They managed the whole matter themselves without consulting me—and muddled it in such a way that it became an endless source of trouble to themselves, to the work, and to me. But as it was for the first time I winked at the matter, and no infelicitous rupture happened between us. However, very soon another occasion occurred which caused friction and finally led to collision. It happened in this way. In putting up the new school building they planned to put a long tier of outhouses so close to the chapel as to endanger its future usefulness. I reasoned with them that the close proximity of these

buildings would endanger the sanitary conditions of the school and threaten the health of our pupils. I implored them to change the plan. But all to no use, and the only reply I received was to the effect that the Japanese like such arrangements because they are "Benri" (convenient). I requested the contractor not to proceed with that part of the building until the disputed point was settled. But they privately urged him to go on. When I saw that reasoning or expostulation were of no avail, one day I went and in the presence of the contractor took away the ropes indicating the site of the outhouses and cast them away. This act of mine they considered as a declaration of war on my part, and they were ready for it—as they always are. The next day as I was taking my afternoon walk, I observed several leading members of our church going toward the house of the warden of the vestry—a very influential man in the town. I divined at once the object of their meeting. On coming back I met the son of the warden—a lad about twelve years of age—carrying a letter to the post office. I asked the little fellow:

"To whom have you written that letter?"

"My father wrote it to Mr. — to come over at once and settle the school trouble," replied the little fellow very innocently.

I said: "Go and tell your father not to send that letter; but if he does I'll leave Nara with my family early tomorrow morning, and shall never return again!"

The boy was reluctant at first, but on being urged he yielded and went back home. As soon as I got back to my house I wrote this gentleman a letter, to the import

that the matter was a private one between us, and to call a third and outside party to adjust it for us would reflect upon our intelligence. That night he came to see me, and in the plainest Japanese language possible told me that the whole congregation was on his side, and that I was all alone, therefore, helpless. I didn't say a single word to this effrontery, but went to the drawer of my desk, took out the Passport, and said to him: "This is all that I have received for nearly two years' of hard labor in educating your children, and being of service to you all spiritually. I return you this, and relations between us cease from this very moment. I'll leave Nara within a few days." He was visibly agitated and asked me to stay until he could consult his fellow-trustees. I said, "Already the matter has been considered long enough, therefore, only the final promise of not putting up those outhouses in the place indicated can alter my firm resolution of leaving Nara." He said he was going to send me a final answer the next day; and the next morning the anxiously awaited answer came, stating that the houses would be put up in the place indicated by me, which afterward they said it was the best of all!

This incident occurred during the early part of my life at Nara; and a couple of years later when I took up for the first time evangelistic and pastoral work, a great quarrel, or rather row, took place between all the native pastors on one side, and I alone on the other. It happened in this way. One of the native workers was not kind to his wife. He used to beat her, visit disorderly houses, and get drunk. As his wife was a graduate of our mission school, and a woman of beautiful Christian character,

I did not want to have her husband dismissed, but tried to reform him. Finding private admonition useless I wrote him a very sharp letter, threatening to have him discharged unless he repented, reformed and became a new man altogether. Now this letter in Japanese was written by another pastor whom he did not like. One night after having sent the epistle, all our workers and pastors of the two provinces, about ten persons altogether, came to my house. I was rather astonished to see so many of them together in the city of Nara, and visiting me at such a late hour of the night. "Well, gentlemen," said I, "what can I do for you?"

Their spokesman said:

"We have come to advise you to resign your pastoral duties, as we don't consider you capable of carrying on any work of that kind. You have been rather successful as a teacher, and we want you to go back to your teaching work in the school!" This is very frank indeed!

"Well," I said, "you know you are mere subordinate workers; but there is a large number of Christian laymen in the two provinces, and have to be consulted on all such grave occasions. Suppose we choose a dozen of the leading members of our churches, and place our differences before them. If they think that I am wrong and incapable for pastoral work, then surely I'll resign. Indeed my sole aim is to be useful in the great field—where we are working together. If I am unfit for work in one department, I shall try to be useful in another. But if I am totally unfit for any kind of work, then it would be far better for me and for the mission to resign and go home. But if they say the trouble is caused mainly by your

turbulent spirit will you all resign together? Are you willing to abide by their decision? You see they all will be Japanese and of your own nationality!"

The leader gazed at the others and smiled, then collecting his thoughts went directly to the real object of their visit. He said that I had been too harsh on the erring brother. If I had erred at all, rejoined I, my error was on the side of leniency, rather than on the side of harshness. They withdrew their demand for my resignation and departed. About a year later the "Erring Brother" nearly destroyed the eye of his good wife after one of his sprees and I discharged him.

With the workers, whether pastors, or what we call catechists, despite the occasional clash and collision of opinion, I have been always on good terms. During all these years only once or twice have I found men unworthy of my confidence—a very small number indeed.

With regard to the absence of the spirit of subordination amongst the native workers to the missionary, this much might be added here, namely, that they are much more insubordinate under their own leaders than they are under the foreign missionary. On the occasion of a trip to America I asked them to choose a substitute during my absence, they all preferred a foreigner to a Japanese!

Now I shall relate another episode which took place fifteen years after the above one in order to illustrate another trait of the Japanese character, viz., their very strong aesthetic instinct, which oftentimes suppresses and rules the dictates of their conscience and of their common sense also,

In a certain large interior town a church had been erected upon a very inappropriate site, and its removal to another place became a paramount necessity. In due time the needed money was furnished through the munificence of our Board of Missions, and a piece of land bought during my absence in America. This new land had nearly exhausted the available sum, and the balance was barely sufficient to remove the old structure to the new place. I called a vestry meeting and placed before them the estimates of the removal and the balance on hand. As soon as I was through one of the vestrymen said:

"Long ago I have heard that the balance left was so small, that no imposing new building, which we have been expecting for years, can be erected. Therefore it is my opinion, that we should expend the surplus money on a beautiful iron railing surrounding the land and converting it into a park in the heart of the town!"

Hardly this one had finished his speech, a second one began saying:

"Such a thing (conversion of the land to a park) would be absolutely unique in the history of Christianity in this country. People would visit it from all over the province, rest in it, and eat their luncheon on its benches. We would, of course, fill it with fancy trees, flowers and shrubberies, thus making it the greatest ornament of our town!"

They both were warmed up, and spoke most eloquently as all warmed-up people do. I was absolutely dazed, and for several minutes did not know what to say. Finally I opened my mouth and said;

"But how about the old church, and the imperative duty of its removal to the new site?"

"Kamaimasen! Kamaimasen!" (We don't care! We don't care) shouted they in unison.

"Well," said I, "if you don't care I do care, and as one blunder has caused us infinite trouble already, it would be utterly unpardonable to commit still a greater one. The first thing for us to do is to remove the old building and put it up on the new land. Then we shall see about the railing, and other objects—decorative and utilitous."

I knew both these two gentlemen very well. Both of them are still living and occupying the same position in the vestry. None of them had the slightest thought of doing aught that was dishonorable with the funds. They both are very reliable gentlemen, and trusted greatly by the whole community. But they were simply carried away by the force of their imagination, as helped greatly by their keen aesthetical instinct to soar into the regions of the ideal beauty governing every other principle of our existence. They seriously thought that a private Christian park, thrown open to visitors from all over the country, and beautified with flowers and fancy trees, would be a greater instrument for impressing the people with the truth of the doctrines of Christianity than the four bare and cold walls of a church, within which no one would care to step. I am inclined to think that if the celebrated English aesthetician, the late John Ruskin, had been present and taken part in the discussion, he would have supported the Park idea. However, the church idea prevailed.

Another source of no inconsiderable trouble is the indefiniteness of the Japanese language. And the absence of precision in the sense of its sentences. Even "Yea! Yea!" and "Nay! Nay!" in the Japanese language seem to be fraught with ambiguity. Take the two verbs "Kasu" to loan, and "Kariru" to borrow. In the common parlance they lose their original and documentary meaning and become "to give" and "to beg." Another example. Take their conditional tense "ba" (if). In the case of money the conditional tense absolutely loses its conditionality if the promise is made by a missionary. It becomes absolutely positive—nay imperative.

All these things and a thousand of others act as "a wheel within the middle of a wheel" to injure your reputation to such an extent, that, a thousand pillars cannot prop it up. But if you wait patiently, out of the ruins of the old one a new reputation will grow up, much grander and glorious than the first one. The fact is, that, these kind-hearted people are too good and sensible not to appreciate your life-labor and toil in their behalf and in behalf of their country.

The Arabs have a saying to the effect that "constant sunshine will create a wilderness and constant storm a frozen pole." The author of our existence, in His infinite wisdom, has blended these two opposite conditions (sunshine and storm) in such a harmonious manner that they always, in their alternate ascendancy, contribute to the expansion and maturity of our spiritual experience. Neither should the sorrow of discouragement and of the apparent failure crush us too much, nor the joy of prosperity and of the continued peace elevate us above and

beyond our rising capacity. In the limited dispensation of every human life a gradual harmony of the warring and conflicting elements will eventually be effected; and when the weary traveller has reached, at length, the summit, and casts a retrospective glance over the zig-zag pathway which he has been ascending, he will see nothing but a grand view of the harmonious landscape where every vista of the divergencies and the sinuosity of the road is lost in the receding perspective, thus directing the attention to the dawning glory of the infinite land of beauty, of love and of progress lying in front of him.

In casting a retrospective glance over the contents of the last four chapters, the author is impelled to think, that the contemplative and reflective reader will have received a number of impressions from the different subjects presented in their pages. The foremost of these will be the imperative necessity of upbuilding a great national church of Christ in Japan. If all the sects and denominations could unite and work in unity the extant material is quite sufficient for the creation and organization of such a great national church. But if the circumstances and the past traditions do not allow such a glorious fusion, then, let them all try to find out the points of agreement between themselves until the curtain of separation is torn to shreds. It is nothing short of religious crime to see two such great bodies like the Presbyterian and Congregationalist trying to perpetuate their few minor divergencies in such a missionary field like Japan. And so also with the other Protestant bodies—great or small. We really do not know to what cause to attribute this

unfortunate disharmony and its indefinite prolongation, unless it be to the absence and dearth of some great and comprehensive minds, both at home and in Japan, to see the critical nature of the situation. Protestantism assuredly is losing her life opportunity in not gathering together its scattered fragments and building up a Christian Church in Asia which will command the respect of the whole world. The hour will come when she will open her eyes—but too late for repentance.

In the second place it is quite evident that the recent progress of Japan, and her present day civilization, is conducted on the primitive lines, but it is composed of the best of our modern ideas, mainly imported from Europe and America but dissolved in the great sea constituting the nation's life. Therefore every form of church work should be made to conform as much as possible, to the united action of this national existence. Disharmony may lead to disastrous consequences. Also the Church should equip her agents in every department of their work so that they will command the attention and respect of the people.

The third point is the necessity of a strong system of Christian education as an important factor and force for evangelizing the world—especially the civilized nations of Asia. This fact should not only be recognized, but developed rapidly and steadily. Co-ordinate with government schools and system of education the missions should be urged to construct and perfect a system of their own thus enabling them to give to every worthy applicant a complete training from the lowest to the highest grade. This can be accomplished easily with the present

material in the field—if the material is recast into the grander and more symmetrical mold.

The fourth point is that the missionary has to pass, sooner or later, all his evangelistic and pastoral work into the hands of his native spiritual children, and devote the rest of his life, for centuries to come, to educational work in its manifold phases and forms, and to advise and exhort. The most urgent need now is the establishment of great theological institutions to serve as centers and headquarters for educating the young, and also for creating a healthy Christian literature—theological philosophical and literary. At present there is not a single theological school in the whole Empire that compels respect either from the Buddhist hierarchy, or from the secular savants.

In passing this work to his former pupils, and assuming a secondary position, of course, their places will be exactly reversed. Henceforth he has to be guided by their advice, and comply with their wishes. Any insubordination or bickering will harm both the work and the individual missionary. However, he may rest assured that their keen sense of chivalry and of honor will not permit anyone to annoy, or distress or harass him. Indeed, for many reasons he will be treated much better than at present while he wields an authority which they resent and perpetually strive to overthrow and abuse its wielder. They will appreciate his labors and toil much more when he is under them, than when he is above them. Their intense feeling of patriotism and self-respect makes the Japanese very rebellious when commanded by a foreigner in their own land. They consider this a mark of inferi-

ority. We should respect their feelings and the springs of their inner soul, and of their national pride.

The fifth point is the urgency of the home churches taking a more direct interest in the mission field—particularly the field of Japan. A missionary after all is a pioneer and a skirmisher; and if left alone forever, his work will never reach maturity, but it will pass away in the smoke of his travelings. The whole church should stand by him not only figuratively, but in reality. When left alone, he is apt to exaggerate the results of his labor rather unconsciously. It is a psychological fact that the absence of all comparison magnifies a single object beyond its real size and intrinsic value. This is the case with the foreign missionary work when disrupted from its rest of Christendom and Christian church. I shall touch this subject once more in the last chapter.

The sixth and the last point is the self-emptying process through which the foreign missionary is obliged to pass in order to be useful in the field. The moment he ceases to empty himself his usefulness is at an end. The home pastor has his thoughts attracted by a thousand hope-inspiring objects,—the gradual growth of his congregation, the constant augmentation of his loving friends and children in Christ, his ascent from position to position, the association of ideas and concepts, and many other kindred elevating conditions and thoughts. With the foreign missionary the case is quite reversed. It is service of absolute self-exhaustion without any earthly compensation. He is expected to empty his brains, to empty his intellect, to empty his spirit, to empty his soul, to empty his health, to empty his feelings, to empty

his love, to empty his time, and the last of all to empty his ever-empty purse. But for this very reason of absolute exhaustion his profession becomes the noblest of all which God has entrusted to man.

The author of the Laocoon has expressed in cold marble the immortality of the beauty engendered through intense physical agony and mental pain. But who can paint in words the transcendent beauty and unsurpassing grandeur of a human being exhausted in the spiritual service of humanity and of his Master.

CHAPTER VIII

A Chapter of Missionary Anecdotes

IN THE following chapter I have grouped together a number of very peculiar episodes and incidents happening to me during my missionary life in Japan. They might be found not only interesting to the casual reader, but also instructive in illustrating the different phases and traits of the universal human nature, and the general drama played by humanity; particularly in Japan.

A person living in a foreign country, and surrounded by a people alien, if not hostile, to every concept and idea by which he has been nursed from childhood to maturity, is bound to meet, in his new environments, the many aspects of our existence with which he is totally unfamiliar. But instead of acknowledging his unfamiliarity, and trying to study their construction and philosophy, so that at once, and with facility, he might accommodate himself to them; he is apt to call them "peculiar," "odd" and "bizarre," and reject them *en masse*. Even local naturalness has its own native colors and hues which very seldom a human being is able to divest himself totally from their enslaving charms.

The first of these anecdotes concerns the imitative power of the Japanese. The power of imitation with which the inhabitants of Japan are endowed to an extraordinary degree is notorious, and it has led the outside

world to nickname them "the monkeys of Asia." That they are an imitative people it cannot be gainsaid. But the statements that their imitative faculty is just as shallow and superficial as that of a mocking ape, cannot be considered for a moment. In my opinion they are one of the most original of human races. Indeed very seldom a race has struck me so original as the Japanese of the present day. But what destroys the fruits of their originality from reaching a stage of maturity and usefulness is the terrific velocity of their thought-machinery. No originality, whatever its nature or its depth, is able to create instantaneously grand objective ideas *ex nihilo*. Each idea, of any magnitude has to pass through all the stages necessary to turn it from a raw concept to a living and active object. And this process requires prolonged time and consideration. Now, anyone who has studied or watched the different psychological activities of the mind of a Japanese must have observed there a restlessness which destroys their inventive faculty from maturing its own natural offspring. Thus every thought-child of Japan becomes an intellectual stillborn. This is the whole history of their civilization past and present. Being unable to mature their own thought-concepts in the olden times they went to China—that center of all civilization and learning in the Far East, and borrowed everything which they could from there. At present they have left China and have turned toward Europe and America. I have often talked with many of their leaders on this very peculiar phase of their character. They all acknowledge this, and confess that its existence places them in the second rank of the present day civi-

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lized nations of the world, nevertheless they justify this borrowing policy by its undeniable utilitous outcome. They point to China, as a nation endowed with great depth and originality, but possessing no imitative faculty whatsoever, and for this very reason sinking slowly into helplessness, and ask: "If we can run in fifty years the race which has taken Europe five hundred years to run, why shouldn't we do it?" "We have been rather late," said once a very intelligent gentleman to me. "And a terrible international competition is coming. How, then, can we save even our national existence if we rely altogether upon our own inventive faculty? We are behind Europe several centuries, and this void has to be filled up; and our imitative faculty is the only force we possess which can help us to accomplish this, and we have to use it to its highest capacity. We are not slavish imitators of anything from the West. Our keen sense of eclecticism and of scrutiny will help us to choose the best, and avoid aught that is useless or superfluous. This policy has given us immense advantages during the last fifty years, and there is no doubt that it will be kept up for another fifty."

What will be the new policy of the nation after another fifty years, it is very difficult to foretell; but we entertain no doubt that it will be a continuation of the present one. However, if she thinks advantageous to go much deeper into the root of things, there is nothing to hinder her from doing it. She has studied and is still assiduously studying the main philosophic principles governing our mundane existence. This proves conclusively that the brain organism of the nation must have passed through

the different and prolonged stages of evolution. Therefore she has acted wisely in attending the things whose development is, at present, urgent, and leaving the things of tomorrow for tomorrow.

The first time I was struck with this imitative faculty of the Japanese race was about six months after my residence at Nara. From time to time I met in the streets, men wearing clerical clothes. It was an agreeable surprise to me to see such a large number of clerical brethren in the town, whom I took to belong to some of the neighboring towns and cities. Gradually their number increased, and I began getting uneasy about the matter, as none of them ever came and talked to me. One day I accosted one of them, and boldly asked:

"Are you a Kyoshoku?" (clergyman).

He stared at me in a most bewildered manner, and said:

"Kyoshoku nan deska." (What is a Kyoshoku?)

More surprised than ever I asked him:

"Are you a Christian?"

He stared at me disdainfully and said:

"Iye! Iye!" (O, no! O, no!) with great emphasis.

"Why, then, have you put on this cut of coat and vest?" was my next question.

"Well!" he said, "to tell you the truth, when you first came to Nara we noticed that the cut of your coat and vest were different from those of any other foreigner we had seen before; and as you had just arrived from America we thought, quite naturally, the cut of your dress the latest style, and a number of young men ordered the style which you are wearing now! But do tell me, please, is not this the latest style?"

"The latest style!" murmured I. "Gracious no! It is the oldest style in the world, taken from the pattern of the fig-leaf aprons of our first ancestors. This style is worn by no other people but by the bozu!" (priest)

"Bozu!" he nearly screamed. "But I thought you are a missionary!"

I told him if he came to my house I would explain the matter more fully to him, meanwhile, not to wear that dress any more, as he would be taken for a Christian Bozu. Of course I never saw any more clerical brethren in the city of Nara after this incident. Here I might remark, that, most of the errors of judgment which Japanese have made for the last fifty years in borrowing a large multitude of new ideas from the West, are the mere trifles like the above, which are committed daily by other nations who desire to introduce some alien fashions and customs into their country. In the more weighty matters Japan has manifested a degree of wisdom, nay, of genius, that has no equal in the history of our planet.

Quite a series of incidents happened in connection with the passport matter. In a previous chapter I have spoken on the origin and the infinite annoyance which the passport question caused the foreigner traveling in Japan until its abolition in 1899. For eight years I was practically immured in Nara beyond whose walls I could not step, without being questioned by somebody—by everybody—"Menjo Arimaska?" (Have you got a passport). The trouble was my forgetfulness—an evil adhering to us from the very day of our birth until the last day. I tried once to make a special pocket for it, and termed it "Passport Pocket." But the scheme did not

help me much—when the passport was forgotten, of course, the pocket also went with it.

One thing that was really surprising to me was the prophetic knowledge and vision of the Japanese detectives. They hardly asked for it when I had it ready with me, but whenever it was forgotten, even their little children seemed to possess the same occult knowledge of the matter.

On going from Nara to Wakayama once a month, I used to go by rail to Osaka and therefrom take a boat to the latter place. The boat used to leave at 4 A. M. and I had to be on board not later than 11 P. M. As the people there knew me and the object of my monthly visit, no one ever asked about my passport, but once, and that was the only time I had forgotten it! It happened about twenty minutes before the boat would leave. A policeman entered my cabin and asked that awful question. For a minute I was puzzled, and did not know what to reply. Then finding courage, smilingly said: "I have no passport, that is to say, I have forgotten it!"

"But how can you travel to Wakayama without a passport?" asked he rather sternly.

"—well!" said I still smiling, "You know I go to Wakayama once a month, and they all know me there. This is the first time I have forgotten my passport. But I have telegraphed to Nara already to have it sent to Wakayama; and on my return I promise to show it to you!"

He took out his little notebook, and asked my name, my age, my rank, my home, my country, and one thousand and one other questions; every one of which I answered frankly and without the slightest hesitation. Continuing, he asked:

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"Do you buy any merchandise, or carry on any trading while staying there?"

"No. Nothing."

"Do you buy any Kotto-butsu?" (Works of art.)

"Just a few."

"What do you do with them?"

"Some I keep myself, some I give to my friends, some I exchange, and others I just throw away."

"Have you ever made money on these things?"

"Never! But lost a good deal."

"You may go."

On my return trip I took the passport to the police-station and showed it to him. He looked at me and at the passport and said:

"Don't do it again! If you had not answered my questions so readily I would not have allowed you to proceed."

The second one was more serious, therefore the more exciting. It was in 1898, and I had just opened our important station of Kanazawa in the province of Kaga on the Western shore. I was returning to Tokyo and had traveled for more than twenty miles in deep snow to reach the railroad station, at that time near the small town of Komatsu. This trip of twenty miles took me eight hours and twelve yen (six American dollars). I was absolutely exhausted in strength, in money, and in patience.

The train came and I bought a third-class ticket and went at once into the car. I sat by the door, which was open. Just before starting a man came to me and said he was the Ekicho (station master) and asked if I had a pass-

port. "Of course," said I. "No one can travel in Japan without a passport!" "Haiken!" (let me see it), said Mr. Ekicho laconically. Promptly I opened my bag, and looked into every nook and corner of it—there was no Menjo! (passport) It was forgotten in the "Passport Pocket" in my trunk left behind at Kanazawa! I was terribly embarrassed, because I knew the Ekicho would think that I had been prevaricating. My researches being useless I raised my head and said:

"You will remember well that about two weeks ago when I went to Kanazawa I had a big trunk with me. After a few days I have to come back again from Tokyo and go to Kanazawa. I'll show it to you next time when I come. I am very sorry for it, but it cannot be helped now!"

He said: "It is against the law to sell a ticket to a foreigner without a passport. Therefore you have to go back to Kanazawa and bring your passport. Please give me back the ticket!"

I said: "Today is the 23rd of December and the day after tomorrow is Christmas, our greatest festival, and I must be in Tokyo with my family. Furthermore in this snow storm it would be almost impossible for me to go back to Kanazawa, and I have no money left."

He simply said: "O kino-doku-san Itashi gata ga nai!" (very sorry, but it can't be helped.)

Hitherto he was looking very stern and I a lowly suppliant. But now I changed my attitude and my tone, and with a harsh voice said:

"Look here! Evidently you are not familiar with the laws of Japan governing such cases. The law is that when-

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ever a foreigner is caught traveling in the interior without passport he is to be arrested and sent to his own legation at Tokyo; and not to be sent into the interior, as you are directing me. I am going up to Tokyo, and this is my name and my address. If all this time I have been traveling in the interior without a passport I shall be liable to a fine of 500 yen; but if it is simply a matter of forgetfulness, and I do have a foreign-office passport, then you will be liable to punishment in ordering a foreigner without a passport to go into the interior!" He was unable to answer me, as the law was on my side. By this time the platform was crowded with people—employees and passengers—listening attentively to our extremely heated discussion.

"But," he said, in a rather mild tone, "you are going to change trains at the junction, while there the policeman will come and ask you, I am quite positive, about your passport, what will you say to him."

I simply said: "I'll say to him exactly what I have said to you!"

Everybody present burst out laughing and the baffled Mr. Ekicho shouted: "Go ahead!"

I got to Tokyo on the following day without any molestation.

It would not be difficult to compose a large volume made up mostly of these passport incidents, but the following one which is extremely interesting, and with which I shall close this subject is worth recording and perusing.

From 1892 to 1895 I used to go up to Tokyo from Nara and deliver a course of lectures on the interesting subject of the "Philosophy of Religions." The cardinal object

of these lectures was to show our students of theology that Christianity, even as a "system" of religion, stood far above the others both in its philosophy, and also in its ethical and spiritual conception of our human life. The whole course was intended to be completed in ten volumes—five historical and five comparative. Of the ten volumes only four were published and the lectureship brought to an abrupt end.

Once, as I was going up to Tokyo, and before reaching the city of Nagoya I became very feverish and restive. Beside me there was only one other gentleman in the car—a Japanese with a military uniform. Noticing my condition he came to my aid and did everything in his power to relieve me. We approached the large city and he advised me to spend the night there in a small foreign hotel. I followed his advice and went to the hotel and to bed at once—without supper. As I was just beginning to enter the gates of the world of sleep, I saw the landlord with a policeman enter without knocking. This was extremely aggravating but I said nothing. After a short pause I said:

"Well, what do you want?"

"Your passport," replied the policeman, "is from Nara to Tokyo."

"Well!" said I, "but isn't Nagoya between Nara and Tokyo?"

The proprietor smiled at the query, but the policeman was stubborn and surly. "As the name of Nagoya is not in your passport you have to leave the hotel now for the station," said the representative of law.

"To leave for the station!" murmured I, "you see I am sick, and hardly can move in my bed."

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"O Kinodoku! Itashi gata ga nai!" (Very sorry! Can't be helped!) were the only words I got from the stern man after repeated solicitations to permit me to spend the night, as I was sick.

"Well!" I said, "but when is the train going to leave for Tokyo?"

"At 4 a. m." was the reply, and this was 10 p. m.

"Well," said I. "You see there are six hours yet for the train. Allow me to stay here till 3.30 o'clock. The fever may leave me about that time."

"No!" replied the impudent fellow, "you have to leave for the station now."

I simply did not know what to say to the fellow. As I had exhausted my vocabulary in beseeching and threatening him alternately. I was very anxious—rather afraid—of the results of waiting in a cold Japanese station for six hours, for a man in my condition, and then enter a still colder place—the train. I simply sat in my bed dazed and irresolute.

While pausing in this condition, the policeman took out his little notebook which the reader is familiar already with—and asked my name.

I said "My name is Dooman—D-o-o-m-a-n." He put that down. "What is the meaning of your name?" was the next query.

The meaning of Dooman is "a rudder". "The rudder of a ship," said I. He put down that also.

"What is your name?" I asked him in my turn.

"My name is Funa-Hashi (Funa or Fune ship; and Hashi, bridge. The ship's bridge).

"Now, look here, my friend," I said. "You being

the ship's bridge and I its rudder, we should be kind to each other. Because if *we* quarrel the ship will surely sink."

That policeman who had been trained from his early manhood not to move a single facial muscle under any circumstances, and until now had talked in an extremely rude manner to me, threw up his hands and roared with laughter like a tickled child and said:

"I'll let you stay here till tomorrow morning even if I am driven out of the force!"

I stayed there till next morning—by this time my fever had left me—I tried to see and thank the policeman, but he had gone home and I never saw him. This incident will illustrate the potential force of a *bon-mot* when uttered at the right moment.

Another species of "Incidents" arose out of the differences of opinions in relation to time. In the West it seems that the angel supervising its wheel and guiding its destiny is eternally swearing: "There should be time no longer!" While in Asia the only conception of Infinity which they possess is through the length of time, which they always seem to have in a bewildering abundance. To pay a gentleman a short social visit, would be tantamount to an insult. The longer the time consumed in such social functions the stronger the ties of friendship become. A foreign merchant can regulate his hours of business but a missionary cannot. The moment he fixes the visiting hours, from that very moment he declares himself unfit for foreign work. In my early life I had met a sturdy New England missionary who had spent all his noble life in doing missionary work in

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the Orient. He told the writer once: "If you ever become a clergyman, always say to the people 'Come!' and never 'Go!'" This noble advice of a great missionary has so ingrained itself into my soul, that it has become gradually a sort of a second conscience. How often have I come to the very verge of saying "Go!" but the sudden remembrance of the advice given decades ago, has intervened and effectually restrained me from uttering the fateful word.

With the above advice I have always remembered also the story of the celebrated author of the well-known hymn "Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus just now!" The story is that once the good old Doctor had a newspaper controversy with an opponent. He had been attacked rather virulently, and had written a very acrimonious reply. But before sending it off he had shown the article to a friend and asked his opinion about it. The friend's advice was to the effect that the article was excellent if simply the Doctor would change the title.

"Yes, of course I'll change the caption, but what new title will you suggest?" was the Doctor's question, rather elated by his friend's opinion as to the good literary qualities of the contribution.

The friend's calm reply was: "Go to the Devil, by the Author of Come to Jesus!"

Therefore on all such occasions, trying as undoubtedly they are, I have asked myself this weighty question: "Will not the economy of saving a few minutes, or even hours, of time, be the direct cause of repelling a child of God in search of the truth? If so is not the loss immensely greater than the gain?"

These considerations have always acted as deterrents, and very seldom, indeed only once if my memory serves me rightly, have I said "Go!" to an inquirer. The occasion was very peculiar. One Sunday morning I had preached the sermon and conducted the service, with the expectation that the Japanese assistant would preach in the evening. But suddenly he was taken ill, and sent me word to prepare for the evening also as he was not able to attend. As a general rule I have always ready a number of texts for such emergencies, and I sat down at once to prepare for the evening. But hardly had I finished writing the preface when a young man came in and introduced himself. It did not take a long time to find out the object of his visit. He wanted to go to America, and had come to ask for my advice and my aid, namely, to teach him English, find for him a college in America with full scholarship, and to help him a little, also, in raising the money needed for his traveling expenses. For all these troubles he promised, of course, to become a Christian—which he thought more than a sufficient compensation! I listened to his pathetic story patiently, and tried to explain the difficulties attending the subject of his traveling to America in search of a foreign education. He came at 1 p. m. and at five he was still unfolding to me his grand future schemes. The service would begin at seven and I was not even half ready. I explained to him the situation and dismissed him.

But the most difficult case of all was that of an old gentleman—a Christian—who used to pay me regularly a monthly visit. He would come at ten o'clock in the morning. As soon as he was ushered into my study I

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would put aside my work, and enter into lively conversation with him. He was a very good conversationalist—as all Japanese are—and would tell me stories of the pre-Reformation of Japan. I listened to him always attentively and respectfully—as he was an entertaining talker. After the midday meal we would retire into the study again, and after another two hours' conversation, the good old man would fall asleep in his arm chair and I would steal out for a short walk, or a little work. After a few hours' more conversation supper would be ready, and at 10 p. m. the old man would rise and say:

"I am very sorry that I am unable to call on you oftener, but I hope I shall be able to do it hereafter."

He was considered a very "Muzkashii" Hito (difficult person) by every one who knew him in the town. Yet, he was always extremely nice to me. Whenever I visit Nara even now he comes to see me and sheds tears when we separate.

There was another old gentleman at the city of Nara—a non-Christian—who more than once exhausted my patience, and I refused to help him in his mining projects. This man had a very patriarchal appearance—long white beard and flowing broad silken robes. For several terms he had been Mayor of his little town, and I knew him very well. One day he came to see me with his grandson, who was a pupil in our mission school, and asked me if I could help him in his mining projects. "Any hints will do," said he.

I told him that mining was a subject which I knew absolutely nothing about.

"But haven't you got the Booritania Hiyakka-Zensho?"

(Encyclopaedia Britannica), asked the old gentleman in a rather stern voice.

I replied him in the affirmative.

"Isn't there an article on mining?" asked he in the same harsh tone.

I said: "I suppose there is one on the subject of mining, but it is one of the few articles which I haven't read."

"Won't you please read it now," the old man persisted.

I took out the volume and began reading to him a few passages of principal interest. The old man's face and eyes began brightening up and said: "This is exactly what I want." After a short pause taking out his watch said:

"You know I am the busiest man in this town, and have to rush here and there all the time. Just now I have to go and attend a meeting of the shareholders of the mining company which I'm trying to organize. But I'll leave my grandson with you and you can dictate to him all the leading passages in the article!"

This was absolutely impudent, which I attributed to the disparity of our ages. I was very patient, and gave the little fellow a condensed summary of the article.

After a few days the old man came again. He had read the translation very carefully and detected several self-contradictory points—due to my carelessness. He wanted now to have the whole article translated to him from English into Japanese. The article on Mining is thirty-two pages. I refused to comply with the old man's wishes and refused in such a way that he could not misunderstand me. However, I didn't use bad language.

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Another series of quite amusing episodes rose out of the misconception of the Japanese as to the wealth of the missionary. In their early days of contact with Europe and America these unsophisticated and innocent people formed two distinct ideas as to every foreigner whom they met. The first of these was that he was an angel, the second that he was a millionaire. They have changed long ago, their views as to his angelic origin, and I am very sorry to say that they have jumped to the opposite extremity. But as to their convictions as to his wealth and earthly possessions, no amount of argument or of evidence would do any good. The main cause of this mental misconception is the high grade of living and of life in general maintained by Western races in comparison with the rest of mankind. Because this misconception they would bring before me cases and projects which would take more than a thousand times all the earthly wealth which I possessed.

While living in the beautiful and very important city of Kanazawa one day the sexton came in and said:

"A body of four gentlemen wish to see you on a very important business matter."

By "Business matter," (Yoji), I understood, as a matter of course, to mean a talk about the Christian religion and told him to usher them in. As they came in dressed in full native ceremonial dress, they surprised me greatly—and my surprise was not unmixed with joy. The West coast of Japan—Hok-Koku—is still the stronghold of Buddhism, of the influential Shinshu sect, and a very hard field for mission work. I had been in the place for more than two years, but had never been visited by such

a body of gentlemen. I hastily took this as a prognosis of the speedy opening of the door. I was terribly mistaken.

After the usual greetings they sat down and the spokesman began unfolding the object of their important visit. I listened to him with my accustomed courtesy. He said that they had, about ten miles from Kanazawa, a large silk factory where about four hundred men and women were employed. They had come to ask me if I could go and preach to their employees once a week. This, indeed, was an agreeable surprise to me, but as I had no native helper to spare for the work, I was greatly embarrassed. I told them that I had only one Japanese worker, and it was almost impossible to spare him for any other outside work. However, I would do this, I would go myself and preach to the people every other week, and if the prospect seemed favorable I would try to put a special preacher in the village. This plan seemed to meet the approbation of all; and the spokesman, quite elated said:

"I entertain no semblance of doubt, that, after a short duration of time, you will have a very strong church made exclusively of our operatives. But for this privilege we shall ask of you 50,000 yen (25,000 U. S. dollars) in cash. This amount will be expended on extending our factory and employing two hundred more persons, so that you will have ready a congregation of six hundred."

At first I was inclined to laugh outright at the preposterousness of the proposition—or rather of the comedy. But I controlled myself, and told them in the plainest language possible, that I had no money for such purposes and never expected to have any.

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"But," said the leader, "we can wait three months, during which you can write to Messrs. So and So," giving the names of three American centi-millionaires.

"Make it six months!" shouted in chorus the other three.

After a little hesitancy and pause he said:

"Well, I think we can wait for six months during which you shall have ample time to write these three gentlemen, who are good Christians, and contribute to the maintenance of your work here."

These good people's seriousness and innocence and simplicity affected me very much, and I really did not know what to say. After a little pause I repeated what I have said already.

"Well, now!" said the leader. "We have been told that you spend about 10,000 yen annually in this city of Kanazawa, and you haven't got a congregation of more than twenty. We are offering you a congregation of four hundred for only fifty thousand yen. Isn't that very reasonable? And we will give you a year instead of six months!"

"Quite so," said I, "but somehow Christianity and Arithmetic have never been able to agree on the great problems of existence!"

I said: "I wish I could help you, but I am very sorry I have no means of doing it."

This swept away and off their illusions, and they left me. I heard afterward that they had said: "That foreigner is the most stupid man in the whole world. It is difficult to understand the object of sending such a man as a missionary!"

The following, though a little different, still it will fall under the same category. One day in the same place where the above episode took place, I heard a voice shouting: "O'tanomi Moshi masu!" (I beg your pardon. A customary call at a door, to attract the attention of the people inside). I opened the door, and lo, before me stood a little fellow of about eighteen years old. His being so suddenly accosted by a tall and heavily-built foreigner, affected his speech-power and began stammering and talking incoherently. I smiled and said: "Come in, and tell me what you want!" He came in rather hesitatingly. I said: "What do you wish?" He took out paper and pencil and wrote:

"If you give me three thousand dollars I'll become a Christian."

"What are you going to do with the money?" I asked him.

He wrote down again: "I am going to open a restaurant."

"But surely, you don't need three thousand yen for a restaurant. Do you?" asked I rather surprised.

"No!" he said. "For the restaurant I shall need two hundred yen, the balance I need it for some other purposes."

"For some other purposes!" Of course it 'wasn't difficult to surmise these "other purposes," for which the young men of Japan are always in need of money. I never met that fellow again.

Once a Christian young man came in with the saddest face I have ever observed. "What is the matter, Mr. O." I asked him,

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After sighing and sighing for several minutes he said:
"I have heard some very sad news about you!"

"Well, what are they? Sit down and tell me all about it," smilingly said I.

He sat down and said:

"The people here think you a very stingy person, furthermore, there is a rumor that you have accumulated 50,000 yen during your fourteen years of life in our country."

It so happened that at the very time I had only fifty yen in the bank, and in the world—I have a little more now.

"Now, look here," said I. "Suppose a man lives very parsimoniously, and spends all his income on his family and on his work, would you call such a person rinshoku?" (stingy).

"Well," he said very seriously. "I don't know about that. But I would call, certainly, a man in your position rinshoku if he didn't help a poor person like me, in case of extreme necessity."

"How much do you want?" said I calmly.

"Just ten yen," was his reply.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"To tell you the truth," said he. "I have just engaged to marry a very pretty young girl, and according to our custom I have to make her a present of ten yen; and I haven't got any money!"

I didn't give that fellow any money then—but after his marriage!

The following incident took place at Nara and has to be classified with the above.

On our first settling down I called a carpenter in order to make our gloomy Japanese house a little brighter. From the very first day he seemed carrying something very heavy on his mind. He would look about just like a bewildered man. One day he came to me, and after bowing politely he said:

"I have come to ask you a question."

"All right, go ahead," said I.

"Where are your O Tekaki san?" (mesdames concubines).

"I have no mesdames concubines!" was my reply.

"Why?" he said. "I have heard your salary is very large!"

"In comparison with your wages my salary, I suppose, would be called very high. Still I have no concubines."

"But why?" the fellow insisted.

"Because my religion does not allow such a thing!"

"But what has religion to do with concubines?" said the fellow disdainfully.

"It has a good deal to do, though you can't see the connection," said I smilingly.

He didn't press me any further, but afterward I heard he had said: "That foreigner is either a fool or a liar. Either he has them and doesn't want his wife to know it, or hasn't got sense enough to keep them."

The present day Christianity has experienced no persecution in Japan—its evil spirit having consumed itself about three centuries ago in the terrible massacres of the adherents of the Roman Catholic mission. If Japan ever rejects Christianity it will not be because of the bitter ancient memories. Neither because the insufficiency of

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its doctrines and dogmas. But because some political causes which the missionary is absolutely impotent to remove. At present the only "persecution" he meets is the occasional disturbance of his meetings by the roughs. That there is a tacit, but universal, opposition to the progress of the Gospel, it cannot be denied. But the nation is too civilized and wise to allow these subterranean rumblings to burst out into a disastrous conflagration. If there ever happens to be any religious animosity, or even rivalry between Buddhism and Christianity, each one will try to get the ascendancy in those high ideals toward which humanity is *en masse* steadily pushing. In relating the following incident it is not the author's object to show the privations and the persecutions through which he has passed, in order to make a martyr of himself. But simply to illustrate a different phase of life in Japan.

In the year 1893 there appeared at the city of Nara a young man calling himself *Haretsu Taro* (literally it means: "Exploding Great Male!" undoubtedly an assumed name). He was from Satsuma, the province which has produced the greatest fighters of Japan. Haretsu Taro's avowed object was to: "drive once for all the alien religions from Japan—Buddhism included—and re-establish forever their own ancestral creed, that is, Shintoism." This was rather an ambitious programme; but Haretsu Taro was in the prime of his life, and full of resources and vigor. He said as the city of Nara was the oldest capital of the Empire he would begin his work of the purification and restoration from there. In many respects he was more hostile to Buddhism than he was to Christianity. He lectured in one of the largest of the

theatres, and seemed always to have plenty of money in his possession. He used to carry with him a wooden skull of the Buddha, and crack jokes at it before his large audience, and excite their mirth. After having destroyed Buddhism completely, according to his own assertion, he turned his attention to Christianity. One Sunday evening after exciting his hearers he had taken them with him into the nearest Christian Church, and smashed everything while the service was going on! He had declared publicly that next Sunday he would do the same thing to our church. I heard this and told the pastor to begin the service a little earlier and close the building before the fellow's coming. Thus we avoided the opportunity of seeing the rabble desecrating and destroying our sacred edifice. He did come and was greatly disappointed to see the lights extinguished, and the doors bolted.

During the following week we held a union Christian meeting in a large theatre. The first speaker was a Japanese from Kyoto. I was the last one on the programme. Hardly had the poor man spoken for ten or fifteen minutes, when a young man got up from the farthest end of the gallery facing the speaker, and took off his coat, and in his shirt sleeves shouted: "Shitsumon! Shitsumon!" (Question! question!). Having arrested the attention of the audience and diverted it from the speaker to himself, he began haranguing it something like this:

"Gentlemen, we have an old religion which inculcates the worship of the great Gods who came down from heaven and founded our eternal Empire. But whom do these Christians worship? They worship a real thief! Allow

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me to read you a passage from their own scriptures in order to prove this!" Then pulling a New Testament out of his vest pocket, began reading the Gospel of St. Matthew, Chapter 21, verses 1-11; about the triumphal entry of our Lord into Jerusalem. After finishing the passage continuing, he said: "Ye Japanese! will you abandon the Gods of your ancestors and worship a human being who stole a donkey?"

The whole audience, about four or five hundred, men, women and children, jumped up and shouted "Wahei! Wahei! Wahei!" a shout of triumph. The whole house was turned into a bear-garden—confusion and disorder knew no bounds.

This was that notorious "Haretsu Taro" who already had given us so much trouble. Finding the audience on his side, he was emboldened, and leaving the galleries he came down and proceeded toward the platform in a rather threatening attitude. I noticed that the speaker was shivering from head to foot. I got up and said: "You come down, and I'll take your place." As soon as I took his place the audience quieted down a little, and Haretsu Taro was transfixed, so to speak between the gallery and the platform—neither could he advance nor recede. Then I addressed them something to this effect:

"Gentlemen you have just heard that Christ whom we worship as the Son of God, and the Saviour of mankind was a thief, and that he stole a donkey. This is the opinion of this young man who does not know anything about Christianity. I'll give you now the opinion of another man about Christ and his religion. This man is Mr. Gladstone who all of you, I have no doubt, know,

and who is the Prime Minister of England just now. Sometime ago a body of representative men called on him and asked him about the means of elevating the condition of the black race of Africa. Mr. Gladstone's reply was: I know only of one way of elevating the condition of the negro race of Africa, that is, through the person of Jesus Christ. Now you intelligent people of Japan will you form your opinion, as to the person of Christ, from the opinion of Mr. Gladstone the greatest living statesman of the world, or from the opinion of this young man who doesn't understand even the meaning of the text which he has read?"

I knew well the tender place of the Japanese *amour-propre* which I had touched, and that there was only one answer to my question.

"Mr. Gladstone! Mr. Gladstone!" they shouted. "Turn him out! Turn him out!" He was pushed out of the theatre, and the meeting went on to the end without further disturbance.

Haretsu Taro was a rough and very tenacious fellow, and threatened my life openly. Many friends advised me to be a little careful and not to expose myself needlessly for a few days. One day the chief of the Soshi of Nara came to my house. But as he was a personal friend and used to visit me often, his call therefore, excited no particular feelings.

"Have you heard what I have done lately?" asked he rather gravely.

"You have been doing so many wonderful things lately, that I do not know to which one you refer." said I in a rather smiling tone.

"You know Haretsu Taro has been threatening your life!"

"Yes, I have heard something to that effect; but I haven't paid much attention to his threats," said I.

"Now listen to me!" he said. "Haretsu Taro is a desperate fellow, and I was afraid he might do something to you. Therefore last night I took five of my Soshi and went to his hotel, and had a long talk with him. I said 'you have threatened to assassinate Mr. Dooman. Now Mr. Dooman has been a very valuable person in our town. He has built for us that big school. He has injured nobody. Therefore, if you don't leave Nara by tomorrow morning I'll put you out of the town by force.' I am just coming from his hotel. He is gone!"

I never heard anything more concerning this exploding gentleman.

A few words as to the Institution of Soshi. The Soshi organization is unique to Japan. And it will thrive and prosper under no other clime in the world. He is a young man ever ready with his pen or with his tongue, or with his ponderous stick—as the occasion demands. He can use either of these three with facility and with a dexterity that is absolutely mystifying. During the time of peace even a faint vestige of him is not visible; but as soon as a critical situation arises they buzz out like wasps from every hole and nook and completely control it. To watch a regular fight between two rival Soshi bands is a treat not to be foregone for anything in the world.

One morning in a small country town I heard the temple bells ringing furiously. I was afraid a great conflagra-

tion was threatening the whole city. But very soon one of the servants came in with the news that the two rival Soshi organizations were preparing for a conflict. To elect a new member of parliament was the main cause of the imminent collision and I was anxious to watch the comedy a little. The leaders on both sides exhibited considerable knowledge of military tactics both in assaulting and in retreating and as soon as the police appeared, the combatants disappeared suddenly like Macbeth's witches.

It didn't take me a very long time after my arrival at Nara to find out the real value of these gentry. Through their instrumentality as orators, preachers, writers and fighters I could have converted the whole city to Christianity, but never were they employed by me in that capacity. And while not anxious to be initiated into the mysteries of their Institution I kept always on friendly terms with them.

One of the most dangerous Soshi of Nara was a jinriksha man at the station. Almost always he was under the influence of liquor, and even when sober he was ill-tempered and extremely cross. He was very tall for a Japanese, and also very strong and tough. His face—and I am afraid his soul also—was permanently disfigured by the smallpox. For his strength I always rode in his jinriksha, and paid him double fare. Gradually he became very attached to me, and would gladly do anything I told him. One day he said:

"Do you know that I was one of the Soshi who smashed the windows and pews of the Yosukyo Kwaido? (Christian Church). Well, your assassination was one of the

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points on the program of Haretsu Taro. I do not know what would have happened to you if the leader of the Nara Soshi hadn't expelled him out of town!"

"Neither do I know!" I replied smilingly.

I endeavored always to be on friendly terms not only with the roughest element, but also with the higher classes. Amongst some of my best non-Christian friends were a few Buddhist and Shinto priests. I found the former as a general rule, well educated men, and extremely facile talkers. Almost always I attended the funerals of prominent citizens, and for this very reason they all respected me, and deferred to my wishes. Like my divine master I have often found the society of sinners very amusing and entertaining, and sometimes far more so than the society of the sullen saints of this earth.

During the eight years of my residence at Nara the governor was changed three times. Two of them were well-educated and highly cultured gentlemen, who had traveled quite extensively both in Europe and America. Between them and me, and also between our families there existed a very warm friendship and intercourse. But the first governor was an aged gentleman of the old school and was notoriously anti-foreign. I tried several times to meet him, but he refused to receive me. Whenever I went to his house he would send word to call at his office; but when I called at his office he would say: "tell Mr. Dooman office is not the place to call on a gentleman, let him come to my house where I can entertain him!" However, the time came and I succeeded in pacifying and taming even this ferocious tiger. Whenever I went to see him he would go about his spacious

mansion hunting for paintings and other works of a very high grade of art and show them to me. He was reputed to have the best collection in Japan, and some of his paintings and sculptures were absolutely unique. He would half open a scroll then turn to me and jokingly say: "Now, Mr Dooman, you have a reputation of knowing something about our painting. Whose brush is this?" sometimes my conjectures would be correct, and he would simply mumble in a semi-audible tone: "Domo! yoku waku ne." (I declare he understands it well.) But whenever I was wrong he would shout triumphantly: "Well, after all, you foreigners cannot fathom the mysteries of our art!" Indeed, he was correct. Who can fathom the mysteries of Japanese art, or the mysteries of Japanese heart?

The following incident which verged on persecution and blood-shed is very peculiar and I must say also, very unJapanese.

Once I got a letter from several prominent gentlemen (Yushisha) of a little mountain village to go and preach to them. I accepted the invitation with thanks, and on the appointed day took the Japanese evangelist in charge of work in that neighborhood and together walked to the village. I was rather surprised to find out that instead of the spacious house of the head of the village, the meeting was going to take place in a dingy little house. I enquired for the cause of selecting such an uncommodious house for the meeting. They simply answered: "Benri-ga-yoroshi!" (for its convenience). The explanation did not satisfy me; and my suspicion of something wrong was doubly increased when the supper time came and there was no meal.

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The congregation was immense—filling up the house, the yard and the streets. People had come from all the surrounding villages to hear the first Christian sermon (sekkyo). We opened the service with singing a hymn, and on rising up I was agreeably surprised to see so many men and women joining us. Some of these were known to me others were unknown even to the native pastor—having been converted to Christianity elsewhere.

The pastor began his sermon from the Acts, Chapter 18 verses 24-31, St. Paul's sermon at Athens. But hardly had he spoken for ten minutes, then up jumped a score of young men shouting: "Shitsumon! Shitsumon!" He begged them, and expostulated with them to wait till the end of his sermon. But they would not acquiesce, and persisted shouting "Shitsumon! Shitsumon!" Bending over me he whispered, "What shall I do?" I said: "Answer them!"

He answered them one by one, and his answers were so crushing that none of them dared to ask him a second shitsumon. These being silenced, I saw an old man quite drunk elbowing his way through the crowd and approaching the preacher. He shook his fist at the speaker and said:

"Had you been a patriotic Japanese you would have been satisfied with the eight hundred thousand gods (ya-wo-yorozu-Kami) of our country, and you would not bring a foreign god, and ask us to worship him!"

At this the preacher being a little amazed burst out laughing, and the old man thinking his question unanswerable rushed to beat the speaker. At this the immense crowd was suddenly precipitated into chaos and confu-

sion. They kept shouting "Wahei! Wahei!" gesticulating or threatening and laughing—all these at the same time!

The speaker—who is still working with the present writer, and is a very useful man—has a very frail frame, and I was quite afraid lest in the onrush he be simply trampled to death by the enraged crowds. I jumped up and placed myself between him and his assailants. On seeing me they paused: then I said:

"Your conduct tonight has been extremely ungentlemanly. You invited us to come and preach to you; therefore, it is your paramount duty to protect and not to beat us. I doubt if any other people in the world would have acted as you have this evening." After quieting down a little I said: "The meeting is closed and we shall leave at once."

In passing through the crowds I kept very close to the evangelist. But nothing untoward happened. Close by that house we have a small church now, and a devout congregation composed entirely of the well-to-do farmers and prominent families of the neighborhood. The last time I heard about the old man—the main cause of the disturbance—he was serving a second term in the prison for gambling.

The following incident of a similar nature happened in a mountain town of the province of Yamato during my early days and it was due, to a certain extent, to a faulty knowledge of the Japanese language on my part.

In the town of Shimo-Ichi, in the center of the hills of Yoshino famous all over Japan for their beautiful cherry blossoms, there lived two lawyers who wanted to know something about Christianity, they sent me an invita-

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tion to go and preach to the people. I accepted their kindly proffered invitation, and went with three or four evangelists of that neighborhood. A theatre meeting having been arranged we repaired there. The house was literally crowded but whenever a speaker opened his mouth and said "Shokun yo!" (equivalent to our ladies and gentlemen) the whole crowd would jump up as one man and shout out fiercely: "Kikimasen! Kikimasen!" (Won't hear you! Won't hear you!). Speaker after speaker went up on the dais, and attempted to say a few words, but with no success! I was the last one on the programme. I climbed up and began speaking. They listened very quietly, and as I was congratulating myself for my success in quieting them down when suddenly the whole body as through a preconcerted action, jumped up and began yelling, "Kikimasen! Kikimasen!" Wahei! Wahei! Wahei!" I stopped and smiled. They also stopped and smiled! But as soon as I opened my mouth they began shouting "Wahei! Wahei!" yelling and jeering. We closed the meeting without a single one of us having succeeded to say anything.

The principal cause of this unprecedented conduct on the part of the townspeople, was as I learned afterward, the existence of a Buddhist seminary in the place. The young seminarians, about seventy, sat scattered over the house and created the disturbance.

After six months I was asked to make another attempt by the same two prominent lawyers; and again I accepted their invitation. The same theatre was rented again, and the same finale again terminated our efforts. The only novel thing this time was that, hardly had I spoken

for five minutes when the whole audience jumped up, and rushed toward the doors. I was afraid they had seen fire in the house. It was not fire, but an effective way of summarily silencing the speaker.

On retiring to my hotel I received a letter from the president of the seminary to the effect that I had made an insulting remark about Buddhism, and that they wished to have a public discussion with me on the subject in my hotel on the following day. I always avoid such discussions, as they lead to nothing tangible, and particularly so at this time, when my knowledge of the Japanese language was utterly insufficient for such an encounter. As the Buddhist scripture in Japan are still in the classic Chinese language—having never been translated into the colloquial Japanese—their constant perusal gives the Buddhist priesthood the advantages of speaking a classic language mastered by no other class of people in Japan. Where an exalted form of speech is considered everything and sense a secondary matter, of course there was no possibility, on my part, to emerge triumphant; victory was theirs before the encounter! I flatly refused. But the bellicose temperament of my Japanese colleagues would not brook such a thing—thus over-ruling my decision they sent a letter accepting the challenge.

When the appointed hour arrived I was anticipating the advent of two or three of the leading priests, and I ordered meals to be prepared for all—after the discussion. But imagine my surprise when in came about forty young men each carrying a big club. They sat down in a semi-circle without any preliminary salutation customary in Japan.

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I said: "Where is the priest who wrote me that letter?"

"He is sick," they replied, "but his place will be taken up by the vice-principal of our seminary."

This "vice-principal" was a gentleman of five-and-thirty summers and proved himself well-versed in the anti-Christian literature vogue in Japan about a score of years ago.

He opened the discussion by saying that I had used an insulting remark about Buddhism in my address on the preceding night. I assured him that it had been a life-principle with me not to use any harsh or insulting language toward the sacred things of my fellow men. "If I have said aught that sounded disrespectful to you, you have to ascribe it to the insufficiency of my knowledge of the language; and I am extremely sorry for it," added I.

This explanation seemed satisfactory to him, and at once he opened the real discussion. "Do you know," he asked me rather gravely, "that the results of the Darwinian theories, and modern scientific discoveries are against the claims of Christianity?"

I knew that none of my Christian companions could answer his rather broad and sweeping question, and the lack of language on my part was extremely embarrassing. Fortunately just at that time I had finished reading two of Darwin's leading works—"The Origin of Species," and the "Descent of Man."

"Have you read any of Darwin's works?" I asked him very politely.

"No, I haven't," was the reply.

"If you haven't, how then, can you make such a sweeping assertion?" was my next question.

He said he had seen the statement made in a Japanese work on polemics.

I said: "I have been reading lately two of Darwin's principal works, and in none of them have I seen any warrant for your categorical assertion that the theory of evolution had destroyed the very foundations of the Christian faith. Even if the theory was well-substantiated, still it would alter only our belief in the theory of the immediate creation of life, and substitute in its place that of the mediate generation. This does not even touch the idea of a transcendent personal God above time and space, who is the basis of Christianity. In fact Darwin himself believed in the existence of such a Being."

The statement that the author of the doctrine of evolution was a believer in the existence of God, was a new thing to him, and he asked me repeatedly if I was sure of the fact. I assured him that I was not mistaken. Furthermore, I said, that there is a branch of the Darwinian school which contains a number of great scientists who are progressing toward atheistic materialism, it cannot be doubted. But I think their number is gradually decreasing rather than increasing. "But suppose," I added, "this school does triumph ultimately, what comfort you Buddhists can derive therefrom? Its war cry has been the negation of all religions; therefore, if Christianity is destroyed, Buddhism will not be spared." They all smiled, and in a subdued tone said; "So desu ne." (Well, it is so).

But suddenly he turned away from this topic, and went into a different direction. I was so baffled and confused and dismayed that I did not know what to say!

Suddenly raising himself on his knees, he shouted, foaming with rage and furor:

"Why do you Christians call our Emperor whom we worship as our only god a criminal." (tsumi-bito). Is our Tenshi (the son of Heaven) a criminal?"

The biblical word "sinners" is translated both in the Bible and Prayer Book into "Tsumi-bito," which literally means a "criminal," a "condemned person," "a person sentenced to prison."

Here his forty young men raised themselves on their knees and began tucking up their flowing sleeves, as they generally do before rushing to assault a foe. I got very excited and answered him in English and turning to one of my companions, who understood the English a little, asked him to interpret what I had said. But I found out that in him also the pentecostal gift of speaking new languages had taken a retrogressive step. He said: "I don't understand you, please repeat it once more." I repeated it twice in order to be sure. But he began saying something exactly opposite to what I had said. This enraged the young fellows the more, and they kept up shouting "Kotaye! Kotaye! Kotaye!" (Answer him! Answer him! Answer him!) I turned again to my Japanese and began explaining the meaning of the words "Tsumi-Bito." But he would accept no "Setsume" (explanation), and insisted on my answering his question either "yes!" or "no!" and I could not logically do either. They all continued shouting "Kotaye! Kotaye! Kotaye!" Amid this pandemonium the providential deliverance came to me, not in the person of an angel, but in the person of two big policemen! The proprietor,

fearing blood-shed, had notified the police. They told us to terminate the controversy as it had been carried on too long. I accepted their mandate willingly and left the place for nearly fourteen years. The seminary has been defunct long ago; and the Mayor's office has been removed to the rival town of Kami-Ichi. In this latter place we have a chapel in which I have preached to large crowds without the slightest molestation.

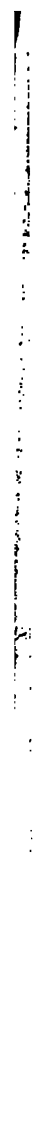
Similar incidents have happened very frequently, and none of them has terminated tragically, therefore, their memory arouses today rather pleasant than bitter recollections. The people are daily receiving better impressions of the aim and object of Christianity as a religion, and also of its commissioned and responsible representatives. As already stated, by temperament the Japanese is tolerant in matters pertaining to the domain of religion. He divests himself as completely as possible of all his prejudices and presuppositions. He understands Christianity tolerably well, and I am quite sure he likes it. But the trouble is that in studying Christendom he is extremely puzzled, and does not know how to distinguish between the two. I am quite certain that he loves greatly the religion of the Occident, but he hates its politics.

The following occurrence though not following, as a matter of logic, within the category of the episodes given above, still it can be placed immediately after them.

Once in the large city of Kanazawa I advertised a lecture on the subject of Christianity as a civilizing power. A goodly number attended in the spacious hall of our church. I spoke for nearly an hour and a half,



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and they listened very attentively. After dismissing the audience, and as I was calling the janitor to put out the lights in rushed a body of thirty or forty men all belonging to the official class, and wearing foreign clothes. At one glance I understood the puzzling situation. Advancing toward them I said smilingly:

"Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?"

They were not drunk, but just in the very nick of that psychological moment when hilarity and stupidity kiss each other. The spokesman replied:

"You have advertised a lecture on Christianity and Civilization, and we have come to hear you!"

"But gentlemen," said I rather amazed, "I have just finished the lecture and closed the meeting. You see it is after ten o'clock now!"

"Closed the meeting!" they all thundered. "Can't you reopen it? You have come thousands of miles to preach your religion to us; and when we come to hear you, you say 'I have just closed the meeting!' You command a very high salary, don't you? Go on! Go on!" Shouted all in a chorus, meanwhile throwing themselves on the empty benches.

There was only one alternative left to me, namely, to "go on!" and I did go on—for thirty minutes.

The more sober of them kept repeating "Korewa Makoto-ni Kekko-na Oshiye desu!" (This is really a grand religion). Others were half asleep while good many kept snoring to the end. After going through the lecture for a second time that night, I said:

"Well, gentlemen, this is the gist of my lecture on the subject of 'Christianity as a Civilizing Power.'"

They all got up and in unison shouted "Arigato" (thank you) and left the hall. I learned afterwards that they all belonged to a social club and after attending its regular meeting, and imbibing a little of their "Honorable Beer" had strolled in to hear me. I never saw them in church after that, though sometimes I met them in the streets. They always looked rather sheepishly at me, but none of them said a word about the matter. This has been the most amusing episode of my life in Japan.

Some very unpleasant incidents between foreigners and Japanese very often occur from the very peculiar presupposition on the part of the latter that no foreigner ever understands their language; hence they make all sorts of remarks about him. To be shouted at by the street urchins: "fool, dunce, barbarian, hairy Westerner, nasty foreigner," and a hundred of similar malodorous names is, to speak mildly, very hard to bear. However, the thought that they are children alleviates considerably the poignancy of the pain inflicted. But to be called "Okina Yatsu" (huge creature), "Erai yo koyetta Yatsu" (what a fat creature) by grown up people sitting opposite you in the same car, and you understanding the meaning of every loudly uttered word is, to say the least, very annoying and unpleasant. Sometimes the subject of their conversation or of their pleasantries, though not concerning your corpulence or height, are decidedly morally unwholesome.

Once as I was returning from Kyoto to Kobe with one of my daughters, at that time hardly ten years of age, two well dressed gentlemen got into our compartment. As soon as they had seated themselves they began scan-

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ning and scrutinizing the girl and me from head to foot. Then one of the fellows turning to his companion and in an audible voice whose every word I could hear and understand said:

“Orooppa jinshu no Kodomo wa makoto-ni Kawairashii desu; Keredomo ano okina yo Koyetta yatsu ra ga, domo, itashi gata ga nai ne!” This literally translated it means:

“Undoubtedly the children of the European races are extremely beautiful. But their big fat creatures I do despise!” If all mankind saw themselves as others saw them, I am afraid more than a large majority would commit suicide! However, this is the most frankly expressed criticism of the European races, which I have heard in Japan; and I am afraid the “little lean creature” voiced the aesthetic sentiment of his nation as to the height and corpulence of the foreigner. But then, “tastes” and “tests” are such shifty things!

The following “incident” or “anecdote” or “episode” is so peculiar that cannot be classified with any other series of phenomena occurring in this world of God. It is absolutely unique, therefore, it has to stand by itself. But I can vouch for its authenticity and credibility. I knew both of the principal actors in the drama very well. The missionary, a noble man, is still living, while the Japanese is dead.

In one of the towns where I had work there used to live an old bachelor—a very rare commodity in Japan. He lived on almost nothing but talking. There was no secret in the large town which he did not know; and nothing was too high or too low and despised to escape

his scavenging appetite for gossip. He persecuted our church to such an extent that finally no person dared to enter its portals. At night he used to go sneaking about the building and peering inside; and if he saw or heard of a new comer, he would hunt him up next morning and say to him most seriously:

"Do you know that that church has a very bad reputation and if you even approach it once more, your name will be soiled and your future ruined?"

Of course this was more than sufficient for the new inquirer to shun us for the rest of his earthly life.

In the early days of the founding of our church in his town he had benefitted financially by becoming an "Inquirer." But when his real character became known to the missionary he had refused baptizing him. When I took up the work in this town in 1892 already he had avowed eternal enmity to us, and committed no considerable damage to the church. Still I let him know that often persecution is preferable to surrender.

He used to visit sometimes the missionary of another church in the town, and the following story was related to me by that missionary:

"Once Shimamoto (that was his real name) came to me and began talking in his customary way. He said:

"I don't drink, I don't fight, I don't gamble, I don't steal, and I have never been in prison all my life. I am a man of peace. I can say this boastfully. But I dreadfully like one thing—lying!"

"I was surprised and tried to impress upon him the enormity of the guilt of lying. But he only laughed and said:

“ ‘No, I can’t give up lying. To lie and cheat the people and make fools of them, then turn and laugh at them, is the most interesting (omoshiroi) thing in the world!’ ”

“After a few days I saw the said Shimamoto in the streets, and beastly drunk. The next time he came to me I took him to task and severely reprimanded him. I said, ‘Mr. S., you remember you told me a few days ago that you never drank, but only liked lying. But I saw you very drunk the other day. You were so drunk that you couldn’t control yourself.’ ”

“ ‘O, yes! I remember that. Well, did not I tell you I was very fond of lying in order to fool the unwary people and laugh at them? You see I have made a fool of you now, so that I can laugh at you. I am very fond of all kinds of drinks! Now do tell me, isn’t this intensely omoshiroi? Ha! ha! ha!’ ”

When truth and falsehood are reduced into such a chaotic state, it is very difficult to make any ethical distinction between them!

Perhaps the most embarrassing state in which I have ever found myself was the following. However, before relating it I shall say a few words on the real condition of the Japanese social life—a subject upon which I have touched more than once already.

No Japanese thinks a reception given to a friend complete without music and dancing by the Geisha. This would be equivalent to a theatre and dinner party in the West. Perhaps this in Japan is more common than the theatre party in America and Europe. The Geisha is an institution peculiar to Japan, something like its institution of the Soshi. It is a very different institution

from the "Licensed Quarters." Each large town has a school for training them—that is giving them a regular course of education in etiquette and social ceremonialism—Gyogi (manners, deportment, conduct)—hence Geigi and Geisha. They play the native music, they sing and dance. They are very facile talkers, and always well-dressed. But man's animalism has degraded them—as it has degraded many other innocent objects, in this world.

Once a candidate for the national Diet whose younger brother was in our mission school, sent me an invitation to take dinner with him in the leading hotel of Nara. I accepted his invitation and went at the appointed hour. I found the spacious room literally crowded with Geishas, instruments of music, wine and beer bottles, dishes and many other things whose nature or function I did not know. The windows overlooking the broad roadway leading to the park were all thrown open, so that any passenger could see us—and I was the sole guest!

The first impulse heaving up in my breast at this moment was simply to turn back and leave the room. But after a little deliberation I changed my mind. An abrupt departure on my part would have injured my friend's prospects in his coming great political struggle. This I did not want to do. I sat down and after customary prolonged salutation began talking about his prospects, and the prospects of the other candidates in the province—whom I knew very well. After considerable talk I asked him if he knew how the people of the Occident take their midday meals. It was just about midday now. "Well," I said, "my custom is to have a hearty meal at first, then have a short nap."

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"Of course," he said, "you have not had your midday meal yet."

"No," I said, "after accepting your very kind invitation of course I wouldn't do that!"

Then turning to the Geisha he ordered dinner to be served at once. This continued till about two o'clock, and when the last course was finished I excused myself. "Why!" said my very kind host, "the most expensive part of my dinner hasn't come in yet." Of course I understood what he meant, and very gently told him that that part of his entertainment would greatly injure my missionary work, therefore I begged to be excused. He accepted my explanation like a gentleman and excused me. Afterwards whenever we met he would laugh at my behavior.

The following is the greatest compliment ever paid me in Japan. Once in a hotel at Tanabe, Kishu, I caught cold, and my temperature rose very high. About 9 p. m. I sent after a physician—just now in the adjoining room a body of men and of Geisha began their orgic amusements. I knew what torture that meant to me! The doctor came, prescribed something and left. As he was departing my neighbors called for the girl who had conducted him into my room, and asked her who was the sick man. "Dooman San," was her reply. There was a silence for a couple of minutes, then one of them said: "Ano hito ii hito desu-Yamimasho!" (He is a good man, let us put a stop to this business). They left at once.

I shall close this chapter by relating a very amusing incident to show the ready wit of the people of Japan. Once during a theatre meeting a Japanese preacher was

dilating rather eloquently on the subject of man's superiority over all other extant animals. "Show me," exclaimed he, "another animal in this wide world which stands erect, walks upright, and his eyes are turned always toward heaven like him!"

"Crab!" shouted a little fellow sitting in front of him.

Curtain falls!

CHAPTER IX

A Missionary's Amusements

I am afraid many a reader on noticing the caption of this chapter will exclaim "A missionary's Amusements!" "But what right has a missionary to have amusements anyhow? Did St. Paul have any?" Very likely he didn't. But our universe is getting daily broader and deeper and higher. Allow, therefore, even the exiled foreign missionary to have a little pleasure and relaxation.

In the large cities of Japan like Tokyo, Yokohama, Osaka, Kobe, and Kyoto, where a considerable number of foreigners—merchants, missionaries and teachers—live, it is not impossible to reproduce in a miniatural form, the home life—with all its varied social, sporting and literary aspects. Clubs, dinners, golf and tennis courts, amateur theatrical performances, literary gatherings and their indispensable accessory in the form of gossip are, indeed, more frequent than in the home lands. Not only their frequency strikes the student of sociology and of psychology, but also their super-intensified realism. There is a consciousness of seriousness and of superiority in them common to all amateurish human knowledge.

But a single missionary living miles and miles away in the interior, and practically cut off from all associa-

tions and companionship of the beloved friends who are able to help him in the hour of distress and depression, has to fall back entirely on his own resources, and create eternally new types of ideas, and of hopes, and of joys, in order to brighten a little the sombre side of a solitary life. "Man is a social animal" was the great Greek philosopher's definition. This is quite correct. But he is a "social animal" of a very curious disposition, and it is not an easy task to satisfy his ever-changing fastidious tastes. The natal instincts which the Creator has placed in him cannot be controlled with ease, or smothered summarily. For these very reasons it is more advisable to meet all these natural cravings midway, which invariably is the best way of doing things accordingly the great Chinese sage.

The first and in a certain sense, the best amusement which I enjoyed for the eight years of my life at Nara was riding. Riding must have been man's first effort in inventing a national amusement in which sport and physics are connected. Both in appearance and usefulness the horse is the noblest of all animals. For the beautifulness of his form and shape, and also for the grandeur of his posture and bearing he will carry, I dare say, the palm of the whole animal creation—man not excepted! Man naturally, has very high opinion of his own figure, and has termed it "the height of the creation." Intellectually there is no one, undoubtedly, to compete with him, or even approach him. Here he is supreme. But in the matter of the shape and the outlinear form, the horse might compete with him before a tribunal whose judges did not belong to the species of the contestants.

My attraction to the horse has been from my early childhood. The first point of attraction was of course, his usefulness in the matter of sport and travel. Here no other animal can supply his place. His distant cousin, the despised ass, and the camel, are the only other two species of animals which man has utilized for riding purposes, and none of them has been able to supplant him. The artificial mule, as far as riding is concerned has proven a failure—having kept too many traits of the character of its father. Therefore to the present day the horse has remained the sole animal to supplement man most harmoniously in all his strenuous daily movements. For the last few decades steam and electricity have been competing with him, and trying to push him out of the human society. What will be his final end in such an uneven contest, it is difficult to predict with assurance. However, even if he is driven out of the memory, his companionship with man for the last myriad of years can never be obliterated—in art or in history.

The second point of attraction is the symmetrical rotundity and completeness of his figure. In my opinion nothing in the whole realm of creation can approach it. The third point was the harmonious mixture of haughtiness and gentleness in his character. No other animal is so sensitive and nervous as he. The slightest touch sends his whole skin a-trembling. Why has man invented the spur to waken to his duty the most wakeful of animals, is difficult to understand. He resents its pricks with unambiguous expressions. With haughtiness he unites gentleness. When properly treated he makes a good companion—though not like the dog, as

he is too noble and proud to turn himself to a jester and a fool.

The Japanese horse is not as docile as his brother in Western Asia and Europe. His treatment has evidently converted his pride to viciousness. To the last he is unwilling to see a human being on his back. The strong impulse of gentleness in his character has been lost. Not only the good traits of his character have been left undeveloped and neglected but also his stature, his strength, and his shape. The roads of Japan also have conspired with man to arrest the progress of this noblest of the animals. The stony nature of the soil makes the roads hard and uneven, thus subjecting him to constant stumbling which eventually weakens prematurely his constitution and makes him unsafe, even dangerous, for all riding purposes. In my early life at Nara a few hours of riding every afternoon in its beautiful parks, and over its verdure clad hills and mountains all alone, and musing over life and eternity, were the most enjoyable days of my life. But gradually the Japanese horse began, for some sudden reasons, deteriorating, and I so told the dealer. But he would not accept this opinion and ascribed the trouble to me. After a serious fall I was obliged to abandon entirely this form of sport, being convinced that the Japanese horse is made for the people of Japan only. Here I may add that the horse is the only sacred animal in the Shintoism of Japan—the religion of heroes and hero worship.

Another undertaking which afforded me both relaxation and profitable amusement was gardening. Here I am unable to present to the reader an account of my

adventure in gardening to be as interesting as that entrancing book "Elizabeth and her Garden." Nevertheless my experience is worth recording—also worth reading. The saying: "Necessity is the mother of invention," which Plato, in my opinion, is the first writer to quote, and he ascribes it to the ancients, was in reality the first mother of my Japanese garden. On our first arrival at Nara hardly could we find a single native vegetable which we could use—with the exception of spinach and sweet potatoes. I tried at once to raise the most common foreign vegetables—Irish potatoes, tomatoes, lettuce, cabbage, cauliflower, radishes, beets, and a number of others. For this purpose I rented a small piece of land adjoining my house. But the intense heat radiating from the surrounding tile-covered roofs and walls scorched and killed the most delicate of the plants, and the rest were eaten up by an enormous army of bugs (*mushi*)—creeping and flying ceaselessly day and night. And the worst part of the tragedy was the ridicule heaped upon me by my Japanese neighbors on the dismal end of my enterprise. But neither ridicule nor failure have succeeded extinguishing in me my strong faculty of hope especially when strengthened by my Oriental imagination. The next year I changed my Japanese residence, and began anew with an undaunted spirit, the unsuccessful enterprise. The ground rented was rather extensive, the soil rich, and no houses surrounding it. It belonged to an old peasant impoverished to the last degree by a consecutive series of misfortunes, whose cause and origin he attributed to his evil life in his former state of existence. Though impoverished he had cleaved to the last to the heritage left him by his ancestors.

The life-story of this man and his tragical end are so pathetic that I shall relate them here. Moreover it sheds considerable light on the doctrine of the transmigration of souls with its fatal effects upon the character of the Japanese and their proverbial foolhardiness for rushing into suicide and self-destruction. This man had two sons and one little daughter. The latter while on a visit to her maternal uncle, had been butchered by another maternal uncle. Her two uncles had a quarrel over a piece of property, and the younger brother while crazy with rage had absolutely hacked to pieces not only his own elder brother with his wife and three children, but also his little niece. Immediately after this blood-curdling tragedy his oldest son, a young man of thirty years, was stricken down with typhoid fever, and on his recovery he had lost totally his rational faculties—he was a raving maniac. Now the life-hope of the father centered in the person of his second son—an unusually tall and handsome boy. But alas the furies seemed to be chasing this poor man until he was totally crushed and destroyed. The boy got pneumonia, and when recovered it was found that he had lost the power of speech! To see the two boys walking in the yard was the most heart-rending spectacle I have ever witnessed in my life. The old man could no longer bear this unwonted cataclysm destroying eternally his happiness and his hope. He voluntarily ended his miserable existence.

For some time I refused to purchase his ancestral inheritance—the terrible story of Ahab's and Naboth's vineyard and its ultimate consequences kept hovering like an enraged ghost before my vision. I thought the

offer of a large sum of money on my part in order to separate the poor man from his possessions unjust. One day he came to me and besought me to buy it, "otherwise it will go very cheaply to others," was his pathetic remark. I paid him his own price.

I used to talk with the old gentleman about his calamities, and tried always to comfort him. But his whole soul seemed so crushed that nothing could console him, or even suggest some hope. He used to say: "I must have been a very wicked person in a former state of existence, otherwise these calamities would not have befallen me. Look at my younger brother! A bigger rascal you never saw in all your life! Yet, he has grown wealthy, and all his children are strong and prosperous. While I, who have done no dishonest act in all my life have been crushed by these terrible events! Yes, I must have been an extremely bad person in a former life!" This view of life was a new interpretation to me of the tragical drama of Job as enacted on a different stage and with different drapery!

It is impossible to express in words the emotions aroused when for the first time in three years I saw again home vegetables—lettuce, tomatoes, cabbages, and others—and all raised by my own personal effort and perseverance! There has always existed some sort of association between man and the animals which he has succeeded domesticating. If we study carefully the social qualities of the most domestic of our plants the same emotions and feelings will be generated toward them also. In a distant foreign country they assume real personality, and at once commence to form associations with us—

reminding us of the things past or distant. A book might be written on the subject of the personality and association of the vegetables and fruit, and the infinite chain of ideas and concepts which they suggest. Nations of an artistic instinct like the Japanese have closely observed this social intercourse between man and the kingdom of plants; and have reproduced these ideas of kinship not only in the vast realm of their art, but also in the forms and shapes of their sweet-meats and other articles of food. For instance, during the plum season—whether of the blossom or of the fruit—everything that you view, or touch, or eat is a reminder of the tree called plum—of its attributes, of its characteristics, in short of every imaginable aspect of that useful fruit. Thus it is created what might logically be termed plant friendship.

But my success as a gardener was not entirely free from failure and disappointment. The *Mushi* (bugs) which are so plentiful in Japan kept doing some damage, so also did the heat. Then the imported seeds did not thrive so well as in their own native clime. Water-melon was a total failure every time I tried. The fruit from the pressure of the moisture was twisted out of all shape and form, and reminded me of Shakespeare's deformed Caliban; still I was satisfied with the ultimate fruits of my labor. Somehow total success has never crowned any of my labors. This I attribute to the Father of all mercies, and the dispenser of all riches. "Give me neither poverty nor riches" was the prayer of the wisest and richest king Orient has produced. He knew the blessing of this *via media* though he did not possess it. I, who

from childhood have been traveling in it have no reason to be dissatisfied.

Another kind of amusement from which I drew, and still draw, great pleasure, is walking alone for an hour or two every day. Before forming the acquaintance of the temples and the treasured relics within their walls, I used to walk or ride over the beautiful hills. But later on I divided my time between the hills and the sacred edifices of which Nara is practically crowded. This latter exercise afforded me not only relaxation, but also a great deal of practical knowledge and information concerning the nation's greatest religion, and especially in relation to the great quantity of the ancient works of art which was impossible to acquire elsewhere.

Of the city of Nara and its vicinity I have spoken already more than once. I entertain no doubt of the reader having formed a sort of Platonic attachment to this beautiful spot upon our planet. It might be termed, without the slightest exaggeration, the city of temples and of shrines. Their number is practically beyond human conception. In an extensive area of several miles, almost every prominent locality and place is occupied by a sacred building—testifying to the deep religious life of the people. Every spot and edifice has a history and many traditions, which the people will relate to you gladly. The foremost of these edifices, both in point of antiquity and of importance is the grand temple of Todaiji, towering like a mountain above the whole city and casting every other building into shade. Its huge wooden structure, its remote traditions, its absolutely innumerable works of art, and the facts and the fancies

attached to its history, all conspire together to make it one of the wonders of the world. Here, for nearly twelve centuries, sits the great Buddha contemplating the vanity of all existence. Geographically close to the Todaiji is the Kasuga shrine with its semi-nomadic and semi-Gothic style of architecture.

Both these two sacred buildings are located in the greatest park of Japan and some distance from the town. A few minutes walk will bring the traveler to the sacred pond with its sacred fish—the emblem that “Japan lives on fish alone.” Just above this pond is the official entrance of the above-mentioned shrine and park. The “Entrance” *Torii* ushers the visitor to the grandest avenue of Japan, though barely half a mile long. But the idea of the length and space is overpowered and lost in the infinity of the perspective. It begins from the noise and hustle of the hotel life—representing this world—and it ends in the perfect calmness of the beautiful Kasuga mountains—emblematic of the eternal calmness of the Nirvana. Thus in this avenue you can observe the idea of life and of eternity as taught in the Buddhist metaphysics! Starting from the noisy world of the hotels as you advance, the turmoil gradually recedes and peace seizes and becalms your spirit, you advance step by step until reaching the over-shadowing branches of the huge *Cryptomeria Japonica* where all thought of individuality is lost in the vastness of the forest. Though the distance is very short, yet, nature and art have united in producing a realistic replica in space of this profound religion.

In point of age the Kasuga shrine, in all likelihood, is

much older than the temple of the Todaiji. The present writer has seen old paintings representing the Emperor worshipping in the shrine, while the site of the temple is represented as a dense forest. It contains very few sacred relics or works of art (Homotsu), Shintoism being quite opposite to Buddhism in matters of pomp. Humanly speaking this should have been reversed. In its very essence Buddhism is an austere religion—teaching nothing but self-mortification, while Shintoism is the religion of the gods (Kami), with their endless trains and processions. Yet, in objectifying themselves in outside forms and ceremonials, each one has metamorphosed itself quite opposite to the inculcations of its own inner religious creed.

To the student of archeology and also of architecture the Kasuga building will be interesting because its resemblance to the Greek idea of colonnading, and some other traits of the early Doric style. But its most attractive features are its stone lanterns (Toro). There should be one for each day of the year, though this idea has been gradually lost, and at present the number is not considered at all. On certain nights they all are lit, and their somber light in the dark forest arouses very peculiar emotions. Their vision always reminded me of the weird story of the mountain in the Arabian Nights which was covered with human beings converted, through some sort of occult science and mesmerism, into the living stone statues! I doubt of the existence of any other spot on the face of our earth which can awaken in the beholder so many varied and indefinable emotions.

Let us come back once more to the Todaiji. Both

architecturally and also in matters of decoration, the contrast with the Kasuga shrine is quite impressive. While its scenic accessories are not as grand as those of the shrine, nevertheless art and artisanship have vied with each other to create it the most magnificent sacred structure in Japan. It is literally crowded with sculptures—bronze and wood—and paintings and other art objects. Its wood carvings stand, perhaps, the first in the whole world. From its two guardian-angels (Ni-O) standing at its gate and watching its destiny, and the destiny of its religion, to the smallest statuette, each one is full of vigor and strength. The glyptic arts have never in their whole history so revelled in producing most meritorious and instructive works of art. These latter and those in bronze all surround the great Buddha (Dai-Butsu) and what a world of emotions and expressions we encounter here! Under its roof you observe the whole universe of gods, goddesses, angels, fairies, spirits, devils, demons, fiends, satans, giants, genii, and heroes all shouting, weeping, wrestling, battling, struggling, warring, writhing, gasping, dying, laughing, strewn in all imaginable attitudes and postures whilst the majestic Buddha sitting on his lotus throne—the emblem of the final redemption of the struggling creation—is observed in the deep contemplation of the vanity and final obliteration of the whole existence. The callousest of human beings cannot pass by this “Tragedy of Humanity and of the Universe” without being deeply affected by the grand spectacle. The nearest object to it in the West is the “Last Judgment” of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel. Artistically speaking their nature forbids their

comparison. They are two totally different conceptions of life and of eternity. However, both in conception, execution and arrangement we are inclined to think, that, the Todaiji sculptures far more preferable to the Sistine paintings. The art of Todaiji is intended to arouse the sense of pity, that of the Sistine chapel the sense of revenge. Therefore, while the Todaiji art grasps and represents faithfully the one central conception of the philosophy of Buddhism, namely, pity ensuing of helplessness; the author of the Sistine paintings misunderstood the kernel of Christianity, which is love and not revenge.

A few words concerning the great Buddha. This, the greatest statue of Buddha in the world, has been described so often as to its size, its dimensions, and the quality of its bronze that it requires only a passing mention here. It has met the greatest misfortune which frequently a masterpiece of sculpture meets—losing its original head, and getting an ugly substitute. For this unhappy accident the hasty observer is apt to condemn it, instead of sympathizing with its calamity. If we ignore at first the head altogether, and direct our attention to the torso with its commanding symmetry, and to the proportionate size of the arms, of the fingers, and of the huge lotus flower serving for the massive pedestal, and then put up an imaginary head, then, and not till then, can we have a right conception of this great wonder of the present world. Indeed in viewing every other work of art in Japan the observer has to exercise his imagination to a very extended degree, because its art, as well as its poetry, are more suggestive than comprehensive. This, quite naturally, will awaken and stimulate in the

student an impulse to study and master their spirit, and make it his own.

Of the structure itself, like that of the Kasuga shrine, we can say very little. I believe it is the largest wooden building in the world. The enormousness of its dimensions inspires awe and fear rather than admiration. For nearly a century it has been in a state of decay and dilapidation, thus threatening the very existence of Japan's greatest work in bronze. Since writing the above this venerable structure has been repaired thoroughly from the funds voted by the Imperial Parliament of Japan. In passing I might mention here, that there used to be seen in the book kept for superscription for the contemplated repairs the following entry: "Phillips Brooks, Boston, U. S. A., 10 yen, Aug. 10, 1889." What a commentary on the life of that great man!

The temple possesses a valuable collection of manuscripts and paintings mostly brought from China, and of great historic importance. In all probability a large number of them were presents from the Emperor of China to the Emperor of Japan when Nara was the metropolis of the young Empire. Here alone, in our opinion, can be seen real Chinese paintings of undoubted genuineness. Japan is deluged with the so called "Chinese paintings" of the Yüen and Ming dynasties, which are nothing but very feeble Japanese reproductions, or rather imitations. Occasionally these "Homutsu" are exhibited to the public and in connection with the statuary described above, makes a sort of Japan's Vatican.

Of the other shrines and temples of Nara and its vicinity, that of Horiuji, has to be mentioned here. It is

about eight miles West of the city of Nara in the village of Horiuji. When Nara was the metropolis this temple was in one of its suburbs. In point of age it is more venerable, undoubtedly, than Todaiji, and might with justice be termed "The Father of Buddhist Temples in Japan." It possesses many valuable manuscripts attributed to the famous priest, Kobo Daishi (about A. D. 770-850). It has also one of the largest paintings in Japan by an unknown artist. It is the conventional theme, "the universe mourning the death of Buddha"—a grand theme but never properly conceived and brought to life by the Japanese artist. But its most valuable of Homutsu are the four mural paintings on the four walls of its main building (Hondo), and of great antiquity. They are the only works of art of this nature in the whole of Japan, and have considerable resemblance to the Italian mural paintings of the early Renaissance period. Though considerably injured yet even today they possess a strength that is really astonishing. The painter's name is unknown, but their attribution to the brush of Kosè-no-Kanaoka, the first great painter of Japan, seems to me the most plausible.

Each temple and shrine has its own "O Matsuri" (Honorable Festival) either local or national, which afford all sorts of amusement to vast crowds of people, from every corner and nook of the Empire. People enjoying the sight of large crowds of human beings will find Japan a real paradise, for there is hardly a day of the year round without some "O Matsuri" or "Iwai" (national holiday). In some of them they have different sports—horse racing, wrestling, theatrical performances, and

many other kindred innocent amusements for which they are so adept. Their proverbial love of pleasure and of sport have instinctively connected their sad and sombre religious doctrines and ceremonials with the gatherings of pleasure and of hilarity. I have often thought, that, if Japan has succeeded converting the most pessimistic of the religions of the world into such a life of joy and of pleasure, what would she have done with the spirit of the extreme Christian optimism!

Another point giving me innocent pleasure, and great relaxation from the tensivity of a strenuous mental labor, was visiting the places famous for their flowers—of which the province of Yamato possesses quite a large number.

The spring opens with the plum blossoms, extending from the middle of February till the latter part of March. The most famous spot in all Japan—nay, in the whole world—for the plum are the Tsuki-Gasè hills, about twenty miles from Nara. In the valley of the Tsuki-Gasè, which is about five miles long, Nature seems to have thought of nothing else but of the plum tree. The hills are intersected by a beautiful river—the Yodo-Kawa of Osaka, and are literally enveloped with natural plum trees and nothing else! Why should in this area of about eight miles in length and two in width no other tree grow, but the plum tree, is a mystery to me. But there it is, worth the study of any great botanist! During the height of efflorescence, which is about the middle of March, the whole space seems to be covered with a white scented veil spread over the whole creation. The emotions awakened are very different from those of a snow scene, owing evidently to the strength of the fra-

grance of the flower. The scent is unusually strong, and is wafted away for miles and miles into the traveler's nostrils. The grand scenery is worth the expenses and the fatigue attending the journey from any part of the globe!

Immediately after the plum come the cherry blossoms—in which the province of Yamato again leads all. The blossoms of this useful tree in Japan never reach the maturity of the fruitage—having exhausted, apparently, their strength in the luxury of their flowers. Cherry flowers are of three distinct species, namely, the wild mountain cherry, which comes first, heralding the advent of the other two; the Peony Cherry (*Botan-za-Kura*), the most luxurious, but inartistic according to the Japanese standard of aestheticism; and lastly the real cherry—something midway between the above mentioned two—neither too poor, to be despised; nor too rich and sumptuous to lose its identity! The greatest place for this noble flower, the very essence of the spiritual art, according the Japanese, is Yoshino in the province of Yamato. It has been the Mecca of the flower-loving Japanese for the last thousand years. The trees here have been planted and are artificially cultivated.

After cherry comes the peony, for which the town of Hasè in the province of Yamato has been celebrated from immemorial ages. Another place for this luxurious flower is the road to the Koya monastery in the province of Kii, adjoining that of Yamato. In Japanese fine arts the peony is united to the peacock, as representing the highest form of coloring. As a general rule the flower, as an accessory, is placed in the background, while the bird with its gorgeously spread-out plumage in the foreground.

Together they exhaust, symbolically, the beauty of colors!

Of the other prominent flowers the Wisteria (Fuji) grows luxuriously in the extensive forests back of the Kasuga shrine, spreading itself for miles over the giant trees.

The maple, whose leaves assume a deep crimson hue during the latter part of autumn, is connected in the art of Japan, with the deer—both changing their color at the same time. The Kasuga shrine is famous for both of them.

Contemporary with the maple is the Chrysanthemum—the Imperial flower of Japan; of which the reader must have heard already a good deal. After the Chrysanthemum comes the Camelia (Tsubaki) extending through the whole winter season and the early spring. Formerly both in China and in Japan this beautiful flower was considered the very quintessence of everything noble and beautiful in the world. But it has receded eventually from this conspicuous position. Its large variety—from snow-white to dark-crimson, its longevity, and lastly, its real beauty all harmoniously combine to render it a desirable companion for man during the dreariest season of the year.

From the mere sentimental motives the rose has never been cultivated in Japan—its pricks being the emblems of the pain and sorrow caused to the husband by an ill-tempered wife! But 'tis coming into vogue gradually as the flower of the Western civilization.

A merciful Providence has robed Japan eternally with a majestic robe of the many colors and hues. In its cli-

mate the both extremes meet, and this happy union of cold and heat produces almost every variety of vegetation common to both of them. Kipling's boasting of the vastness of England's domain as typified in the Palm of the torrid zone, and the Pine of the frozen North, to a Japanese convey no meaning, as they grow within a foot of each other all over the country!

The science of flowers in Japan is divided into four distinct branches, (1) cultivating flowers—done mostly by the farmers; (2) viewing flowers (*Hana-mi*); (3) flower arrangement (*Hana-Tsukuri*) and lastly (4) the *Bonsai*, that is, the raising of flowers, of shrubs and of the stunted trees in pots. The latter two—*Hana-Tsukuri*, and *Bonsai*—are developed into a distinct art, and require considerable study and practice. But the second one *Hana-mi* (viewing flowers) whether wild or domestic, is one of the best, and assuredly the most innocent amusement of the higher classes of the people of Japan. The latter two—*Hana-Tsukuri* and *Bonsai*—are mainly invented for the people of an advanced age, who have plenty of time and nothing to do. The Ceremonial Tea (*Cha-no-yu*) and the *Hana-tsukuri* are the most effectual human inventions to assassinate time.

The love of nature which the people of Japan have succeeded developing into a semi-religious cult has been a great factor in their past civilization. It has not only relieved their hours of depression and mental monotony—a state of mind affecting deeply every Asiatic nation and race—but it has inspired them also with a desire to study its innermost secrets, and find out the cause of

harmony governing all its physical and especially, its aesthetic operations. It is impossible to realize fully the extent of the practical knowledge which a Japanese possesses of the workings of nature in its vast dominions, and their mysterious connection to each other. His degree of knowledge often amounts to that of a specialist. This close acquaintance and communion with the objective world, makes him not only a student of nature, but it restrains him also from all vicious propensities to which human nature is prone. I often remember the saying: "God made the country and man made the city," which is attributed to Cowley, and think of the applicability of its philosophy to the case of Japan and Japanese. There is no doubt that the comparative freedom of Japan from crime is due, to a very great extent to their enthusiastic love of everything beautiful in the vast domains of Nature and of its double reflection in their art.

I have come now to the last, and by far the greatest object which, during a quarter of a century of arduous missionary labor and mental exertion in Japan, has given me the purest pleasure and unalloyed joy; and in the hours of either physical exhaustion or intellectual depression has acted like a prop to sustain the drooping frame, and stimulate the lagging spirit—Japanese Art. The love of Art, and its infinite reproduction and multiplication has dominated the life of the inhabitants of Japan from the very infancy of their history to the present day. Their old quatrain:

"Kusa-ni Reishi Ari,
Hana-ni Tsubaki ari;
Hito-to shite Gwa Nakumba.
Fundoi, Shikazaran."

which literally translated means:

Vegetables have their Reishi*
And flowers have their Camelia,
But man has his Art,
Without which he's worse than the useless dust!"

well illustrates their estimation of the arts as a great factor in controlling and shaping our mundane life. Even Goethe in all his struggling for the recognition of the idea of the beautiful in art and in nature acting as a saving principle in the final salvation and elevation of man, has not claimed for it any rank and office higher than this unadorned quatrain of the early Japanese poet. Without the slightest exaggeration it expresses and expounds their innermost cravings and yearnings for the attainment of the highest ideal to be realized here on Earth. They find this ideal in the domain of the fine arts without which, they tell us in child-like simplicity "man is worse than the useless dust!" How true! How true! this about the Japanese themselves! Without art to illuminate every page of their records the whole history of Japan would be nothing but a lengthy chain of battles, of assassinations, of murders and of internecine conflicts. But their glorious art has forever redeemed all this, and out of dense darkness it shines with an

**Reishi* is a vegetable considered a great delicacy both in China and Japan.

effulgence and splendor which are absolutely dazzling, and enlightens gloriously the whole horizon of the five- and twenty centuries of their isolated existence!

What impresses deeply and lastingly an outsider in Japan is the universality of the affection cherished by the people toward art, and the unlimited extent of its reproduction. Both in Europe and America the exorbitant prices paid by the rich for canvases often spurious, places its love beyond the reach, nay even the dream of a large majority of the people. The immense numbers treasured up in the museums and other public places do not satisfy the inner cravings of the soul for Art. For it is ownership and not observation of art which satisfies our hankering after it. Thus Christendom is losing the two most powerful of factors which have always influenced the spirit of man in its upward flights—Art and Nature. The late Matthew Arnold could see that the masses were gradually being "brutalized," but it seems that he could not clearly distinguish the causes and the reasons leading to this unfortunate brutalization.

But not so in the Japan of the past, nor, we are glad to say, in the Japan of the present day, about which we have been speaking. We shall not try to say aught prophetically evil concerning the future of her art, until that evil has unfolded itself in many ways and degraded the whole nation into brutality.

The universality of the love of Art in Japan is due, in our opinion to its cheapness. It is difficult to cherish genuine and unaffected love toward a picture which costs a fortune or more. Any declaration of love towards it must be due either to affectation, or to a misconception

of the true love of art. Every Japanese, whatever his income or his station, is able to be the happy possessor of a representative collection of every species of Art—and who is the Japanese who does not possess a good collection? Even their beggars seem to have some idea of the art of their country—its nature, its influence, and its history. The following will illustrate partially at least, the above rather hyperbolical assertion. When the janitor of our new church at Wakayama entered his new, and in my opinion, very comfortable and commodious apartments, I found, to my great surprise, both himself and his wife rather dissatisfied, and very sullen. I asked the reason of the gloom enveloping their erstwhile happy countenances. After demurring for some time the wife said:

“You know there is no Kakiji (painting) in the Zashiki (drawing-room) and it looks very Samushii” (lonely-empty).

By way of consoling the old couple I said: “Well, that will come bye and bye!”


But this assurance of the possibility of acquiring a painting for their room in future did not satisfy them.

“But there is one over there in that store which is very pretty,” burst out the wife, half laughing and half crying. Then after a short pause she added rather dejectedly: “But it is very dear!”

“What kind of a painting is it?” asked I of the woman, a little worried about the matter.

“It is San-sui Jimbutsu (literally, mountains, waters, men, that is land and marine scapes and human figures) by a well known painter, and it is awfully pretty!”

“What is the price?” I asked.



After considerable hesitation she replied: "It is very dear. He asks seventy-five cents, but I am quite sure he will sell it for fifty."

Of course they did have their Kakiji out of which they derived intense pleasure.

Thus Art becomes a great factor of not only making life bright and pleasant, but also in educating its possessor. An educated person who does not converse with intelligence on the history, the nature, the mission and the sphere of his country's art, he would not be considered a desirable and proper companion in Japan.

While we do not go as far as the above Japanese verses as to the influence and position of art in relation to man, nevertheless, we cannot gainsay its great and beneficial contributions to the multitude of forces constituting the inner and nobler portion of man. Its tranquilizing influences subdue many an evil disposition operating in our nature. Its brightening and illuminating colors and features enlighten the dark moments oppressing a solitary soul. Its broad suggestions enlarge the horizon of our imagination and of our conception of life and of death. Its very character and mission indicate strongly to the creative capabilities and power indwelling in man. Thus in everyone of its manifold manifestations it stimulates originality and creative perseverance. Nay more, beside enlightening our surroundings here, it opens to us the pathway leading to the infinite vista of a future life and world. It is for this very reason that with music and architecture it is considered a great ally of religion and of morality. There is no doubt that it has abundant divine elements and life in it and a human being who

is alien to its infinite worlds of symbolism, and of its objectifying power of the beautiful, he has lost, evidently, a great portion of his celestial patrimony.

To these half-spiritual and half-mental elements I would attribute, comparatively speaking, the absence of crime in Japan. And also their extraordinary gift in seizing and reproducing an object, whether aesthetical or utilitarian, as soon as they have met it. To study this phase of their character, would be digressing from my main thesis in this chapter. Nevertheless, we should advise the reader to study their art as depicted in a sketchy way in this chapter, in connection with their character as delineated in the first two chapters of this treatise and elsewhere.

My initiation into the vast domain of Japanese art happened in this way. There used to be held an annual exhibition of the principal products—ancient and modern—in the spacious halls surrounding the temple of Todaiji, familiar to the reader already. The exhibition lasted three months—April, May and June, and it was a great feature of the city of Nara during that period. The department of paintings, or salon, was the principal feature of this annual Bazar, and many people came from distant provinces to see it. The first time I visited this Exposition my eyes met a picture of “Mt. Fuji in Storm.” The realism of the sketch was so strong that a sort of shiver went through my whole body. I called the superintendent, and asked him if the painting was by a celebrated artist, “Yes,” he replied, “it is by Suzuki Shonen, the greatest living painter of Kyoto.” The price being very small I purchased it, and asked its author

to paint me a companion picture— "Fuji in Sunshine." He complied with my request traveling from Kyoto to Fuji he sketched the famous mountain while standing under its shadow. I doubt if anything in the world can excel them in delicacy and in a chaste and exalted beauty. The more I study them, the more I admire the artistic instinct inspiring their Creator.

Japanese art, in all its varied ramifications, is dominated by three distinct and powerful ideas, now acting conjointly, and now again pushing on independently. These three distinct types of art are: the Buddhist type which came originally from India through Tibet, China and Corea; the Chinese type, which is purely Chinese, and it came from China, in all probability at the same time as the former; and lastly the native type, which is the real child of Japan, and possesses all the characteristics and tendencies of the parent.

The first type of this imported art is purely religious; and its main, or rather sole, object is to cultivate, through the sense of vision, the supersensuous mysteries of the universe, whose attainment through the exercise of our perception is an impossibility. Hence it is concerned, almost exclusively, with man, and with the vast mental and spiritual world which he has succeeded gradually evolving. It tries to portray all his actual and potential activities and yearnings. It is unconscious, or rather it ignores the infinite world of nature outside of man and with which he is surrounded. Even as an essential accessory its presence or absence is not considered of any importance. Hence most of the leading members of this school have considered both land and marine scapes as

not worthy objects of their brushes. This studious avoidance of every other object in this visible universe but that of man, has led ultimately to the working up of the human figure into a height and position that is exaggerated and unnatural. Man in his diverse activities seems to us to have been driven constantly between two extremes—either of absolute quiescence, or of a superheated emotionalism. In neither case do we see him portrayed in his natural character and constitution by the Buddhist art of Japan. This unnatural conception of the human life which has directed the thought of the Buddhist painters in Japan has been caused, very likely, by the arrangement of the statuary in the old temple of Todaiji at Nara, of which we have spoken already.

There is another point in the misconception of which the Buddhist art of the whole of the Eastern Asia has harmed itself—the omission of the presence of woman. As the mother and originator of the highest form of life—the life of man—over which the philosophy of Buddhism looks with disapprobation, she has never been able to acquire for herself a prominent place in the world of Buddhist art. Thus the art of the religion of Buddha is pre-eminently the art of the male and not of the female—of man and not of woman. On this point it is diametrically opposite to the Christian conception of the beautiful in the spiritual world. In Christian art whether as mother, or sister, or wife she stands by the side of the Redeemer and by His Church from the very beginning to the present day—the chief architect of the spiritual life of humanity. What would have been the effect and influence of the Christian Art of painting without the pres-

ence of woman, it is very hard to conceive and to contemplate. This not only from a religious point-of-view, but also from the standpoint of a complete and healthy aestheticism. What would the art of DaVinci, or a Raphael, or a Dürer and hosts of other painters have become if the presence of woman, with her beauty of form and of character, was absent?

However, despite these great defects, still, Buddhist art in its various branches has bestowed infinite benefits upon the Japanese nation from its infancy to the present day. Both in sculpture and in architecture always she has been supreme and will remain so as long as the Japanese are governed by the old canons of thought and of living. In the plastic and glyptic arts the loss has been the greatest of all. The grandest works were produced as we have seen already, during the supremacy of the Nara period. After that there is a rapid decline. During the Kamakura period—A. D. 1000-1300—an attempt was made by the Minamoto Shoguns to revive the art of sculpture, and of carving in wood; but the attempt was attended only by partial success. This fact in connection with the failure of the recent attempts to produce great works of sculpture, leads us to believe that, the artists who produced the Nara works were mostly foreigners from the continent of Asia.

But this decline of the Buddhist school of art is not only in sculpture but also in painting. For the last four hundred years the school has produced no great painter, nor a masterpiece. We shall take up this subject once more later on.

Next to the Art introduced from India by the Buddhist

missionaries during the fourth or fifth century of our era, comes the Art of China. Although the object of the Chinese Art of Japan is the same as the Buddhist Art, namely, to aid the religious impulse in man, still its scope and domain of observation is much broader than that of the Hindoo art. It ignores nothing in the vast world of the visible nature. Though fundamentally religious, yet, it emphasizes many different faculties of the soul. It inculcates mental peace, tranquility, urbanity and kindred latent virtues in man. The artist ignores nothing, and despises nothing which will assist him in accomplishing this laudable undertaking. A tranquil becalming scenery to a Chinese painter is just as instructive and ultimately efficacious in producing a perfect human type, as a serene face was to the Buddhist painter. Hence we are bound to announce the *motif* of the latter school far more catholic and its tastes and standards far more pleasing than those adopted by the Hindoo school. As already stated the Buddhist school of painting in Japan ignores everything else with the exception of the great spiritual struggle going on in man, or the absolute calm when the conflict is over, as typified in the Nirvana of the great Buddha himself. In this domain of thought and of art it occupies, undoubtedly, a unique position but beyond that world it does not step, and a large part of the world of aestheticism, we are constrained to acknowledge, is lying beyond that field of the fierce spiritual war. This perpetual struggle of the opposing elements, and universal agitation is non-existent in the whole conception of the Chinese art of painting as represented in Japan. Here we notice the intensity of the spiritual conflict

supplanted by the tranquility of a well-regulated and properly-governed soul. And the eternal sleep of the Nirvana changed to a restful contemplation. This pleasing naturalness leading to a well-sustained equilibrium is due, in our opinion, to a broader and calmer observation and view of the whole universe, whether subjective and confined to the spiritual nature of man alone; or objective and including the whole realm of the visible Cosmos. In whatever the artist has produced, we observe naturalness and proportion. Even when unsuccessful to create a well-balanced series of ideas and of concepts, still we are forced to ascribe the failure to the lack of mechanical skill, and not to the absence or imperfection, of the *motif* in the painter's imagination. Therefore, very seldom exaggeration has spoiled, or omission stunted the uniformity and beauty of his pictures. Whatever the artist has brought into being we witness in it the presence of life and of truth. His standards of coloring or of grouping, or his perspective and technic may be very different from ours, still his creative productions are characterized by a very high type of art. These differences, accidental as they are, still are just as unavoidable to him as all the differences of his social manners and to judge him by a local and ultra-sectarian standard would be extremely unjustifiable. The sense of taste whether in its physical, or in its more refined aspects, is the most conservative—I was going to say the most stupid—of our five senses—it lacks, to a lamentable degree, the intuitive powers of the other four.

Thus a representative picture by one of the leading members of the school, whether ancient or modern,

is one of the recognized art works of the world. A Catholic art emphasizes the spiritual character in the background of the painting and not the ever shifting physical aspects of it. Whatever the differences of the technicalities of a picture by either Ryuriko, or Beuncho, or Kwazan, or Tanyu, or Motonobn when compared with the canvasses of their European contemporaries, you shall notice a close affinity there; thus making them the legitimate children of the same stock of ideas—judged by such a standard, we are obliged to assert, that, the Chinese art and school of painting in Japan is one of the best in the World.

The third and last type of Japanese Art is native and sprang out of the natural feeling, and spontaneous desires of the people of Japan after something more visible, hence more sympathetic. Being native we observe its beginnings from the very dawn of art in Japan. Still the impulses leading to the creation of a purely native art were repeatedly smothered and destroyed by the strong influences of the Buddhist-Chinese schools. Thus all these impulses and attempts ended abortively until the latter part of the seventeenth century—for nearly seven hundred years. But time came, and both these two forms of an alien origin were found enfeebled and exhausted from a lack of new ideas and thoughts to invigorate a decadent art. This was an opportune moment for the native soil to bring forth, after centuries of preparation the ripened fruit of its genius. The final assertion of the native aspirations and tendencies created, quite naturally, a new art which has only a remote resemblance to the art ideas imported from India and from China.

Whether it be the art of Tosa Mitsuoki, or that of the world-famous Hokusai, or the refined art of Utamaro, it is purely Japanese Art, in whose domain no vestige of the continental domination can be detected. It is governed mainly by the principles governing the daily life and labor of the Japanese nation, which finds its highest realization in the silk paintings of the Tosa School, and the colored wood engravings of the Ukiyo artist-artisans of Edo.

In sculpture its highest expression is realized in the small statuary of ivory and wood called *Netsuké*. In the metal work the highest position is occupied by the sword and its numerous accessories. In this new native art the sword becomes the principal expression of the spirit of the Japanese nation, just as the marble was that of the Ancient Greece. A Japanese sword has to be judged like a work of art—like a marble statue by Phidias—in order to understand its thought and the mysteries of its soul. Oftentimes a whole universe is reproduced on a single one, and with a wealth of imagination and of conception which are absolutely astounding. We should not marvel at this—indeed, we shall not marvel at all when we know that a whole lifetime was expended upon a single one of them. It was through this expenditure of infinite labor and thought that the sword of Japan was brought into existence, and with its Samurai constituted a semi-religious cult. Therefore to judge it with the same canons of criticism as all the different war weapons are judged, is to misunderstand its spirit and its soul.

If we except the sword, we are forced to acknowledge,

that, Japan in her own native art has not succeeded in working out anything which is original. As already stated by nature he is more of a painter than a sculptor. However it cannot be gainsaid that during the last fifteen centuries his genius has converted his whole country into a veritable museum of the fine-arts.

These three distinct types—Buddhist, Chinese and Native—of which we have been speaking and which have dominated Japan's art-ideas for more than a millenium and which in all probability are going to dominate it for several centuries yet, painting is the most representative. In the early Buddhist art, sculpture—both in bronze and wood—occupied evidently the most conspicuous position. But this ascendancy, as stated already, did not last very long. Sculpture for some occult reason has never been the *forte* of the Japanese artist. Hence a short sketch of the history of Japanese painting with its diversified types and schools, and academies, and motives, will afford the reader a rather comprehensive knowledge of the whole vast domain of Japanese art, which has turned the whole country, as stated already into a veritable museum. A full history of the art of Japan has never been written, and it will be many decades ere the public will be the happy possessors of such a book. However, every attempt to give even an outlinear sketch of that history should be encouraged. To go minutely even into one branch of the different schools of painting would demand an expenditure of time and of labor which we cannot spare. Neither a minute history of Japanese painting, is desirable here. But in the following sketches thrown together in a sort of hap-

hazard way, the interested reader will acquire the information which he shall need to initiate him into the mysteries of an art which possesses all the characteristics of this important department of human knowledge, whose fruits and results so deeply effect our earthly existence, beautify our lives, and prepare us for a land whose art is universal and everlasting and within the enjoyment of all!

The first of these schools of painting, as stated previously, is the school which came from India with the advent of Buddhism. Not unlikely the first missionaries who crossed the waters separating Japan from the Continent of Asia, were the first painters who established this school. It is permissible to think, also, that the first temples and monasteries were the first academies of painting. Illuminated manuscripts of the Buddhist scriptures dating from remote antiquity are occasionally found in Japan, even at the present day. Most of these depict the life and death of Shakya Muni. Besides, we have a large number of paintings come down to us from this early period. A Japanese painter very seldom, if ever, signs his name or affixes his seal on a religious painting—considering such an act as secularising its sanctity. For this very reason the names of the early Buddhist painter missionaries have never come down to us. These early missionaries brought also with them, in all probability, genuine paintings on silk and paper from India and China to serve as models for the native student, which were lost eventually in the enormous mass of the paintings still extant in the temples and monasteries of Japan.

Its aim and purpose being the inculcation and promulgation of the well-defined religious doctrines and dogmas, it has never been able to ramify itself into schools and academies; instead it has dissolved its aims and thoughts into every school and atelier. There is no Japanese painter, whatever his academic affiliations, who does not paint religious subjects. Even Hokusai has illustrated a life of Buddha in a series of exquisite engravings. Therefore we have to go back to the middle ages of the Japanese painting in order to find the names of the artists who devoted their life and labor exclusively to the reproduction of sacred themes, and the illustration of spiritual subjects.

The greatest difficulty encountered in the study of the lives of Japanese painters is the absence of a reliable history. Most of the present-day "Guajin-Den" (Lives of Painters) are absolutely unreliable—mostly being the products of imagination rather than of investigation. The Oriental, as a general rule, has no distinct idea of the office and functions of history. Therefore he is apt to create it *ex-nihilo*, instead of going about collecting, sorting and recording some dry facts—a not very inspiring undertaking indeed!

Of the earliest Buddhist painters, we have already mentioned the name of the first painter in Japan—Kose-no-Kanaoka. All sorts of legends have attached themselves to this great man's name and work. His oxen, we are told, bellowed, his dogs barked, and his horses left their canvas every night and wandered in the fields and streets. Of his genuine works we doubt if the Japan of the present day possesses a single one—with the exception of the

four paintings on the four walls of the Horiuji temple mentioned in the previous pages.

But by far the greatest genius of this school is Chodensu or Meicho, a priest of the temple of Tofukuji in Kyoto. Chodensu is the highest peak of the great range of mountains constituting this school. He divides its two periods—gradual ascent, and steady decline. Before him we observe only a fierce struggle for mastery and for expression; after him nothing but an aimless striving for imitation and reproduction. His unrivalled genius is the link connecting these two distinct eras in the history of Buddhism together.

Chodensu was a native of Tosa—the province which has played always an important part in the history of Japanese civilization, ancient and modern. He was born about the middle of the fourteenth century and died about A. D. 1430. In his early days he lived in one of the Kamakura temples, when he was initiated into the Buddhist priesthood. But later on he removed to Kyoto and lived in the temple of Tofukuji. Here he lived and worked for nearly half a century and died at an advanced age. Here also are to be found the most valuable of his paintings, and the most famous amongst which are the imaginary portraits of the first five hundred disciples of the Buddha. These are in five hundred scrolls "Kakiji." In them the painter has tried to bring out the different facial aspects of five hundred men devoted to a monastic life. The attempt to make each face to differ from the other, has led our painter to depict a large number of attitudes of appearances, and of grimaces that are absolutely unnatural, bewildering. If we omit this

point and consider the technique, the strength of coloring, and of outline, in them we observe the consummation of the Buddhist art of painting. His other and the more famous work is the "Creation Mourning the Death of Buddha." The subject in its abstract form is the grandest ever conceived by man, and worthy of the brush of any of the early Italian Renaissance painters. The theme though common with the members of this school, still beyond its rudimentary stage it has never been sufficiently developed and brought to perfection. While the idea seizes us with awe, the painting, even that of Chodensu, arouses our sense of laughter, excited whenever a great subject is treated in a ridiculous manner.

The principal subjects and themes constituting the *motif* of this school are quite numerous, but all congregate, very naturally, around the person of the founder of this mystical religion. He is the immovable center and all others are like individual spokes whirling eternally round his person. Indeed, he is the sun of the whole sidereal system of this misty religion. In a previous chapter I have stated the opinion entertained by many educated Japanese that the "Buddha" of Buddhism is not a person, but an abstract concept, an idea—the idea that the whole universe, material and spiritual, revolves round an immovable center where both consciousness and unconsciousness are lost in the vast ocean of a serene calm. This idea, as represented in the figure of the Buddha brings prominently into the foreground all those natal virtues attendant upon a life striving for the acquisition of a temperament of calm and of serenity.

Of the absence of woman from the art of Buddhism we

have spoken already. This defect, of course, cripples it from becoming a universal art. Its aim being the inculcation of metaphysical doctrines, rather than expounding the realm of the beautiful.

Of the other themes the most attractive and prominent is the "Last Judgment"—Jigokn and Gokuraku (literally Hell and Paradise). Some of the best paintings depict this gruesome subject. The grandest of all the present writer has ever seen belongs to the collection of Viscount Saisho, mentioned in a former chapter and attributed to the brush of Tosa Mitsunobu. It is in two scrolls of large dimensions. The torments and tortures of the damned are designed and depicted with a realism which is revolting—as if taken from a page of Dante's *Inferno*. However, it gives the hope of ultimate salvation of the creation through the intervention and mercies of the great Buddha.

In sculpture, Buddhist art has followed, we are strongly inclined to believe, the trend of the Parsee dualism, which dominated the early Brahman polytheism. No one can study the ancient Nara statuary whether in bronze or in wood without being moved to such a conception. It advances step by step by first watching the evil element or principle, then resisting it, then finally crushing it. While in a pantheistico-mystical Buddhism all such distinctions are submerged into the vast ocean of the universal existence, which is pictured as revolving round a single center.

In concluding this short study of the Art of Buddhism in Japan, by way of resumé we wish to say that, in matter of sculpture it stands unique—never even approached

by any other school or type of art. Its productions for the last ten centuries, whether in bronze or wood, barring a few peculiarities germane to the conditions creating it, it can be compared with any other in the world—ancient or modern!

In painting while not covering a broad area of attractive aestheticism out of which it could select the best ideas for its themes, still, it went deep into the nature of things, thus preparing the future artist for a more exalted and serious conception of the realm of beauty. In its whole domain never for once even, did it divorce beauty from spirituality. The wholesale conversion of the gods and saints into the drivelling buffoons which we witness in Japanese art, were the later productions of an Itcho or of a Hokusai and should never be attributed, whatever their appearance, or claim, to the school represented by Chodensu. It strove to reproduce the spiritual, and whenever successful this objectified spirit is intensely beautiful and serene.

In coloring and other details of the technique it has never been surpassed. All others have derived their inspiration therefrom—not only in the choice of an exalted *motif*, but also in the preparation of their dyes and hues. Though as a school of art and of painting it has been defunct for centuries, yet, its spirit will ever live to make every Japanese painter sober, serious and spiritual.

The second type of art in Japan is distinctly of the Chinese origin, and it can be taken for nothing else in the world. Its introduction took place during the early days of the friendly intercourse between these two Em-

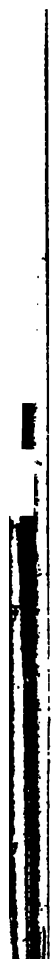
pires of the Far East. In China, as well as in Japan the early members of this school were engaged, assuredly, in painting sacred themes and nothing else; but later on native instinct was aroused, and new thoughts took the place of the old ones. Thus not only the province of painting, relative to its *motif*, was extended, but altogether new styles were invented. From the moment of its birth the Chinese schools of painting, whether at home or in Japan, have divided themselves into two distinct parties—North and South. The names suggest geographical rather than aesthetical distinctions. But the truth is that the difference is rather in the style than otherwise—Rough and unfinished, on the one side, elaborate and minute on the other. The former, that is, the sketchy style, has adhered to the single color—black; while the latter has revelled in the gorgeousness of its pigments. The educated Japanese of the old school prefer the former, but the West will prefer, we are quite sure, the latter.

In Japan both these schools—North and South—have found plenty of followers, from the early part of the fifteenth century to the present day. Even a bare list of their names and the names of their endless academies and studios, would occupy more pages than we can spare. Hence, we shall say only a few words on the life and works of the members occupying the most conspicuous position.

Of the earliest and most prominent of all is Sesshu. He was a contemporary of Chodensu, and like him wore the scarf. He is said to be the only Japanese painter who has visited China and employed in decorating the Impe-



A MEETING OF CHRISTIAN WOMEN



rial palace of Pekin. A dragon on one of the ceilings still extant, is attributed to his brush. After his return from China he lived in the temple of Unkokuji at Kyoto—hence the title of Unkokuji attached to the names of all the artists following this master. His academy though continued even to the present day, has produced only two painters of the highest reputation—Sesson his son, whose first name was Setsuzan, and Shūgetsu.

Sesshu and most of his followers, painted in black and rough style of the North, though sometimes tinted their landscapes with faint red. They have left also a large number of Buddhist pictures of considerable merit.

Next to the academy of Sesshu is that of Kano, which for nearly three centuries enjoyed the protection of the Tokugawa Rulers—the Medicis of Japan. The Academy was founded by Kano Masanobu and his famous son, the real founder of the Kano School—Motonobu—who lived during the early part of the sixteenth century. He was succeeded by his son Eitoku (died 1580), Sanraku (1570-1630) the best colorist of his school. Sansetsu (1580-1655), Tanyu, perhaps the greatest of all Kanos (1602-1674), Tsunenobu (died 1713), and the last, but one of the best of all, Issenin (1770-1830).

Kanos, especially the later ones, adopted a more catholic taste in the selection of their themes, and in the use of their pigments. Religious themes were intermixed with secular subjects, and gorgeous colors were placed side by side of the sombre black. They not only reproduced many of the old Ming pictures, but also a large number belonging exclusively to the Buddhist Art and its thought.

The other branch of this school in Japan is commonly called "Ming school and style"—taking its name from the illustrious dynasty of that name, which ruled China from A. D. 1368—1644. "Ming" means "bright" "illuminating," a characteristic of the seventeen rulers of this dynasty not only in matters concerning the administration of their vast empire, but also in matters relating to art and to civilization. The Ming style is equivalent with everything which is brilliant and gorgeous. Ming paintings were introduced into Japan very early, and copied extensively. The Japanese copyist has not put down his name, nor affixed his seal, in order to conceal his nefarious traffic of counterfeiting the works of old masters. However, spurious pieces can be detected easily.

Gradually Japanese painters of this school grew tired of counterfeiting Chinese paintings, and began to conceive and bring out his own native ideas, though still following the Ming style. The greatest of these independent artists is Ryūriko, called also Yanagizawa Kien. He is by far the greatest colorist Japan has produced, and it is impossible to do justice to his genius and to his dyes. Originally he was a physician and pharmacist attached to the Daimio of Koriyama in the province of Yamato. He discovered the secret of producing brilliant colors by mixing with the original dyes large quantities of gold. He died during the latter half of the eighteenth century. The most prominent of his followers and pupils are Tani Buncho, Watanabe Kwazan, and Shūki.

The main themes of the painters of Chinese school with its numerous academies in Japan, have been the

scenes and views made famous in the history of China. Family life, legendary and historical personages and other incidents also have served as motives. Indeed this has been carried to such an extent that it makes us feel as if we were in China rather than in Japan.

The greatest shortcoming of the members of this school, of which they were never conscious, is their absolute disregard to the truthfulness of their model. None of them had ever visited China, or seen a Chinaman in their country. Everything depicted was imaginary, therefore, frequently not only untruthful, but also bizarre and fantastic. Imagination in everything is not a safe steed to ride, unless it is properly controlled by the reins of reason, and these the Japanese painter never commanded. But when they turned away from China, though still preserving its spirit and its style, they created works of great beauty and of great merit.

We have reached now the third, and last type of art in Japan—Native Schools. In order to have a full and true conception and understanding of the origin and development and subsequent ascendancy of this school, we are obliged to go back to the earliest days of the introduction of Buddhism into Japan, and its struggle with the native religion—Shintoism. The Japanese, in common with the rest of mankind, progresses steadily through the tortuous way of action and reaction. He seizes a new idea with promptitude and with enthusiasm, he brings it up to the highest actuality, and worships it for a little while, then he gets tired of it, throws it away, and sinks back into his old customs and manners never to rise again. It is but logical to think that nearly fifteen

centuries ago Buddhism experienced exactly the same actions and reactions which Christianity is experiencing today. It is allowable also to presume that Shintoism in its uneven battles with the new religion, gradually adopted many of the enemy's weapons of war—of which painting must have been the principal one. Leaving the remote antiquity and coming down to the *terra firma* of history and well authenticated records, we find a great and independent school connected with the Imperial Court, and adopting for its motives and themes not Buddhist or Chinese subjects, but the old wars of Japan. This tendency gradually expanded and asserted itself until culminating into a new academy commonly known at present as Tosa School, but more properly as Yamato School.

When the art of painting, both in its conception and technique, is kept in a stationary stage for several ages, it is the motive which decides the nature and principal character of the school. Therefore it is into the motive rather than into the technicalities that we have to direct our attention in order to find out the real differences of the Japanese schools of painting from the foreign ones and amongst the former the Tosa School from the rest.

Tosa School was inaugurated by Tosa Tsunetaka during the middle part of the 13th century. Before him all the painters who worked in decorating the Imperial palaces kept their old name of Kasuga—taken, undoubtedly, from the Shinto Shrine of the same name at Nara. But of these early Tosas, as of their predecessors the Kasugas, we know very little. Most of the paintings attrib-

uted to them are worthless counterfeits of a later date. Japanese architecture being exclusively of wood, fires and conflagrations have been the greatest enemies of paintings and other art objects. Therefore in this matter of paintings particularly, beyond the fifteenth century is a very debatable ground.

The greatest member of the Tosa School is, undoubtedly Tosa Mitsunobu, whose name we have mentioned already as the painter of the "Last Judgment." He was a contemporary of Sesshu, and of Kano Motonobu. It was he who introduced for the first time Japanese figures into the purely Buddhist paintings. His works are very rare now. Tosa Mitsuoki, who worked during the middle of the seventeenth century, is considered the greatest member of the Academy after his great ancestor Mitsunobu. His work is very delicate and minute, but it lacks the vigor of the early Tosas. In recent years the school was greatly revived by the strong individuality of Kikuchi Yosai (died A. D. 1878, at the advanced age of 91). His style is very different from that of the Tosas, yet, his themes and motives compel us to classify him with them. There is something æthereal and elevating in his style that we do not find elsewhere. Yosai has left a large number of works, some of which have found their way into France, and influenced, as we understand, the modern Genre School of painting. The Yosai influence can be detected also in the paintings of the late James M. Whistler, especially in their misty and hazy surroundings. The school has been defunct now for several decades, and there is very little hope of its revival. From the very beginning it identified itself with Imperialism as opposed

to the Shogunal feudalism, therefore, it was practically crushed out of existence as a great body after the ascendancy of the Tokugawas; and the recent Imperial Restoration had done nothing by way of revivifying it.

The second, and perhaps the most faithful school of painting, which represents the real life and feelings of the inhabitants of Japan is the "ukiyo-yé" (literally, the moving world picture; a word quite near to the French *génére*). The principal causes leading to the creation of the Ukiyo-art was the inborn tendency of the Japanese artist, whether painter or sculptor, to indulge in the productions of the humorous and of the grotesque. Of course none of the former schools, whether Chinese or Buddhist, or even Tosa, which painted nothing but the palace beauties would even dream of such a prostitution of the canons and laws of their art. In the early days of the Kyoto period one Toba Sojo had indulged in producing a few sketches of a caricatural nature; but he found no followers, and the art of the ridiculous died out after him. In the early decades of the seventeenth century a member of the Tosa school, one Iwasa Matabei, having rebelled against its dead conventionalism started a new academy whose members devoted their talents and time exclusively to the portrayal of the young women immured in the tea-houses of Edo. As his tastes, and especially his designs differed radically from the pre-established laws of the Tosas, he had very few followers at first. But the movement in a right direction had begun, and it kept broadening and deepening to the end.

Of the early imitators of Matabei perhaps the greatest is Hanabusa Itcho, an apostate of the Kano school.

After him the school flourished and within a few decades it having branched out into numerous academies and studios.

To give even a short sketch of the leading members of the school of Ukiyo-Yé, it would be beyond the limits of this volume. The earliest are Motonobu, Masanobu, Torii Kiyonobu, Moronobu, all flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century. In the eighteenth we have the names of Haru-nobu, Koryusai, Shunsho, Kiyonaga, Utamaro, Toyokuni, Toyoharu, Toyuhiro and Sharaku. In the early part of the 19th century we have the name of the greatest of all—Katsushika Hakusai and his contemporaries—Shunchō, Shunyei, Hokkei, and the last, but almost equal to Hokusai—Hiroshigé.

Most of the works of the members of this school have been perpetuated by those delicious colored Wood engravings called Nishiki-ye; (literally, colored pictures). In the short space at our command it is absolutely impossible to do justice to the Japanese engravings. Whether in coloring, or in the graceful posture of the figures, or in the aggroupment and naturalness of the objects depicted, in short, in every element and factor that unite to make the art of colored wood engravings one of the best of arts, Japanese Nishiki-ye will be found equal to any the West has produced.

There is one more school left which belongs to the native type of art—the school of Maruyama Okyo. He was born A. D. 1733 and died in 1795. In his early life his habits, like most of the Japanese young men, were irregular, and he wandered from place to place, leading a very precarious existence. He drew sketches of birds

and of animals for his meals, and often he was very unsuccessful. After reaching the age of thirty he established himself at Kyoto. His atelier was on the Maruyama hills, hence his name of Maruyama Okyo. His early taste for birds and animals never left him till his death. Hitherto their picturing whether in the Buddhist or Chinese schools, was purely imaginary; but Okyo painted his animals from life, and they were, quite naturally, the best the people had ever seen. His dogs, his birds, his rats, his oxen, his wild boars, and his monkeys delighted everybody, and pupils flocked even from remote places into his studio. Some of these became as celebrated as their master—Ritsuwo for his dogs, Sosen for his monkeys, Ippo for his oxen and horses. Some of these are admired in Europe and in America. However, we must say that Okyo's art is more photographic rather than original, therefore, it has never held a high position in the estimation of the art-loving Japanese like that of Sesshu, or of Sesson, or of Shyubun, or of the principal artists of the Tosa and Kano schools. It is true that their works command very high prices, but this is for commercial rather than artistic reasons. Perhaps the greatest defect of the school of Okyo—amounting to a great blemish—is the total absence of accessories and other associative ideas to redeem the picture from absolute isolation and solitude. Hence all their works are "Samushii" as the Japanese express it—that is lonely. It is true that they are faithful to nature, but their authors have forgotten the fact that Nature seldom appears anywhere without a large company of accessory ideas and objects.

We have omitted above the names of several painters

possessing great talent, and even genius, simply of lack of space and time, and also because they did not attach themselves to any of the recognized official academies and schools. Of these Korin, the greatest lacquer maker of Japan, and also a great painter, we have to mention now. He established a separate academy whose most noted members are his own brother, Kenzan the potter; and during the nineteenth century Hoitsu and Zeshin, the lacquerer. Korin died in 1716.

Kishi Ganku was another painter not attached to any official school. He was famous for his imaginary tigers and eagles. He was attached to the Daimio of Kanazawa, Mayeda, Ganku died in 1838 at the advanced age of ninety. His greatest pupil was Kishi Chikudo, who died recently, and was well-known to the present author.

At present the Art of Japan in its multiform aspects is being gradually affected by the ideas imported from the Occident. She no longer goes to India, or Corea, or even to China for new thoughts; but she goes to America and to Europe. It is quite true that the ideas imported from the West hitherto have been mostly scientific or legal, and they have not touched yet the æsthetical, or moral, or spiritual ideas of Christendom; and as far as these latter are concerned they have still ensconced themselves securely in their own ancestral customs and habits. But the right time surely will come, when they will waken up fully, and start delving into the deeper mines of the soul. Their inborn instinct and love for everything beautiful will assert itself. For this very reason pessimistic foreshadowings concerning the future art and life of Japan, do not oppress us as much as they do some other Occidental

writers on things Japanese in general. As intimated above Japan's art may be obliged from time to time to borrow and to introduce new blood into its decadent veins in order to rejuvenate its declining life, but of its total disappearance, we entertain no misgiving.

It should be remarked here that, in the steady evolution of our mental and spiritual faculties there have been manifestations of the working of man's mind which are local and epochal—they appear for a little time, enact wonders and suddenly disappear forever. The birth of Greek art and literature, the Renaissance in Italy, the Elizabethan era in England, that of Louis XIV in France, and finally the birth of German literature and philosophy during the latter part of the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth centuries, all belong to the same category of phenomena whose origins we cannot fathom, and whose reproduction is beyond our human power. These “epochal” and also “local” manifestations of the workings of the genius of the people of Japan had exhausted themselves long before the Empire was thrown open to the foreigner, The great potters of Imari, of Satsuma, and of Kyoto; and the great sculptors of Nara and of Kamakura; and finally the most celebrated academies and schools of painting had passed away long before Commodore Perry knocked at the bolted gates of the “Land-of-the-Gods.” Therefore to lament and shed tears on the possibility of Japan losing her art seems a little too sentimental.

That she is passing now through a great transitional period no one can doubt. No one can doubt also her wisdom in keeping the best of her old traditions, and choosing also the best of the new thoughts of the Occident, thus

constructing a grand mosaic of an eclectic civilization to become one of the great wonders of history, and worthy of study by all.

One word more before closing this chapter. This short sketch on the fine arts of Japan, especially on the art of painting, is the direct result of my own personal investigation and study. I have sought no help from any one. I hope the serious reader will have a comprehensive glimpse of the most interesting, as well as the most useful, department of human thought and activity which Japan has succeeded creating and perfecting hitherto. Her literature is lank and lean, but in her art she has reached an altitude very seldom transcended by any other nation of the world—ancient or modern. We can only imagine the ultimate fruition of her art ideas had she been a member of the European confederation instead of an isolated island nestling on the easternmost corner of the great continent of Asia.

CHAPTER X

The Future of Christianity in Japan

ON a beautiful morning, in the early fall of A. D. 1887 sitting in a Russian stage-coach as it was semi-circling the glorious Mt. Ararat—the only mountain in the world which can beat Mt. Fuji, that pride of the Japanese nation—the writer turned to an Armenian fellow passenger and asked of him if any human being had ever succeeded climbing to the top of the high mountain. The man gave me the following answer in the Turkish language:—

“No! nobody has ever succeeded ascending Mt. Ararat. From immemorial ages people have attempted it, but all their efforts have ended in failure. Because Noah’s Ark is still there, therefore, God will never allow any human being to reach and desecrate it. They begin early in the morning, but as they cannot reach the top in one day, they lay down for the night and sleep on the slope, and next morning when they open their eyes, lo they find themselves at the bottom of the mountain again! They repeat this day after day, until they are fully convinced of the futility of their undertaking and give it up!”

In my early childhood I had read something about this superstitious tradition, but had never heard it from the lips of the inhabitants of that historic region, therefore I was very glad to verify it.

This tradition has always reminded me of the Christianization of the Continent of Asia—so often the summit has almost been reached, but, then, to open your eyes lo at the bottom of this difficult declivity! It was nearly achieved during the apostolic ages, but the whole effort ended in nothing. Next by the Nestorian Christianity, with the same results. Then by the Roman Catholic Church, with the same sad finale! Today the attempt is made once more, and from different points, and with different appliances and means; and if it fails again, the issue may lead to very serious consequences, of which we shall speak later on.

“Will Japan—that land of arts and of mists—ever become a Christian country” is a question repeatedly asked of the home-returned missionary. Indeed, the fluctuating, and tantalizing way of the advancement of the Gospel in Japan both in the early part of the 17th century, and also during the second half of the 19th makes the stoutest of the human hearts doubt the final consummation of that glorious hope, and transcendent effort. Perhaps in no other country of Asia the promulgation of Christianity has been attended so many times successively with the brightest hope and the most scorching despair, as in Japan. The streets of Osaka and of Nagoya, and even of the sacred Metropolis of the Mikado—that Mecca of the Japanese Buddhism, Saikyo—were crowded with the daily processions of the members of the Society of Jesus, both foreign and native. The whole nation seemed prepared, nay anxious, to embrace the religion which in all the principal externals bears such a striking resemblance to their own ornate and sumptuously ritualistic creed.

But, alas, the reaction of the ultra-inflammable nature of the Japanese began re-asserting itself, and the ultimate outcome of which was that tragedy of carnage and of slaughter, in comparison with which even the horrors of the French Revolution pale to nothingness. Persecutions, especially religious persecutions, have always engendered heroism, thus becoming the direct parents of heroes. But the persecution of the Christians in Japan was of a very different character from that of the Roman Emperor's. It was not the merciless slaughter of a few helpless women, and sorely wounded men by the wild beasts in an amphitheater before a vast concourse of blood-drunken populace. But it was the pitching of a nation of heroes against itself. On the one hand it was a strong government led by one of the shrewdest of statesmen generals Japan has ever produced; and on the other a large number of the followers of the new religion, conscious of their spiritual superiority, and permeated wholly with those high ideals of life and of eternity which Christianity alone is capable of inspiring in every true believer. Taiko Hideyoshi, a man of low origin, but risen to the highest position in the Empire by the sheer strength of his intellect, feeling the security of the country jeopardized by the promulgation of the new religion, determined to extirpate it—cost what it may. This determination on the side of the shogunal government, was met by defiance on the part of the Christians. Men and women hurled themselves against overwhelming numbers of the well-disciplined soldiers of the Taikun with undaunted courage—the courage born of despair. They succeeded in repulsing several armies sent against them from the North. But their

quasi-superhuman courage could only postpone the inevitable, and not over-master or destroy it. The Taikun finding his authority defied by, what he thought an insignificant number of obstinate zealots, despatched the largest army he could muster. Had the government sent this army at the beginning instead at the end, when the Christians through constant attacks and erosions of the enemies and of time, had been enfeebled greatly, the outcome might have been different, and today Japan finding herself the greatest Roman Catholic Empire of the World. Though their courage was intact, but the physical strength of the Christians had been exhausted through perpetual friction with adversity; and finding resistance unavailable some fled the country, some submitted, whilst a very large majority died either in battle or committed suicide. Men and women taking their little ones into their laps rushed into the flames—they perished there and with them perished Christianity in Japan for nearly three hundred years.

Of the origin of the causes of the events giving birth suddenly to this national eruption of hatred and of fury it is rather difficult at present to speak with authority, or even with a semblance of accuracy. We can see the figure of the events adumbrated only on the distantly receded curtain of history. In a government of despotism the arbitrary volitions of the tyrant oftentimes play a great part, and the merest trifles give genesis to mighty events shaking the whole world. The evidence of the contemporary Jesuit authors shows that for sometime Hideyoshi was not only favorably inclined toward the promulgation of the new religion, but actually asked to be baptized,

provided, he was permitted to keep his large number of concubines. To this the head of the mission categorically refused accedence. This act of spiritual resistance enraged the tyrant, and he issued his first order to arrest and crucify every missionary, foreign or native, found in active work. After the abortive return of the expedition from Corea, and the constant ascendancy of the Tokugawa clan, Hideyoshi died of a broken heart and of a dissipated constitution, and was succeeded by far the cleverest statesman-warrior Japan has ever produced—Iyeyasu. Iyeyasu in every respect was made of a different mould than his predecessor. Keen, shrewd, abstemious, sullen and unsentimental. From the very beginning of his reign he strongly suspected the possibility of his rivals—whether the descendants of the now defunct house of Hideyoshi, or others—of getting assistance from Europe through the instrumentality of the Christian missionaries, and resolved to uproot the latter entirely and forever. Therefore the policy of Iyeyasu to extirpate Christianity is quite intelligible, and it is very different from that attributed to Hideyoshi by the Jesuit missionaries.

The Island of Kyūshū, geographically lying on the southernmost part of the Japanese Empire, has been populated by many warlike clans which more than once have been the main cause of the downfall of the established government. It was the Kyūshū coalition, which really created the recent Restoration, through which the old Imperial dynasty was restored to power after a lapse of nearly seven centuries. The geographical position of this Island makes it the main medium for receiving Eastern, as well as Western, ideas and culture. It is not improbable

that Iyeyasu had perceived the rapid growth of the Christians in the Island, and interpreted it as a great menace to the continuation of his dynasty, and had resolved to stamp it out of the country before his death.

So far as the policy toward Christianity was concerned Iyeyasu's action must be declared justifiable. In fact to this far-reaching policy of exclusion he owed the phenomenal prolongation of the hegemonic supremacy of his descendants over Japan for nearly three hundred years.

While absolving Iyeyasu of all infamy resting upon every cruel persecutor, still the student of history and of mankind cannot help asking:—"What would have been the destiny of Japan had the Jesuit mission succeeded converting the whole nation to the Christian faith?" The question has to be considered apart of its religious or doctrinal bearing.

In a former chapter we have given a few specimens to illustrate how the Latin language through the Mission Press was enriching the Japanese language. If during that short duration of time the language, which is the last thing to be affected by an alien invasion, was so extensively being influenced, we are compelled to take it for granted, that, all the other components of the Japanese life and thought, would have been radically altered and modified at the consummation of the transcendent ideal for which the missionaries had sacrificed everything. Would, then, these changes following the general conversion of Japan to Roman Catholicism during the early part of the seventeenth century have been beneficial or injurious to the well-being of the Japanese people and their continuation as an independent nation? This is a momentous question

to ask, and it should be replied after prolonged consideration and deep study.

It requires considerable prophetic insight of the past and future events born of direct inspiration, to tell exactly the ultimate consequences of a great national Revolution or a Reformation which died out abortively. But the historian is apt often to substitute prejudice for inspiration and mistake hatred for prevision. This being the present mental preoccupation of mankind, the subject of Japan's conversion to Roman Catholicism during the seventeenth century has not escaped from being dragged before the historian's tribunal. As it will be expected hostile opinions have been advanced from hostile camps. Some have expressed the opinion that it would have become a second Philippine Islands, while the others that it would have become the greatest Empire of Asia; and that today the flag of the Rising Sun would be flying over the whole Continent of the Astral-Asia instead of the Union-Jack. Any one who has studied history philosophically and also rationally, will readily perceive that one hypothesis is just as possible as the other. This being our attitude toward the whole matter, therefore, we can examine the positions of both these hostile schools without any natal predispositions.

Mr. Hearn stands as the representative of that school of thought which believes that the conversion of Japan to Christianity would have ended disastrously to the national existence and life. In his "Japan—An Interpretation," he has devoted a whole chapter to the grave subject of the "Jesuit Peril." As it takes a bushel of argument to refute a grain of error, it would be quite beyond our power

to take up Mr. Hearn's chapter point by point. However, as to his methods, and also his attitude toward his subject we must confess, that, he does not strike us as a great historian, Gibbon, for example, who holds every historical fact in the hollow of his hand, and leads it, with others, to a final and crushing victory. His whole attitude toward Christianity appears to us like the conduct of a petulant child who on revolting against his own home restrictions, runs away to the neighbor's house to satisfy his fleshy appetites, and while there mistakes forbearance for freedom.

The first accusation which Mr. Hearn has brought against the missionaries is, that they smuggled themselves into the Empire as Buddhist priests. He quotes a document to substantiate this. We believe that they did use deception, not because Mr. Hearn's document, but because it is so Jesuitical. However, we refuse to believe that they ever succeeded deceiving the ever-watchful Japanese Government; and this for the following reasons, which, Mr. Hearn does not seem to have considered, or even noticed, at all. In the first place, since the downfall of the Minamoto dynasty and of Kamakura, the seat of events in Japan was shifting from North toward South and the Island of Kyūshū, as a connecting link with Asia and the far West, was occupying the mind of the Japanese Government and people. The gradual aggression of the Spaniards, toward the Sun-Rise Archipelago was not unknown to the Japanese, therefore, they would have detected any ill-disguised ruse. Moreover, Ota Nobunaga (A. D. 1533-1582), the supreme ruler at the time when the Jesuit missionaries appeared in Japan, had a full knowledge of the

nature of their mission and of their religion. At this time he was engaged in a mortal war with the Buddhist hierarchy, in which he lost his life. But until that event he not only protected the Christian missionaries, but also encouraged them. There is a tradition affirming that he was baptized and initiated into the Christian church, therefore simulation on the part of the new missionaries was superfluous. The above-mentioned document even if not fictitious, it can be explained away easily.

Next Mr. Hearn assigns their phenomenal success to the external resemblance of themselves and of their religion to the Buddhist priesthood, and Buddhist ceremonialism. We do not wish to deprive Mr. Hearn of the force and validity of this argument. But we cannot shut our eyes to the other side also. It is a psychological fact, that, when once a man starts to make changes in his religious convictions and belief, the reacting forces throw him—"carry him," is too weak an expression for describing this phenomenon—to the other extremity. As an evidence of this we observe today the undoubted predilection of Japanese toward Protestantism rather than toward Catholicism, despite its great resemblance to Buddhism in many things. We attribute their great success to the pure and exalted doctrines which they preached, and also to the elevated moral life which they led. That is what Oda Nohunaga, one of the greatest warrior-statesman Japan has produced, thought at the time, and that is just what we think today. The same drama, though in a quite changed form, is being played today before our very eyes. We can see it in its fulness, and apply its broad and enlightening principles to the tragedy enacted three centuries

ago. A human being suffering from moral idiocy alone will attempt to compare the two priesthoods—Buddhist and Catholic—together for the sanctity of their lives.

One point more, then we shall leave Mr. Hearn's treatment of the subject, and cast a glance on the other side. In concluding his chapter touching the subject of Japanese art he says:—"Japanese art, of Buddhist origin is especially an art of religious suggestion—not merely as regards painting and sculpture, but likewise as regards decoration, and almost every product of æsthetic taste. There is something of religious feeling associated even with the Japanese delight in trees and flowers, the charm of gardens, the love of nature and of nature's voices—with all the poetry of existence, in short. Most assuredly the Jesuits and their allies would have ended all this, every detail of it, without the slightest qualm." With Mr. Hearn's premises and the ornate description of the love of art in its manifold aspects and observations, and the love of the infinite realms of nature which the Japanese have cultivated for ages, we fully and gladly agree, but his conclusions that "the Jesuits and their allies would have ended all this without the slightest qualm" we consider arbitrary and far-fetched. The truth is that the spirit of Christianity when rightly understood, is far more helpful to the cultivation of the "Poetry of Existence" than the spirit of Buddhism. If the artistic tastes, nay the genius of the Japanese race for seizing and worshipping everything beautiful, converted, in process of time, the most pessimistic religion the world has ever seen, into the most artistic one; is it not permissible to think, that, they would have done the same thing at least, if not infinitely more,

with the most optimistic religion of the world—the religion which teaches in every visible object there is a touch of divinity? I shall leave the reader to answer this grave question for himself.

In the second place “the Jesuits and their allies” were not a horde of vandals and savages to have overturned and destroyed the most attractive features of a venerable civilization. They were the official representatives of a church which from its very infancy has fostered art, music and everything which appeals to the finer feelings of the soul. If Roman Catholicism has made any mistakes on this point, it is the error of cultivating the æsthetical tastes of its followers, while almost neglecting their intellectual faculties. We should not condemn anybody for doing and not doing of the same thing at the same time. This is unfair and unjust. Very likely a gradual transformation in the mere externals of the whole life would have taken place. But the spirit underlying and animating all things would have been invigorated and replenished for rising and soaring into new realms of both æsthetic and conceptual thought. As stated in a former chapter the spirit of Art, and especially of Buddhist art, had died away long before the appearance of the Jesuit missionaries on Japanese soil. For this very reason the introduction of a new type of art, the comprehensive and elevating art of Angelo, of Raphael, of da Vinci, of the Carreggios, and the poetry of Dante, and of Plutarch would have acted just like infusing some fresh blood into an anemic constitution. Therefore we are inclined to believe that the advent of the new civilization would have touched and awakened the soul of Japan to bring to per-

fection the most glorious aspects of the æsthetico-spiritual existence of the human race.

One word as to the Jesuits. We do not belong to their order, neither do we belong to the Church for which they have worked so hard, and given so much trouble, at the same time. But we wish to be fair towards them, simply following the dictates of that vulgar saying—"Give the Devil his due." Bad as they are, still, they are not worse, surely, than the Devil to be outlawed. Whether they have been really guilty or innocent of the enormous crimes ascribed to them in Europe, we have no means of finding out. There is no doubt, that, because their predisposition to intermix with political affairs of this world, often they have been made the tools, and also the fools, of some unprincipled leader or of some decadent prince. For this attitude on their part they have suffered from calumny and from persecution, and will suffer until they mend their conduct, and abandon the degrading profession of picking up crumbs from under the political tables of the world, and devote their time exclusively to the realization of the sublime ideals and principles of their noble calling.

However, whatever their conduct in Europe, there is no doubt that in Asia they have been the best pioneers of the civilization and life of the West. Whether in India, or China, or the Islands, or in the Japan of the seventeenth century, their establishments have always been the great centers of the sciences and of the arts. As far as our personal knowledge extends Europe has never sent into the Continent of Asia a body of more gifted men, carrying with them such high ideals of life with its infinite expan-

sion, as the members of the Society of Jesus. No body of men has worked with more self consecration, devotion to duty, and steady perseverance than they.

While we are not absolutely positive as to the nature of the happy results and ultimate consequences of such a conversion, supposing that it had been achieved; nevertheless we are inclined to think that the resultant transformation would have been advantageous and beneficent, rather than hurtful; and this for the following reasons:

Firstly, the political attitude of the Roman Catholic Church, even of the Catholic princes of Europe, toward Asia was very different from that toward the Western Hemisphere. Towards the latter it was nothing but of conquest and of annexation; while toward the former, that of the Church at least, was purely evangelistic and religious. The analogy is very different. Even the persons commissioned for the accomplishment of the affixed aims were of a different stamp of character and of feeling. Francis Xavier and his followers looked into the infinite vista of the future of Asia with a different vision from that of Cortez or Pizarro relative to South America. What rules of logic, then, forbid us from thinking that the Jesuits would have made themselves the best medium for transmitting and unfolding before the Japanese people every noble thought whether abstract or concrete, which Europe possessed? Already they had established schools, and different institutions, had brought over printing machines, and were infusing into the people a new life and new ideals. What is the reason, then, compelling us to recede from applying the same principles of activity and of a free movement operating at the advent of Buddhism when the whole nation was

in an archaic and rudimentary stage of development, to the advent of Christianity, when the religion of Shakyamuni in all its departmental functions had been in a state of inactivity and lethargy for several generations? Mr. Hearn appears to have studied Japanese history not for the object of investigating its consecutiveness, and its connecting causal forces leading from one stage to another in the evolution of the human spirit; but simply to find something in praise of Buddhism, or indeed, in praise of any other form of paganism, no matter its degraded state, in order to run down Christianity and all its manifold agencies and forces leavening the world. Thus his "Interpretation" is simply the summing up of an advocate, rather than the cool statement of a historian divested of all prejudices and prepossessions. There is not a single important point in his "Interpretation" of the Japanese life which cannot be interpreted in a hundred, nay a thousand, other ways. But when an author dresses every little bit of an idea with the foppishness of a doll, it is very difficult to treat him philosophically.

Secondly, as stated already, Japanese have been a war-like race since the beginning of their national life. The fact is that they have been a freedom and liberty loving nation from the very infancy of their existence. Even supposing that the ultimate aim of the unprincipled Jesuit missionaries was, actually, to subjugate them to one of the Roman Catholic princes of Europe, yet, their love of independence would have militated against all forms of servitude, spiritual or temporal, and succeeded casting away every yoke of bondage. Who can assert with confidence that during the first advent of Buddhism

through China, the government of the Middle Kingdom did not attempt to reap some political advantages from an undertaking of such vast dimensions? Japanese histories are silent on this point; but those of China mention Japan as being one of its tributaries. But if there ever was even a semblance or shadow of vassalage it must have been totally destroyed by the freedom loving people of Japan long before the establishment of the Imperial capital at Kyoto. She would have done exactly the same thing with either Spain or Portugal—and with far greater ease—had any attempt been made to destroy her national freedom and independence.

Thirdly, a religious awakening or transformation always inspires enthusiasm and creates new ideals, and a new missionary spirit for the promulgation of the new and soul-illuminating doctrines. Therefore, it is quite permissible to entertain the supposition that a Christian Japan would have turned and Christianized her conterminous countries, if not the whole of Asia. In such a finality Japan would have been standing now at the head of a Christian Oriental Confederation sufficiently capable of protecting herself and her allies instead of finding herself alone and between the new and old forces. Even now, though very late, she can attain to her object spiritually and through Christianity, though she is attempting to obtain it through political means.

Fourthly, the influence of the Latin Christianity and civilization upon non-Aryan races of the world has been, as a general rule, beneficial rather than injurious. Notwithstanding the lamentations of the historian, Prescott, on the cruelties and inhumanities of Cortez and of Pizarro,

still, the fact remains that the successors of these semi-savage adventurers succeeded far better than the successors of the New England Puritans to assimilate the aboriginal element into the European stock, thus creating, practically, a new amalgam, which, humanly speaking, is destined to resuscitate and transplant the decadent race into much more hopeful environments.

Even taking for granted that the transition of Japan from Buddhism into Christianity would have been attended with many commotions and disturbances attendant upon all similar spiritual phenomena, but all these would have occurred during the early stages of the struggle, and the later beneficent developments would have covered all this, just like the luxurious vegetation growing after the momentary devastations of the volcanic cinders. Almost all great spiritual transformations affect, more or less, unfavorably at first the existing order of things; nevertheless, they always usher us into a new and infinitely higher world of life and of thought. It was exactly the same thing when Buddhism was introduced, and tried to subdue and supplant Shintoism, but the opponents of Christianity do not pause to consider this phase also.

Lastly, the inward aspiration of the Japanese race has perpetually realized itself in a state of aggression and of aggrandizement. It was so before the closing of the country by the Tokugawas, and it has been so since its reopening. The Tokugawas feared the Christianization of their country, or rather its Europeanization, and closed its gates tightly for three long centuries, thereby losing the best opportunity of Japan for making herself the mistress of Asia. During that interval almost all the Western

part of the great continent has fallen under the dominance of Europe. Even its far-eastern part has been apportioned into the "spheres of influence"—those diplomatic ghosts which have been the direct cause of most sanguinary wars from the earliest antiquity to the present day. During that interregnum Pacific Ocean also, with its teeming islands, has been lost to Japan and to Asia. Are we not, then, permitted to believe that if Japan had been converted to Christianity three centuries ago, and in concert with Europe, both spiritually and politically, she would have gotten a big share of the plunder strewn at her very feet? She has nearly exhausted herself financially, and I am afraid in some other ways also, for getting Corea, which no one can tell with assurance how long she will be able to retain. She has awakened, certainly, rather too late. Even now, writing as an earnest friend, her adoption of Christianity, and of Christian civilization *in toto*, is the best means of realizing her grand ideals of life.

In the above lines we have endeavored to delineate a possible picture of a Christianized and Europeanized Japan three hundred years ago. Let the intelligent and serious reader compare it with that of Hearn and decide the matter for himself, as we are unable to decide it dogmatically for any one else but for ourselves.

The course of the advent and progress of Christianity during the recent Revolution, through which the restoration of the old Imperialism, and the inauguration of a constitutional regime was established in Japan is not unsimilar, in many respects, to the period described above. The resemblance is particularly striking in the rapidity of the progress attained in the early stages. The Protestant

missionary of the nineteenth century was no less hopeful, nay sanguine, than the Jesuit missionary of the seventeenth, of the immediate conversion of the whole nation. The aggressive and impulsive character of the people had asserted itself by burning temples and idols long before the adoption of Christianity—indeed long before its prohibition had been withdrawn. In a former chapter we observed the rapid growth of the nascent church all over the Empire. This was not a sporadic phenomenon affecting a few only, but it was a universal awakening of the people for the realization of their smothered aspirations for something higher and nobler. The touch which brought out this universal awakening was due incontestably to Europe led by America. But unstinted praise is due to Japan herself for her prompt seizure of the critical moment and her attempt to achieve almost impossibilities in a limited space of time.

It is very difficult to declare with certainty and definiteness the sum-total of the spiritual accomplishments of the Japanese people during this short period, had Christendom—that huge mass of still unclarified ideas and concepts—responded in the spirit of its founder. But alas it did not; and Japan was very soon convinced that the West possessed a two-fold soul. One teeming with the noblest of spiritual ideas and ideals; the other bereft of all tender emotions, or exalting sentiments—cool and calculating. Psychologically the Japanese is a total slave of his initial inspirations and intuitions; but once finding them misleading and unpropitious, he is apt to grow suspicious of them, or even discard them forever. It did not take any length of time both for the people and govern-

ment to ascertain the state of things with scientific exactitude, and reach the final—perhaps immovable—conclusion that in forming their future relationships with the Occidental nations, religious sentimentalism, or indeed, any other species of sentimentalism, was not a factor of any specific power or value. For this very potential reason she has decided, for the present at least, that her needs of the moment are material rather than spiritual. This disclosure though gradual, has left no doubt and no ambiguity in the mind of any intelligent and well-informed Japanese. The arrestation of the progress of Christianity was very sudden, but it was quite complete; and the weapons wielded were not like those of the days of yore—persecution and slaughter—but something infinitely more efficacious—immovable and stolid national indifference!

In the evolution of Christianity during the twenty centuries of its history, there have been three epoch-creating events, through the agency of which the bonds of union between spiritual and social forces operating for mutual advancement and interest, have been so loosened, that, today once allies, seem to be irreconcilable foes. It is very striking, also instructive to observe that this absolute divorcement of the temporal from the spiritual is characteristic only of that group of nations professing Christianity; as such a philosophy of existence would be totally bewildering to a Moslem, or to a Hindoo, or to a Confucianist. To the people governed by the above creeds an individual, as well as a nation, who is striving to attain to the highest ideals of life, and to realize his noblest aspirations in their entirety he must, perforce, bring into

harmony and uniformity all his God-given forces—spiritual or physical, external or internal. To him the divorcement of one from the other, or their dissipation would mean nothing but death. Hence the missionary, the merchant, and the soldier all are blended into an inseparable unity. Whether this conception of the national activity is preferable to that in which church and state are separated from each other, it is not for us to decide. Our main purpose is simply to draw the attention of the reader to this radical difference between the East and the West concerning one of the most fundamental of ideas governing human life on earth.

Of these three epoch-making events which have caused the transition of the Occident from medievalism to modernism, two of them have been made the subject-matter of an extensive and exhaustive literature; while the third, which in many respects has a deeper significance, and much wider application, and is bound eventually to have far-reaching effects upon the future destiny of mankind, is hardly noticed in this connection. Germany gave birth to the first of these three events. France to the second, and England has been, and still is, the foster-mother of the third.

The first of these is the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century, through which the ecclesiastical dominance of the Christian hierarchy was overthrown forever. Henceforth the head of the Church wielded no power to enthrone or depose monarchs at will; or utilize their forces for his own personal interests, or for the aggrandizement of the Church's dominion or influence. Even amongst the nations still adhering to Catholicism, the former posi-

tion was entirely reversed—now civil power was utilizing the ecclesiastical power for its own ends. But despite this inversion of positions, and relations, the old idea of the unity of aims and of interests remained intact. Civil power knew too well of the depth and extensiveness of the hold of the spiritual over the consciences and feelings of the populace, therefore they both fostered mutual amity and friendship. The wisdom of this policy was evinced not only in the continuation of peace and prosperity at home, but also in the propagation of all national ideals and interests abroad.

The second event was that tremendous upheaval and eruption of the Latin indignation and fury commonly termed "French Revolution." This time the object primarily, it is true, was to strike at the root of aristocracy and all privileged classes, still Church, either as an ally or appendage suffered as much as, if not more, than she had suffered during the preceeding catastrophe. But the emotionalism of the nation precipitated its rational and reasoning faculties into chaos and confusion, therefore, its ultimate aim, namely, the absolute nihilation of all vested authority, and the emancipation of the masses was never realized; instead, the most frantic effort of man for liberty led directly to the genesis of the most despotic empire the world has ever seen. Nevertheless, what France could not acquire immediately, because the intensity of the movement of her spirit, she has been realizing step by step, although in every step there is some confusion arising out of the same causal source—allowing the momentary emotions to control not only the clarified volitions but also the rational faculty. Following the spirit

of France the whole world is steadily acquiring this new life.

Whereas both the Protestant Reformation, and French Revolution, because their immediate relationship with Christendom, spiritually and politically, have attracted the attention of almost every historian of those periods, and treated with an amplitude which is almost clogging; the third event because having no direct bearing upon the religious, or even social life of the races of Europe, it has been almost entirely ignored. This great event is the Crimean War.

The policy pervading this sanguinary conflict was the broad declaration to the whole world at large, that, thereafter the nations professing Christianity would be willing to bargain and league with any non-Christian nation in order to gain some temporal advantages. This policy though in operation long before the Crimean war, still, it had never been formulated into a fixed political creed, governing the conduct of the leading Powers of Europe.

This reversal of the policy animating the whole of Europe since the crusades, acted like a new revelation to the non-christian world, especially to the Mohammedan world, the oldest neighbor and rival of Christianity. It revealed for the first time that that great potential power which erstwhile was the sole harmonizing and unifying force was no longer operating in Christendom. It revealed also the secret that there was no unity of plan, or of action hidden in Europe, but that everything was for sale and marketable.

This policy, in its final form at least, we have attributed to the English statesmanship, and the present state of the British territory demands its continuation. England has

been likened to a kitchen maid carrying an apron full of apples, and followed by a crowd of street urchins anxious to get a few. Woe betide her if she stumbles and the contents of her very elastic apron are scattered out, because she will need a divine intervention to replace them. For their preservation the most fervently Christian nation of the world has been, and is still willing to ally with any nation—Moslem or heathen. If the universal spiritual drama of humanity was approaching its finale, and what we call Christian civilization was coming out in the last scene triumphant, the immediate advantages accruing from such a policy would be assayed according to their internal, and also, transient value. But unfortunately the great Drama is still in its early, if not initial, acts; and Christianity with its culture and thought have not fought yet their final battles; therefore, it would be both suicidal and fratricidal for any European Power to ally itself with a non-Christian country and people, if such an alliance would, even in the remotest way possible, jeopardize or even hinder the progress and advancement of those ideals in the world. The Crimean war itself is a good illustration of this. Its ultimate consequences and influences on the future ages cannot be fully estimated at present, yet, even as we see them now they have not been utilitious either to England, or to the rest of Christendom—nay, they have been positively injurious to both of them. The same finality, it appears, to be happening to her Japanese alliance. Hitherto the advantages reaped therefrom seem to have been garnered by Japan, while both England and Christendom have suffered greatly, as we shall see later on.

Now, no nation in the world knows better than the Japanese the far-reaching consequences of this post-Crimean policy of Europe, and no other nation is so situated as to utilize it to the fullest extent for her own personal advantages—and who can blame her for playing a game which every one else is trying to play? Europe may eliminate completely the religious element out of her national life; but East is still East. The religious, the sentimental, the chivalrous still rule the hearts, as well as the heads, of its men. Japan knows this also quite well, and she would be extremely foolish if she did not reap a rich harvest of advantages from such a propitious situation. Japan would have willingly entered the confederation of the Christian nations of Europe long ago, if she had perceived any unity of plan and of action amongst them. Instead she found nothing but a seething cauldron of dissensions, of jealousies, and of suspicions. Seeing this in the West why shouldn't she turn to the East and try to resuscitate the enormous mass of humanity in the old continent, forge it into one metal, and make a new weapon—the resurrected spirit of her dead sword—and stamp her own impress and image upon the whole of Asia? If successful, she will become the greatest nation the world has produced.

In order to accomplish this ambitious programme she has to pass through two distinct stages. The first stage is to unify all the trans-Indian countries and nations confessing Buddhism. The second stage is to bring about an understanding between Buddhism and Islam. If we are not mistaken she is not only aware of this, but also is working for it—working in her own way—silently and efficaciously.

We have likened England to a maid whose apron is full of apples, and being followed by a large company of street urchins. But the first apple dropped was picked up by Japan. Before the late war when Russia maintained a large navy in the Far Eastern waters England was the supreme arbitress—nay dictator—of this part of the world. But since the war, Japan occupies that enviable position. Indeed her very existence east of India depends now on her ally's good-will and tolerance.

Thus having freed the trans-Indian waters from the English supremacy the first thing for Japan to do is to awaken China—that enormous mass of humanity and of stupidity. "China needs a Moses to govern the world," was the dictum of a great military genius. But Japan is training up thousands of leaders and of fighters greater than Moses, with which she can supply not only China, but also India. What she needs mostly is time and nothing else. And so far as time is concerned fortunately for her, the eternal ages of God are in her hands.

This, as a matter of necessity, will bring us to the question of the "Yellow Peril." The reader will surely ask:—"Is there, really any cause of fear from the aggressiveness of the yellow races?" To this question we answer that if by the "Yellow Peril" is meant the invasion of Europe by any of the extant yellow races, the danger, if any, must be infinitely remote. But if by the "Peril" is meant the repulsion of the advancement of the European nations in Asia, and particularly that part of it where the yellow races inhabit, then, the withdrawal of the English naval forces east of India, the shattering of huge Russian armies on the Yaloo, in Port Arthur, at Mukden and in so many

other places must be considered an acute form of this Peril. Indeed, its acuteness and the attendant results must be considered remarkable, seeing the fact that it was merely in its initial stage. The Mongol races of Asia have been predatory and warlike, and if once united and led by Japan, it is very difficult to foretell what they might accomplish in the future history of mankind.

We come now to the second stage, and in my opinion, the most perilous of all—the possibility of an understanding, leading to the union of the two greatest religions of Asia—Islam in the West and Buddhism in the East.

Let us review now the situation in the Mohammedan countries of Asia—leaving aside at present the African Mohammedanism. Here we meet many interesting, as well as instructive points. The first of these is the well-substantiated fact that at present the leading independent Power in Islam, Turkey—is of the Mongolian origin. Both physically and mentally the Turk possesses all those faculties and qualities which have made the Japanese great. It is true because of his intermixture with the non-Mongolian races—Aryan and Semitic—and also because some other unavoidable causes, he has not exhibited that organizing genius so characteristic of his brother of the East. Nevertheless, he has the capacity and powers, though dormant now, to act with precision and promptness, and the best of all, with dogged perseverance.

In the second place we are forced to notice that there is a line made exclusively of the Tartar-Mongol races extending from Constantinople to Peking by way of Caucasia, northern Persia and Central Asia. All the races and tribes composing this geographical belt are not only of the Altaic origin, but also confess the creed of Islam.

In the third place one of the most interesting of points for our deep study is the fact that Islam gradually is becoming a great missionary religion, and making rapid headway both in the Buddhist China and Brahman India.

In the fourth place, the diverse sects which have hitherto rent and enfeebled the creed of the Prophet of Mecca are opening their eyes and trying to reconcile their differences—both political and doctrinal, which are few. They are coming to realize the uncontrovertible fact that if there is no unity in Islam, its extinction, as a political Power at least, might happen at any moment. If once its political independence is lost, who can tell what might befall her as a religion. For this cogent reason her two principal sects—Sheeah and Soonee—do not at present have as many theological controversies as they used to have some centuries ago. There is today a stronger religious adhesiveness in Islam than there is among Christian nations. This point, indeed, all the other points in connection with the creed of Mohammed and its professors as arrayed above should never be lost sight of. It is a childish arrogance for any Power, great or small, or indeed for any combination of the Christian Powers, to belittle the future potentialities of Islam, whether political, social or religious.

Here we have to turn again toward Buddhism: and toward Japan as its leading exponent at present. In the first place we find this religion both in spirit and in actuality a religion of tolerance and of non-resistance. In Japan it has tolerated from its very beginning to the present day not only the archaic shintoism, the ancestral religion of the Japanese, but also Confucianism—a religion with a very different organic structure. We witness a kindred phe-

nomenon in China also. Hence we are inclined to think that this tolerance, amounting to indifference, it emanates out of the philosophical theories resting as its foundations, and inculcating the inanity and the vanity of every order of things visible. A religion permeated with such a spirit, and looking upon every thing transitory as only a shadow to be seen and vanish forever, it would not, evidently, resist to any extent an understanding leading to union with Islam in order to save Asia for Asiatics. If there was any possibility of holding an œcumenical council of the two afore-mentioned creeds to decide the question of union, we entertain no doubt that the motion would be carried by a tremendous majority—and Japan leading all!

Is this an unrealizable and impossible dream? Is the union of the nations of Asia under the Alkoran for their religious creed, and the flag of Japan for their political creed something beyond the possibility of all realization now and hereafter? We do not think so!

Japan can keep her alliance with England, and make a few more with some others and still go on silently working for that transcendent goal. If realized, Japan will become the grandest nation of history, and the achievements of Greece, of Rome, and of England in comparison with her's will become a child's play! And what is the sacrifice which she would not gladly offer?

We have seen that she has a master-genius for altering one situation into a different one in a minutes' notice. For years England was her bitterest enemy and the greatest rival. Even street children would talk about the bombardment of Kagoshima, because of the murder of Richardson. All this passed away in one night's dream,

and the next morning England was Japan's greatest ally, and the knot once tied, it was said, would never be broken asunder. We do not blame Japan for all this, nor for a thousand other similar protestations of friendship. This is the game of diplomacy which she has learned lately from Europe, and in which she has already quite surpassed her teacher.

The fact is that all the alliances and international treatises are mere children of the operating circumstances, and their so-called "sacredness" *per se* ceases from the very moment they are found to be injurious to any of the contracting parties. Governments, like individuals, are not allowed to commit national suicide, or aught leading to it. This is particularly so whenever an injurious treaty is forced upon a defeated foe. It has no binding force. No one can morally censure Russia for trampling upon every clause of the treaty of Paris. And no one, we are quite sure, will blame Japan when in case of necessity she repudiates an injurious and obsolete treaty, for something assuredly beneficial—nay aggrandizing.

She will be justified to sacrifice, in case of necessity, not only her individual, and mostly ephemeral, friendships, but also her old and greatly enfeebled religious creeds. "The difference between creeds and religions," said Japan's greatest educator, the late Mr. Fukuzawa, "is very much like the difference between the black and green teas—purely a matter of personal taste and preference." I think a large majority of the people of Japan at present would agree with this extremely superficial but very lucid definition of the differences in the extant religions of mankind. If, then, the most intelligent

Japanese will hold such a view of religion, we are allowed to imagine that the sacrifice of their religious beliefs for a grand national cause can be performed without suffering acute spiritual agony! We are prophetically sure that this is the view held by the Government itself towards all creeds—Christianity not excepted. If they are convinced that the latter's adoption will be beneficial to the progress of the nation in the world, they will encourage its advancement. But it so happens that at this juncture of events a resurrected Buddhism looks more advantageous in opening both the ears and hearts of the Buddhist countries lying east of India to the extremely persuasive reasonings of Japan for a universal understanding leading to a final alliance. She will not openly persecute Christianity. She is too wise to do that once more. But she will not allow her to make much headway until she has mastered the situation. After that she can decide the matter with the greatest ease. What she needs is faith, hope and labor, and we are quite sure that she has all of them.

The title given to this chapter is very different from the distant fields in which we have been wandering. But the fact is that the invisible chain of cause and effect which unites the fabric of humanity together is absolutely endless—not unlike the chain uniting the whole cosmic order. Therefore to take up the subject of the Christian missions in Japan alone, as disrupted from the other conditions of humanity, and try to belaud it up to heaven both itself and its insignificant results, without comparing and contrasting it with the multitude of the other mighty events controlling and shaping the future destiny of man on this earth, is courting destruction, nay something worse

than destruction—ridicule. Of course the missionary has to work, and work as hard as possible; but beside work he should open his eyes and place the state of the world—especially the world of Asia—in a more statesmanlike form than he is accustomed doing, before his eyes.

Let us go back again to the case of Japan and of Asia. It was the present gifted German Emperor, if we are not mistaken, who painted the now historic picture of the Buddha in his eternal slumber, and the Chinese Dragon in his aimless aerial manœuvrings, as threatening the peace, if not the very existence, of Europe. It was this painting also which originated the alarm now known under the name of the "Yellow Peril." Neither Buddhism nor Confucianism during their prolonged history have been politically aggressive at all. The former has been purely a missionary religion, and like Christianity it has tried to inculcate and ingratiate its doctrines and dogmas through moral suasion. Therefore its success in the Eastern world has been due hitherto to this spiritual power of persuasion. With Confucianism the case is a little different. Beyond a moral and social code of laws it has never struck deeper. Still its main spirit and object have been to advocate peace and tranquillity—both mental and spiritual. It has never whetted the bellicose instinct of its followers. Therefore Europe need not entertain any fear, or even anxiety, from either of them, or from their followers as such.

But with Mohammedanism the case is quite different. From its birth to the present day it has been an aggressive religion—aggressive on purely military lines. Its Gospel is the Gospel of the Sword, and not the Gospel of the

missionary. And this Sword-Gospel would appeal, we are quite sure, to the instinct of the Japanese patriot in a very peculiar and fascinating manner. We confess we fear the "Moslem Peril" of Asia, more than the "Yellow Peril." It should be remarked here, that, if the "Yellow Peril" is alone, it has to fight first the Moslem world before reaching even the outskirts of Europe. But when united they can strike at its vital points at any time. We confess also, that, this supposed union between Buddhism and Mohammedanism can be brought about through no other means, unless it be through the genius of the Japanese race, to whom no mundane obstacle appears to be insurmountable.

Is Japan, then, a menace to the peace, or rather to the very existence of Christendom? Of this we have not the slightest doubt. As long as she is in her present condition—fluctuating between Asia and Europe, between old and new—so long she will remain uneasy and continue restive. Her very anomalous situation renders her eternally frantic; and as long as she thinks her future destiny unsettled, and the conditions in Asia propitious for a strong Confederation, so long she will be the greatest "Peril" of Christendom. "What, then, to do with her?" Will be the next question. To this momentous question we reply gravely and seriously:—

"There are only two alternatives left for Christianity, or rather Christendom, in dealing with Japan in order to save her own life. Either to annihilate her completely and forever, as a political entity; or to Christianize her first, then push her as a new Christianizing force into the whole Continent of Asia."

With the first alternative we have nothing to do. We have simply drawn a very imperfect outline of a future possibility, nay probability, in the politico-religious horizon of Asia, and made a few suggestions about it. Beyond that we are unable to go. Therefore we shall take up at once the second proposition—Christianization of Japan.

The religion which wins Japan now may in future win the world. If the potentialities embosomed in the above rather ultra-dogmatic statement be correct, then the Christianization of Japan is worth striving for. Hitherto the field has been a sort of recuperating ground for the Christian missionary. But this state of things may not continue going on forever; and ere long missionaries representing other creeds also may come in and contest the ground inch by inch. Therefore the delay of the consummation of that coveted event does not augur well for the Gospel. We do not, by any means, recommend undue haste or hustling; but we think Christianity is losing time, if not ground, in not being able to stamp its individuality and its life-ideas upon the Japanese nation.

Objections have been made that the modern Christianity has been so attenuated and altered during its prolonged isolation in the West, that it has become absolutely unadapted to the spiritual needs of the non-European races. Many other similar objections have been advanced, and every one of them may contain a grain of truth. But we believe all these difficulties have been exaggerated because the faint-heartedness of the modern Christian. The basic spirit of the Christian life has ever remained the same; whatever the alterations and changes made in its numerous non-essential accessories. These latter will keep adjust-

ing and re-adjusting themselves as long as God's eternal time rolls on. A Parisian will turn a piece of black cloth into a dress-suit and a Turk into a turban; and as long as they both are satisfied with the results obtained, why should the manufacturer feel uneasy? This may appear rather a poor analogy of such a great and far-reaching subject. Yet, it represents the truth in its entirety. Man hardly has realized yet how his own narrowness, and shallowness and bad tastes have turned often some childish plays into great and indispensable principles just to torture humanity for a little while—then vanish away forever. To be eternally grasping at the shadows, while overlooking the infinite treasures hidden in the universal substance is the most pitiful state of things imaginable. And in no other part of the world this depressing drama is played with more seriousness, than the divided Christendom has been playing it in Japan for the last fifty years.

The progress of Christianity in Japan since its recent opening has been rather changing and fluctuating, as stated already more than once. It is such a peculiar feature as to draw attention to itself constantly. When she was brought face to face with Europe and with America for the first time, and when her people felt ahungering and athirsting after some higher spiritual truths, these truths instead of being presented to them in their entirety, and in their majesty, each sect began to bring into the market his own wares. And these wares, as it is the case with all similar things, are tried to be made to differ from the neighbor's wares as much as possible. We do not blame at all the leaders who represent these creeds. But in all seriousness we must say, that, we cannot help wishing,

for a few hours at least, the gift of inspiration of the ancient Hebrew prophets, in order to invoke God's malediction upon the spirit of sectarianism in Asia, and especially upon its perpetuation in the world.

However, the winning of Japan to Christianity is not yet an impossibility. Indeed it would be a very unornamented falsehood to say that Christianity has produced no effect upon Japan. Even in its divided state, unfortunate as that state undoubtedly is, yet, there is hardly a single department in the complex life of this gifted race that hasn't been affected favorably by the Gospel of Christ. Let the hopeless skeptic, the Mephistophelean caviller and cynic say what they please, the Gospel of Christ hasn't lost an iota of its pristine strength and vigor. Nay it has gained in every respect—metaphysical, moral, social, numerical and spiritual, and in many other ways. Today, what theory of thought, what chain of doctrines, what concrete discoveries can unite the finite man with the infinity of the Deity in a better manner? This is the ultimate object of Christianity, and I should like to meet the person who has tried its principles and found them wanting.

The progress of Christianity in Japan for the last fifty years has been, as usual, in a two-fold manner. Intensively in touching the deepest chords of the human heart, and trying to awaken everything that is the noblest, the purest and the best, so that the soul clarified from every earthly dross and sediment, can soar and soar until reaching the bosom of its heavenly father, and rest there forever. This influence of Christianity upon the Japanese nation in general is very extensive and its results quite abiding,

though from the very nature of the operating forces these results are not visible to the superficial observer. Nor would the Japanese themselves acknowledge the very presence of such spiritual forces. Their haughty temperament would not permit them to confess their spiritual inferiority to any other nation. "Our great Kobo Daishi" told a young Japanese to the present writer, "knew all about electricity, but he did not reveal its secrets, because such a revelation more than a thousand years ago would have been useless!" But the deep student of the operation of the spirit of man can see its presence everywhere—in their intellectual, moral as well as religious life. Perhaps in no other department its advancement has been so tangible and convincing as in the rapid salvation and elevation of the woman of Japan. The chattel theory of the old Japan is steadily disappearing, and the truth that she is the mother and creator of the human race, and the maintainer of the Church and of everything noble in man, is speedily taking its place. That moral, as well as spiritual, atmosphere without which man would be degraded to the level of the animal creation, nay much lower, and which is gradually surrounding the whole of Japan, is Christian more than anything else. Its attribution to some non-Christian sources may satisfy the controversialist, but it cannot satisfy the mind of a fair and unprejudiced scholar.

The extensive expansion of Christianity in Japan is seen in the establishment of Churches, schools, hospitals, orphanages and other institutions to which the genius of the religion of Christ has given birth and fostered. This part of the work is more a matter of statistics than of

studious examination. The net of the higher spiritual life which the different missions have spread over all Japan is a work whose accomplishment would have done credit to the highest genius the world has produced. Would to God that the net was one and perfect, and not torn asunder.

Thus the seed sown is germinating, and the concepts and ideas struggling for a speedy birth bursting gradually their shells. Even out of our disunion and weakness God is able to bring out forces which can achieve mighty events. There is no doubt that out of the evils of denominationalism God is bringing out some real good for His future Church in Japan and in the Orient. For each sect is apt to emphasize the particular dogma causing its direct genesis, otherwise our limited observation might neglect noticing it altogether, thereby befogging, more or less, the whole scheme of salvation.

Let us hope, therefore, when the specific purpose for which it has pleased our heavenly father to allow these divisions to exist, is accomplished, and the appropriate time will arrive, nay it has arrived already, to have them merged back again into the great and primary source out of which they all have flown. For, to let them continue their struggling existence, and perpetuate themselves in the whole of Asia, that also at the juncture of mighty events which are daily upheaving over the whole of that venerable continent, which at any time might explode and cast the entire human race into chaos and confusion, is foolish and criminal.

But if it be the will of God to continue a little longer those jarring noises and discordant tunes which have been

piercing the ears of both Christian and heathen, let us hope that His final purpose is only to render His universal symphony much grander. But if we cannot foresee that desired time, we can surely discern the dictates of duty which in the loudest and plainest language possible teach us that the most critical moment in the religious life of Japan and of Asia is speedily approaching, therefore, we should carry on bravely the two-fold nature of our mission—on the one side pushing the individual work, and on the other bringing the far-scattered forces nearer and nearer for the last onslaught. The laws of war do not permit the spirit of divisions in an army, especially when that army is far away from the base of operations, as such a spirit would bring destruction and ruin upon the whole body.

The reader who has been following my argument patiently must have acquired, by this time, a glimpse of the situation in Asia in general, and in Japan in particular. When such a mighty ocean is storming and in commotion the prophet's calling is not a very safe, therefore, desirable profession. Nevertheless if there is such a profession as prophecy at all, then surely it should be exercised in the troubled waters when uncertainty rules and derails every thing. Calm is not the region where prophecy is needed.

We strongly hope and believe that ultimately Japan will be christianized, after which she will christianize the whole continent of Asia. This faith is based upon something more than human which has been hovering over the situation. Evidently there will be some political element mixed in the spiritual, but for this we can fully trust the wisdom, as well as the spirit, of Japanese for equity and

fairness. And when that coveted moment arrives, it would not be difficult to foretell what kind of Christianity, and what form of church the future Church of Japan will be.

In the first place it will be a national church. At present the power of denominationalism is too strong over the small native congregations. There are many considerations—educational considerations, doctrinal considerations, indeed many other considerations—militating against such a desirable unity. But these “considerations” some fundamental, and a large majority sentimental cannot keep on operating forever. Already some of them are beginning to loose their tight hold upon their native churches. Then there is the native ministry, as well as laity, manifesting considerable uneasiness. They think that the period of tutelage has passed away, and that they should be given the “liberty wherewith Christ has made us free.” Once this object is obtained they will reconcile all their minor differences and theological divergencies and organize the “One Catholic and Apostolic Church of Japan” and raise the universal war cry of “Asia for Christ.” Suppose inspired suddenly by that heedless courage for which the race has been so famous, and by whose secret operations it has wrought so many wonders, throw away the foreign yoke and organize such a Church, national and Catholic, will the home churches oppose such a movement? Will they proscribe this infant Church and start again creating new denominations? The very ridiculousness of the situation will restrain them from playing again such a comedy. I think every sect and church would be compelled to recognize it, and leave in her hands the future destiny of Christianity in the Empire of Japan.

What Japanese Christianity at present needs is a few leaders to strike for this grand emancipation. Alas it hasn't got any!

Of course "Sectarianism" was not unknown in Japan before the recent promulgation of Christianity. All native creeds, even Shintoism, have had, and still do have, their own sects, with their bitter feuds. But their nativity has followed the natural course of religious evolution. They have come to existence after centuries of unity. While the religion of Christ has the great misfortune of starting its very life with a hundred divisions. Therefore, a unity which would have attracted many has been prematurely, so to speak, substituted by a factitious variety which is absolutely bewildering, if not repelling.

In the second place it will be an orthodox church. I am using here the word "orthodox" in a very broad and liberal sense. It will be a comprehensive and true Christianity whose Apostolic life and thought and character no one shall mistake for aught else. I do not believe the so-called "liberal theology" can satisfy the intense yearning of the Oriental soul after something mystical and spiritual. In the Apostolic Christianity alone such a satisfaction can be obtained and nowhere else. Deism with its congealing ethical law and its utter inability to comprehend the infinite depth of the pure spirit, it has never succeeded warming its own life, thus expanding it until reaching the superhuman and supersensuous. Therefore Unitarianism, and all other sects which have been unable to reconcile the rational with the spiritual, but have allowed the latter to be smothered by the former, have very little chance of producing great works in Asia. Where-

ever there is human energy to be expended, there will be found, of course, some sort of fruit. The specific law of labor and of its final results shall not allow their self-sacrificing work to terminate in nothing. Nevertheless, we have to consider the historic fact that Deism with its cold ethical calculations has never been able to find a foothold in the Orient. The utter collapse of the recent similar movements in India upon which the Western Unitarianism reared up such grand hopes, is a proof of this. Through centuries of evolution and of experience the Oriental has come to observe a very close connection between the Infinite which surrounds us and that quintessence of everything finite—Man. Their intercommunion is not a matter of faith to him but of knowledge and of perception. Any attempt to separate them will end in failure.

Christianity does not urge him to abandon either, but it purifies his spiritual vision to see the union more clearly. It shows through the person of Christ that he can grasp Infinity in a more tangible manner. It teaches him that through the operations of the spirit he can raise himself to a higher plane of spiritual existence. It shows him that the Fatherhood of God is very different from his old myths and effete theories; that it is more verifiable, more eternal and truthful. There is no form of spiritual craving or desire which the Oriental has developed and Catholic Christianity is unable to satisfy. Schopenhauer could not fathom the spirit of Christianity, nor did he understand Oriental mysticism, otherwise he would not have belauded the latter above the former.

From the above it will be quite manifest that the Trinitarian Christianity alone will satisfy the hunger and thirst

of the advanced Oriental races after the Infinite, and nothing else. Here we are bound to bring in another subject. Islam has been very successful in Asia, and Islam is a deistic religion. However, we should not forget this point with regard to the religion of Mohammed, namely, that it has exalted the office, though not the person, of its founder far above that of Christ. Western writers on Mohammedanism are apt to overlook this point. Christ, for example, never claimed for himself the absolute power of saving a sinner before first changing his heart. The doctrine of a "New Birth" demands perpetually a complete inner transformation, without which the operations of the saving grace would be totally nullified. Islam claims for Mohammed absolute power to put even the law of repentance in abeyance, and save his followers by simply identifying themselves with his church. It does not believe a single one of its followers is ever going to hell. Therefore Unitarianism cannot cite Islam in Asia as a factor evidentially helping its cause.

But the orthodox Christianity with its fundamental doctrines of the Triune nature of the Deity is able to satisfy every craving and impulse of His deeply mystical children of Asia. Indeed this doctrine of Christianity appeals more to the instinct of the Oriental than its any other doctrine. "If Buddhism had only the doctrine of Trinity," once told the present writer a Buddhist philosopher, "that is, I mean, the infinity of unity represented in three persons, it would conquer the world in no time. Its doctrine of the Infinite is so hazy and obscure, that it bedims and tarnishes all its other systems and theories."

In the third place it will be a Church free of no incon-

siderable amount of the dogmatic theology which the West has developed and systematized, and has not ceased yet producing. In art, as well as in everything else the Oriental mind always craves for the simple and the out-linear, leaving the rest to the private individual effort. To this characteristic is attributable the recent success of the Japanese in forming an eclectic civilization—retaining many old features of their own, while importing many new ideas from the West. They struck always at the fundamentals omitting, though not ignoring, the non-essential and the secondary. Therefore it is quite reasonable to anticipate some pruning when the Church of Japan becomes independent.

Dogmatic theology in the West has grown up to such a luxurious stage that even its simple grasp is beyond the present state of our Japanese believers. Its complexity with its didactic positiveness are rather a great hinderance than aid to its universal acceptance. It is natural, therefore, to expect some abridgement and omission. Personally we are inclined to think that they will never abandon aught that is necessary and essential. But in omitting, very likely they will omit many things which to us appear fundamental. I am not speaking here as an adviser of the future Church of Japan what to cast away and what to retain, but am simply speaking as a man with a small gift of prevision. My object mainly is to prepare Christendom what to expect when the moment of emancipation arrives.

Simplicity being the very soul of all world movements, its creed will be extremely simple. Suppose they set aside every extant creed, and formulate a short one as follows;—

"I believe in One Infinite Triune God—Creator of the Universe, and the Father of Mankind—Amen!"

Would a Church governed by such a belief be considered orthodox or heterodox by the other bodies? Future only can answer this question, and to future we shall commit it.

But whatever the attitude of Western Christianity toward the professors of such a creed, there is no gainsaying that it will bestow many advantages upon the new Church. It will concentrate, in the first place, the whole field of controversy into one point—the existence of a Triune God, as the Creator and Father of all. This diminution of the points of the great controversy, and practically focussing them all into one, the existence of God, which many already believe in some form, will be the best thing imaginable for the nascent Church. No keen Oriental reasoning would be able to baffle and dismay the missionary of the Cross. Amongst the many theories advanced by man to explain the riddle of existence, and especially its spiritual riddle, it would be the highest of all. Indeed, hitherto, no other religion has given greater satisfaction to our spiritual yearnings like Christianity, and this process would greatly clarify the overcharged atmosphere and bring the soul nearer to God.

In the second place it would facilitate the transition of the nation from the old into the new. But who can limit its operating power to Japan only, and not include the whole of Asia? It is difficult to understand the primitive Christianity subduing Europe while burdened with a "Summa Theologica" of Thomas Aquinas, or with Charles Hodges' "Systematic Theology." It was the same with

Islam. To the present day she has adhered to a short creed:—"There is only One God, and Mohammed His Prophet." There, really, lies the strength of Islam over all the lower races of mankind. Christianity presupposes too much training and learning on the part of the new converts.

Whether in distant future they will develop a regular system of theology based partly upon the present theology of the West, it is difficult to prophesy with precision. Buddhism in Japan has produced no such systematized manual of doctrines. Indeed all over the East the tendency is to leave such matters in their original state as brought out in their several scriptures. Such a state, of course, has its advantages and also disadvantages. Confucianism in Japan has produced more expository literature than Buddhism, but the main cause of this we have to assign to the rather ethical nature of the doctrines of Confucius, which it requires more explanation and supplementary persuasive application, than purely religious doctrines, which are rather dogmatic by their constitution and application.

Very likely they will have a large number of devotional and spiritually stimulating books; but we gravely doubt if they will ever burden themselves with heavy theological treatises. Nationally they have looked askance upon even such short summaries as the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England, which appear to be the very essence of Christianity in its systematized form. This not from any disrespect or of skepticism, but merely from that tendency of the civilized man not to submit his conscience and reason to the guidance and dominance of others.

In the preceding short, but comprehensive creed he will have encompassed the whole infinite realm of thought and grace which his religion indicates, and in indicating them it casts aside the partition keeping those living truths away from him. But beyond that it will never go, thus leaving to every child of God to approach his heavenly father in the manner most acceptable to himself. Thus every individual, reciting that short creed, will have ample opportunity of "with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, and to be changed into the same image from glory to glory even as by the spirit of the Lord," and not of man, we might add.

In the fourth place it will be a Church where order and regularity, precedence and respect, will be fully maintained. Whether it will be Congregational or Episcopal, Baptist or Methodist, Roman Catholic or Presbyterian, we do not express any specific opinion. I should not be surprised if it adopted an Episcopal form of Church polity, whatever its system of doctrines and belief. Human nature, especially Oriental nature, craves always for a fixity of positions in matters ecclesiastical. Almost every Oriental religion has developed and fixed divers orders of priesthood in the course of its history. Both of the two principal divisions of Islam, Sheeah and Soonee, have several orders in their priesthood; and advancement from one into the other is attended with the accomplishment of certain laws, and the enactment of certain ceremonies. It is the same with Buddhism whose founder forbade all class distinction amongst his "Biku and Bikuni." Very likely Christianity also gradually developed this idea of order in its hierarchy. We observe some distinction even

during the early Apostolic age. It is simply a matter of order, of regularity, of precedence, and also of granduer, which our Heavenly Father Himself has so abundantly manifested whenever revealing His glory. The truth is that the Sectarian Protestantism misses a good deal of the thought of beauty and of regularity in so peevishly rejecting it at first, and not trying to reinstate it now.

Is it not then permissible to premise that the future Church of Japan will have several fixed and authoritative orders and degrees in her priesthood? We have no doubt that here also, as in everything else, they will study, they will compare, and weigh minutely before adopting or organizing any system, but once reaching a settled idea with their characteristic boldness they will take what they consider the best. And who can doubt of God's help while they are searching after the most rational which is also veritable and beautiful?

In the fifth place it will be a Church whose beauty of worship will be of the highest type. We have seen in the preceding chapter what a fine taste every Japanese possesses for uniting the beautiful with the simple. That spirit will guide them in perfecting every point, even the minutest detail, of their ecclesiastical art and architecture. I have no intention of making this chapter a battle field between ritualism and anti-ritualism. I am almost sure the Church of Japan will disappoint both these two extreme parties. It will evolve a new form where equilibrium will dominate everything, and where the inner spiritual life will not allow itself to be affected adversely either through over-drapery or through the nakedness of form. The absence of freedom so far has not allowed the

Japanese Christian to see everything grow up in a normal and natural, therefore, aesthetic way, but this external pressure cannot endure forever.

These are a few of the distinctive features which the future Japanese Christianity will assume. If the past five thousand years of the history of mankind have taught us any great lesson, it has been this, that, no uniformity of tastes in the outward form can be produced and maintained forever. Temporal power has been summoned to the help of the spiritual, and *vice versa*, but no appreciable success has been gained. Man's spirit craves eternally for soaring in the infinite atmosphere of freedom, therefore, it has, and it will forever surmount any barrier which man's littleness may build to scoop it in.

There will arise, undoubtedly, many questions of a purely moral nature, but abutting on the spiritual, which the Church as a distinct spiritual organization, cannot ignore or overlook, and she has to settle in some satisfactory way. The first of these which draws our attention at once, is the question of marriage and divorce. The different Christian churches have introduced, each its own laws, on this important matter, therefore, there is no uniformity; and as the Japanese Government, for some obvious reasons, refuses to take it up, the present state of the whole society is, and it will continue for sometime, very unsatisfactory, and many anomalies will happen. Thus, while in America even a minister may marry his deceased wife's sister, in Japan even a layman is not allowed to do it ecclesiastically. When once freed, of course, the future Church of Japan will cast aside such nonsense. She will be conducted by her own reason, and conscience, and nothing else.

The question of the distribution of property and riches will *come up* for discussion. According to their old traditions, still binding to a certain extent, even today, land belongs to the Emperor as his ancestors created it out of the sea brine and bequeathed it to Amaterasu (Sun-goddess) and her descendants forever. The theory, apart of its theological bearings, it has very convenient features for continually re-adjusting the questions of land distribution, or the ownership of any species of private property. In a country like Japan where government is autocratic and constantly shifting the country's finances by creating this monopoly and that monopoly, increasing this tax and that tax, until reaching the stage in which its food cost is made the highest in the world, while in the matter of wages it has still remained Asiatic, it is difficult to prophesy the ultimate results of such a peculiar tension. For this very reason it requires both foresight and wisdom on the part of her leaders in interfering in such conditions. Her direct mission is not the re-adjustment of such temporal matters, but directing man's thoughts toward heaven. Her members as good citizens will, undoubtedly participate in every phase of the nation's life. But it would be extremely unwise for her to formulate, as a corporate body, its own doctrines of political economy. This, at present, seems the most difficult point for Japan to settle. For the last fifty years she has been thinking like Europe and living like Asia; and whether this anomalous state in its economical bearing, can be continued forever without some great revolution, it is difficult to tell. There is no doubt that the people are getting intensely restive. Therefore, it would be infinitely better for the Church to adhere

to her primary spiritual duties—inspiring all but binding herself to none.

The keeping of Sunday is another question which sooner or later will agitate the Church of Japan. The Jewish Sabbath whose spirit has been transplanted into the Christian Sunday was instituted under certain conditions and laws that would be termed purely socialistic today. Some of them tended toward the confiscation of all private property. It had its sabbatical years during which all ownership rights ceased absolutely in certain things, and were held in abeyance in certain others. Hence, considered from its economical standpoint, Sunday is very different from the Jewish Sabbath. Then again, we have the enormous increase of the human race, and the gradual insufficiency of the soil products to meet the food needs of man without special exertion. Whether hereafter mankind can spare one day out of every seven to do nothing but rest, it seems to me rather problematic. Then again, there is another point. In the early days of the race, labor was considered degrading, therefore, it was consigned to the slave and to the servant. But we know that the Savior of mankind himself was a laborer, and toiled for his living. Besides, labor and toil when are properly conducted possess many elevating influences. Indeed everything given us by the Creator has some elevating and improving powers if we could only find out the right moment when to begin and when to pause. It is because of his inability to find that "right moment" man has ruined himself always.

Will, then, the question arises here, the abolition of Sunday as a day of physical rest, that is, the suspension

of all labor, be considered as a direct violation of the revealed divine law? I do not think so. Christ's words replete with benign wisdom that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath, have left forever the whole problem in the hands of his servants, to use it according to the dictates of their conscience and reason.

There is another question which we have reserved to the last, because of its great importance, the question of the relations of Christianity to science and kindred subjects. At home this necessity is nearly obviated by the fact that the Churches are too strong, and the people too firmly fortified in their beliefs and creeds to be constantly harassed, or even moved, by every new hypothesis. We let the most acceptable of facts in the vast domain of knowledge to infiltrate themselves gradually into our spiritual experience, and there be assimilated into our psychic constitution. But in the distant fields where a strong spiritual organism has not yet been developed the process of digestion perforce, will be slow. And to a people like the present-day Japanese analytical and constantly asking to be enlightened on the relations between science and Christianity, and the position of the former toward God and His attributes, the origin of the visible cosmos, and its relationship to the Deity, the questions of space and time, and numerous other similar important questions need to be met with a spirit of boldness possessing all the qualities evoking approval, and forcing respect even from the non-believer. Any hesitations or procrastination might lead to fatal consequences. I am perfectly confident that Christianity can give the Japanese a perfectly reconstructed system of theology in which every fundamental

doctrine of the Apostolic Church is retained, while everything adventitious or non-essential is pruned and cast away, and man is brought in more direct contact with his Creator.

But before accomplishing this we have to acknowledge that the purpose of composing the holy writings was not to teach us biology, or anthropology, or economics, but to awaken the deeper parts of man—his moral and spiritual nature—in order to bring him up, and present him to his Creator in a proper and acceptable manner. Moreover, we have to insist that in illuminating the spiritual man there is no book extant equalling, nay approaching our Holy Bible.

Here the Church will be brought face to face with the doctrine of evolution. There is no doubt of the fact that this doctrine opens to us far vaster realms of knowledge than the Old Testament theory of the Creation. The latter doctrine was originated through the Oriental lack of mental aggressiveness and desire for investigation. God had created this universe in seven fixed days, and there was no use of further discussion. St. Augustine was the first European protesting against this mental laziness of the Oriental, and his elementary, and dogmatic way of settling such matters. He suggested that the six days should be considered as six periods of time, in reference undoubtedly, of the passage:—"For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past." Since then science has made rapid progress, and today it has laid bare many a fact and secret of Nature which the primitive man ascribed to some supernatural interposition. There is no doubt that theology, as hitherto interpreted

by man, has encroached more than it is necessary into the sphere of reason and of science, thus making a complete re-adjustment an imperative necessity. And in no other country in the world this "imperative necessity" is so obvious as in Japan.

We do not blame theology for its action during the past ages of man, when knowledge and understanding were in a rather confused state: but surely it will expose itself to very severe criticism if it continues it in the future. It can leave the whole domain of natural sciences in the hands of some competent specialists, to engage themselves in the endless questions of the chemical properties of matter, and their infinite transformations, cessations and revolutions. Thus, having completely ridden itself of these ever-depressing subjects, it can, thereafter, devote its time exclusively to the investigations of the realms of transcendentalism, out of which there is no power to drive it away. Once intrenching itself there, it can, therefrom, admonish all, direct all, and unite all. There will be no further fear of ever being drawn down again into the mire of every heated human controversy.

Any postponement of such a definition and declaration, on the part of the missionary body, will lead the Japanese to surmise that either there is no unity amongst the sects to bring about this, or that there is no intellectual capacity and talent to handle the difficult subject properly and thoroughly. Perhaps the most depressing of all the recent attempts to settle these important matters, have been the formal announcements of the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church. Something more aggressive and more scholarly the world at large expects of that

historic great Church. The future destiny of Asia, and of humanity also, is in the hands of Christendom, if its great leaders of thought, and of action, know how to handle the extremely delicate situation. Past experiences, have not been, undoubtedly, encouraging. On the contrary they have been full of blunders and of discouragements. However, it is blunders of the past that inspire future effort and resolution, and not its eternal obvious verities.

We have reached now the end of our chapter and of our book, and a few words on both of them, by way of *résumé*, will bring our self-imposed task to a speedy end.

First, as to the contents of the chapter. They are intended to be a panoramic view of a complex and vast situation. Therefore, everything depicted therein, though in a very outlinear and sketchy form, it is expected to appear, through the reflective and counter-reflective powers of the tortuous perspective, both natural and proportionate. This will require, on the part of the reader, previous acquaintance with the situation. Thus being a matter of the concentrated vision, in regard to the past and future, on a very extensive scale, differences of opinions are allowed within certain prescribed limits.

It is mainly intended to show that Christianity can conquer Japan, and through it the whole Continent of Asia, if all its forces, not only spiritual, but also political, social, mental and commercial, are wisely conducted toward the attainment of that end. Unity of action is indispensable. But if time is frittered away, and the furnace of mutual feuds and of jealousies is kept aflame until it has totally consumed the very vitals of Christian civilization and life, then, we believe that through the

Mohammedan upheaval, Europe might find itself subjugated inch by inch to Asia. We entertain no fear of the "Yellow Peril," but we dread the "Moslem Peril," and any one ignoring, or even minimizing, that "Peril" knows very little indeed, about the philosophy of history, and the extremely capricious way in which it has been unfolding itself for the last myriad of years! Japan is a new element in the situation which cannot be ignored, and through the already operating impellent and gravitating forces she will be drawn, as stated above, to the new centralizing movement in Asia. There she will become its directive soul. For this very reason she is too wise to fritter away her forces in inaugurating an endless and mortal struggle with America. She knows well when and where to strike.

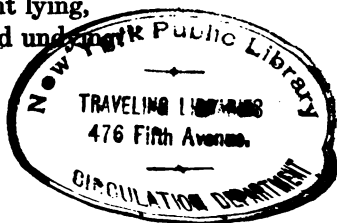
As regards the whole of this book, I want to say this:— It is intended to be a faithful, and in many respects an ultra-realistic record, of the life, and work, and views, and conclusions of a living and moving man, and not of a dry mummy which can make no mistakes. In all my earthly life I have never deprived myself of the pleasure of committing errors and mistakes, and then enjoying the double pleasure of rectifying them before my Maker. And this is the real road which the Creator has opened to us, and by walking in it according to His will is the only way to transcend the animal creation. For it is the absence of a true consciousness of the existence of error, and then the lack of courage to rectify it when its deleterious and sinful presence is felt, that have ruined mankind, and not its initial committment. For to err is human, but to repent and to reform is superhuman.

Therefore the more self-contradictions and flippancies, and the absence of gravity you notice within its pages, the

more you should be assured of the unadorned truthfulness and realism of its varied and various contents. The author has striven to present to you a faithful picture of a faithful though humble, servant of the Lord working for a quarter of a century in Japan. It is a universal panorama of the world, worth seeing—nay worth studying.

The grand "Divina Commedia" is not enacted in the three supersensuous and invisible worlds alone, but its every act, and scene and detail are acted and rehearsed a thousand times daily on the vast stage of human history. It is through that torturing process alone that we are enlightened and purified to rise and rise until disappear in the vast realm of eternity. But because of a large multitude of depressing causes we can see only as through glass darkly. For this very reason our faculty of vision requires constant attendance and care. We should often climb on the most elevated peaks and other points of vantage in order to expand slowly, but steadily, our spiritual horizon until we have brought the whole universe of God in a harmonious manner within the compass of our individual observation. We hardly can realize the intensity of the longing of humanity for the consummation of that glorious moment. And now:—

"A long, unwonted yearning,
For that serene and solemn spirit-land:
My song to faint Aeolian murmurs turning
Sways like a harp-string by the breezes fanned,
I thrill and tremble; tear on tear is burning
And the stern heart is tenderly unmanned,
What I possess, I see far distant lying,
And what I lost, grows real and undying."





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